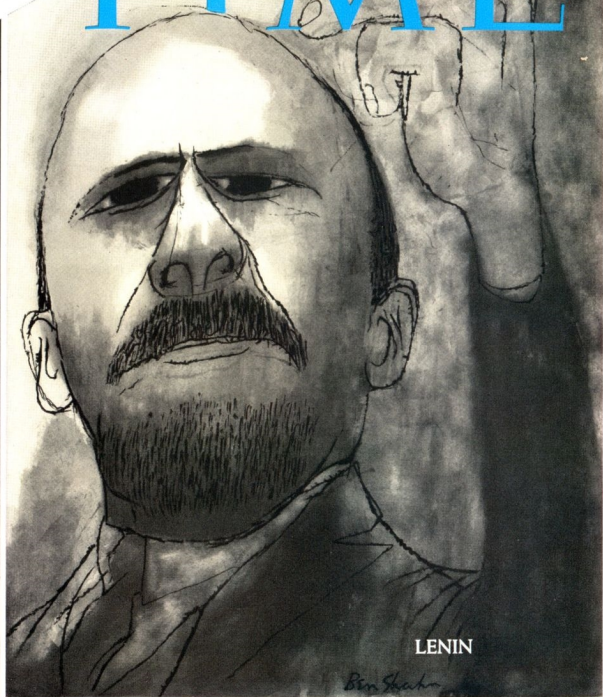


THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

APRIL 24, 1964

The Communist Split

TIME

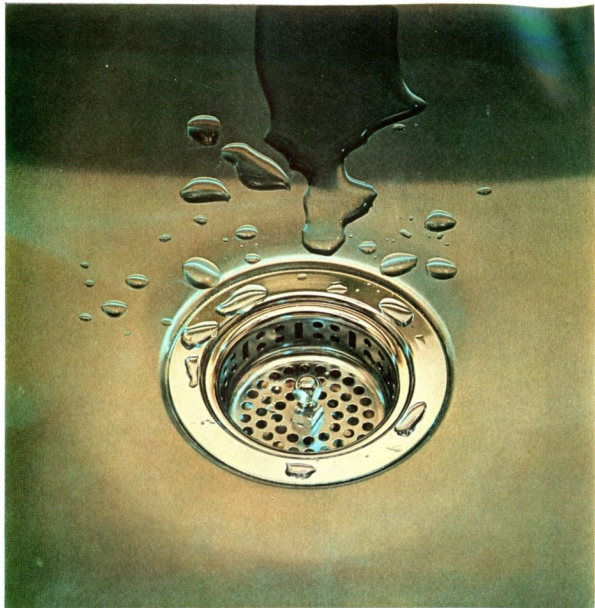


LENIN

Ben Shahn

VOL. 83 NO. 17

(APRIL 24, MAY 1, 1964)



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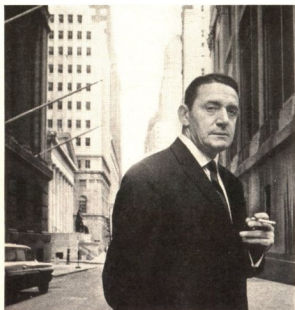
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Chesterfield People:

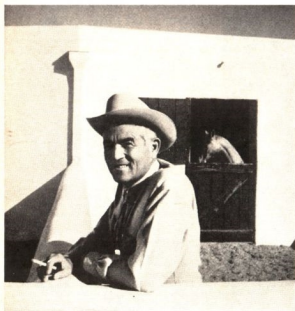
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Francelle Metzberg, interior decorator, Illinois



Guy Stillman, breeder of Arabian horses, Arizona



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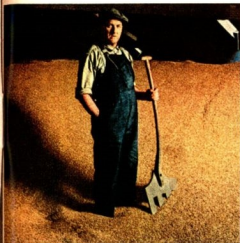
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Photographed at Elgin, Scotland



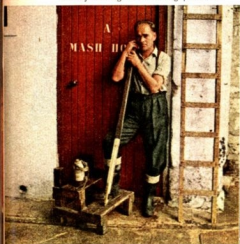
Willie Turner, maltman. He constantly turns and works the wetted barley during the malting process.



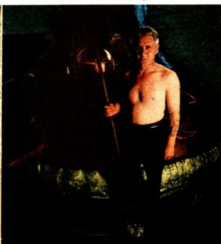
John Masson, peatcutter. He cuts the rich peat that is burned to dry Ballantine's malted barley.



Sandy Allen, kilnman. He tends the kiln fires which lend flavor and character to the final Scotch spirits.



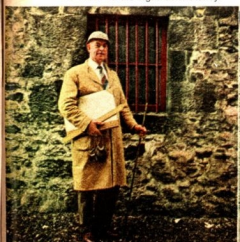
Jack Grant, mashman. He adds the soft spring water to the malt, stirs the mash to the right consistency.



Alex Grant, stillman. He minds the old pot stills, brings off Ballantine's spirits at the proper moment.



Willie Watson, cooper. He mends and refurbishes the aging barrels with ancient tools handed down through the years.



M. T. Borrell, customs man. He represents the Crown, locking warehouses, keeping track of Scotch gallanage.



George Geddes, warehouseman. He barrels the new whisky for aging, rotates the older casks for smoother mellowing.



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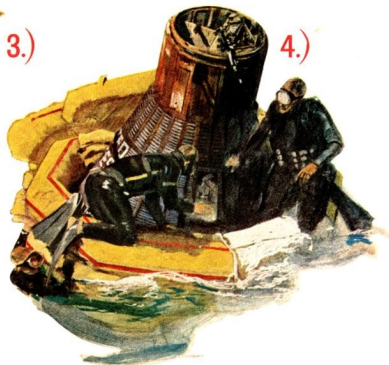
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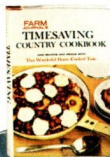
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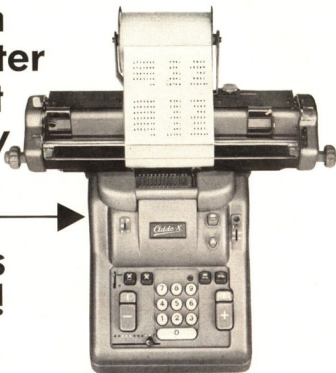
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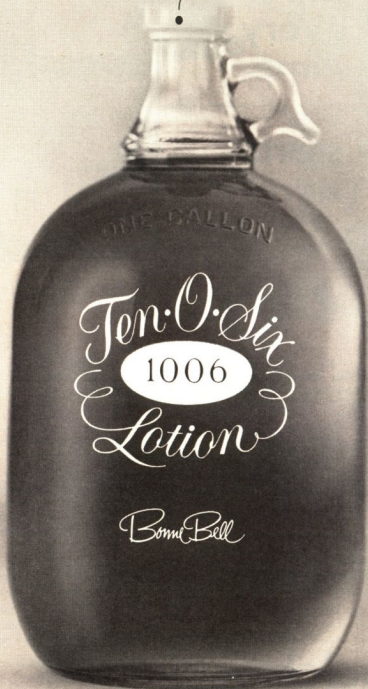
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ART IN NEW YORK

UPTOWN

JACQUES VILLON—Goldschmidt, 1125 Madison Ave. at 84th. The third major New York showing since his death last fall reveals that Villon, with artful agility, traced nature's rhythms on paper before transforming them in paintings and prints: 39 watercolors and drawings, media seldom displayed during his lifetime. Through April 25.

GEORGES BRAQUE—Four galleries bring together the largest showing of his work ever—some 200 paintings and sculptures on loan from American collections.

► At Saitenberg, 1035 Madison Ave. at 79th: Fauvist and cubist works.

► At Perls, 1016 Madison Ave. at 78th: the '20s.

► At Rosenberg, 20 East 79th: the '30s.

► At Knoedler, 14 East 57th: the '40s on through 1957, along with 25 sculptures. All through May 2.

RICARDO MARTÍNEZ—Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave. at 77th. Emerging from a shroud of oil, the monumental figures of Mexico's Martínez strain at the bondage of the canvas' comes as if to divulge some ancient mystery. Through May 2.

JEAN MESSAGIER—Lefebvre, 47 East 77th. A small retrospective going back to 1952 shows the growth of a school-of-Paris painter who caresses the canvas with soft shades of green and blue, or swings his brush in long, looping swirls of orange, summoning the rustle of the wind or June's last still day. Through May 16.

ELMER BISCHOFF—Staempfli, 47 East 77th. One of the brightest exemplars of the figurative San Francisco school, which more than a decade ago sprang full-bloom from abstract expressionism, Bischoff neatly tucks nymphs in the waves of a white-capped breakwater or barely hides them behind the curtain of a sun-filled room. Through May 2.

BERNARD REDER—World House, 987 Madison Ave. at 77th. A posthumous tribute shows 20 bronze sculptures and 50 graphics. Reder brilliantly skipped from classical to Old Testament subjects to pure fantasy: he planted blossoms in the back of a cat, perched a cow precariously on a trapeze. The most impressive work is an 8-ft. *Arion* gingerly holding the tabernacle in his huge hands. Through May 9.

ALAN LOWNDES—Osborne, 965A Madison Ave. at 75th. The paintings of an English realist making his U.S. debut tell a tragic story of man and nature. His many windows speak of emptiness, his street scenes of dreary sameness, and his people are dull blotches in a vivid-hued environment that threatens to swallow them. Through May 2.

ANDY WARHOL—Stable, 33 East 74th. "Paintings are too hard," Warhol once complained. "The things I want to show are mechanical." So he had someone make 500 wooden boxes for him; someone else made silk screens of the designs on the cardboard cartons that hold the products of Del Monte, Brillo, H. J. Heinz, Campbell's, Mott's and Kellogg's. Warhol himself, with help, squeezed the color onto the boxes, wrapped them in brown paper to be carted to the gallery, and planned their arrangement in towering tiers. Last viewers think it's just another Saturday morning outside the local supermarket, he

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made their prices memorable: \$300 and up—per box. Through May 9.

LYONEL FEININGER—Willard, 29 East 72nd. The many facets of Feininger in oils and watercolors spread over the years 1906 to 1955. *On the Quay*, painted in 1908, shortly after he quit drawing comic strips, shows purple clouds capering across a pea-soup sky. A 1915 *Self Portrait* finds the artist planted sternly in grand Gothic archways to express, perhaps, his fondness for Bach. *Blue Cloud* is a full realization of his cool, crystalline cubism, and the funny little worm creatures of the later watercolors hark back to his career as a caricaturist. Through May 16.

ROBERT A. NELSON—Banfer, 23 East 67th. Down the highways and byways of history, Nelson tracks the heroic image of man, finds it falling Icaruslike into the sea, flashing from a six-shooter aimed at a Wild West saloon, blazing in the faces of children defending the city of Naples from the German Wehrmacht. Paintings and drawings. Through May 2.

GEORG TAPPERT—Hutton, 787 Madison Ave. at 67th. Germany buzzed with artistic activity before World War I, and Tappert was at the center of it. In the New Secession, Blaue Reiter and Brücke groups, he had 300 exhibitions, but until now he never had one in the U.S. Swathed in the frank, feverish hues of German expressionism, his lush ladies whoop it up on the stage, pose in hats big as washtubs, and bask in the altogether amid the vestiges of Gauguin's great outdoors. More than 40 paintings and other works. Through May 16.

BRUCE CONNER—Alan, 766 Madison Ave. at 66th. "People live in their own trash heaps, spiritually and otherwise," says Conner. "That's where I take my material from." He fashions assemblages from such trivia as glass beads, yellowed lace, doilies, religious pictures and nail polish. *Jean Harlow* has no face but needs none: a pair of satin-gowned legs make a convincing illusion. In *Reliquary*, Conner expresses hope with a lighted candle, in *Couch*, horror with a knotted nylon. His repertoire is both witty and wise, sad and sinister. Through May 2.

IBRAM LASSAW—Kootz, 655 Madison Ave. at 60th. Sculptor Lassaw takes the eye on a tour through the tenuous roots of his airy abstracts, around and into the habitat of an imagination as glittering as the bronze rods with which he makes his fantasies. Through May 9.

A LOOK AT PARIS—Griffin, 32 East 58th. A lithographic look at the City of Light gives winning evidence of the printmaking *savoir-faire* of the French. By various processes, many of them secrets as closely guarded as a chef's recipe, some of the century's greatest artists impregnate paper with sheens of living color. The 32 signed lithographs, gathered for a special edition in 1962, are by Braque, Villon, Picasso, Chagall and six others. Through May 2.

MIDTOWN

CLAES OLDENBURG—Janis, 15 East 57th. Known for "happenings" and *Hamburgers*, Oldenburg performs a new kind of artistic hocus-pocus. With a fine feeling for materials, he instills inanimate objects with *Geist*, then wrenches from them a whole range of emotions. His *Soft Telephone*, its mouthpiece dangling, its coin box regurgitating, is a sad sack in shiny

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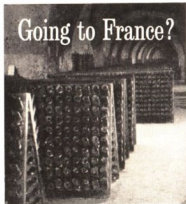
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black vinyl. A *Soft Typewriter*, its pearly Plexiglas keys hopelessly entangled, collapses into its shell with the mortification of a machine that suddenly finds itself ready for IBM's junk heap. Other objects in 22 materials along with some drawings. Through May 2.

JEAN CHEVOLLEAU—Partridge, 6 West 56th. French Painter Chevolleau builds pictures—horses and sea scenes—by piling up bright blocks of color. Best in the show: *Automne*, his most abstract painting, creates the vibrant atmosphere of nature in the midst of change. Thirty oils. Through May 2.

MATTA—Iolas, 15 East 55th. Chile-born, Paris-based Matta was a bright young acolyte in surrealism's heyday, but that label is too limiting for his talents. The variety of this excellent show proves that he is not to be confined by it. There are huge new spatial fireworks, exploding with the motion of the machine age, smaller works on the same theme, drawings and lithographs. But most interesting is a series of pastels that Matta calls *Cabezas* (portraits); four black, brutish simulations of heads that are magnificently ugly. Through May 9.

MUSEUMS

JEWISH—Fifth Ave. at 92nd. Since his death in 1948, the influence of Arshile Gorky has been spreading far and wide. These 50 drawings, which have toured the U.S. and go to Europe next, span his career from the early portraits through an esthetic pilgrimage that visited Cézanne, Picasso, Miró and others, to the time when he found his imagination ripe and plucked images from memory, mind and dream with his own original and elusive lines. Through June 30.

GUGGENHEIM—Fifth Ave. at 89th. The work of Vincent Van Gogh: his *Sunflowers* and *Cypresses*, *Harvest*, *Yellow House* and *Potato Eaters* are among 120 oils, watercolors and drawings on loan from his nephew's unique collection. Through June 28.

METROPOLITAN—Fifth Ave. at 82nd. The museum supplements its large collection of Rembrandt paintings with a selection of his prints, and puts on view a painting by Nicolaes Eliasz Pickenoy lent to New Amsterdam by old Amsterdam.

FRICK COLLECTION—Fifth Ave. at 70th. Handsomely hung in the spacious surroundings of the mansion are most of the 159 masterpieces in the collection by such master painters as Titian, Bellini, El Greco, Goya, Fragonard, Gainsborough and Turner.

WHITNEY—22 West 54th. Jack Tworkov, 63, head of Yale's art school and old-line abstract expressionist, gets the retrospective once-over in an exhibition that begins with a 1948 *Figure* garbed in cubist subtleties, proceeds to the brilliant reds and blues that slush through his 1963 oils. Paintings and drawings. Through May 3.

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS—49 West 53rd. Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert is a commercial art dealer, but for some 40 years she has been collecting American folk art on the side. Part of her huge collection is on view, includes paintings on velvet, watercolors with appliqué of gold leaf on silk, weather vane of all sizes—one is a 14-ft.-high railroad locomotive that must have frustrated many a light breeze—and a 6-ft. scarecrow carved from a tree. Through August 30.

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Executives can put in more work on the way when they fly KLM First Class. You get more privacy in KLM First Class. Seats are separated by armrests eight inches wide, so you can read or write confidential reports. First-class cabins are also quieter. They carry few-

er people, and virtually no children.

3. *KLM First Class helps executives reduce "time zone" fatigue, and sets them up for a full day's work.* A jet flight to Europe is just an overnight hop—but its effect can be something quite different. The 6-hour time loss has you eating breakfast when your body says it's time to go to bed. This can be tiring.

KLM First Class comfort and service take the edge off this "time-zone" fatigue. You will feel more alert after you fly KLM First Class.

4. *Executives can carry 50 percent more baggage on KLM First Class.* This means you can take presentations, samples or bulky files without paying charges for excess baggage.

What you save on excess baggage may pay for a large chunk of the extra cost of KLM First Class.

5. *Executives can always be sure of a seat on the right flight when they specify KLM First Class.* The new, low economy class fares are filling even the big jets. But seats are readily available in First Class. NOTE: KLM flies to 40

cities in Europe. It often pays to fly from New York to any one of these destinations via Amsterdam. KLM flights are often as much as a full hour faster than so-called "direct flights."

SPECIAL DIVIDEND: Many experienced travelers say the careful, punctual Dutch have made KLM the most reliable airline to Europe.

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How to learn more about KLM's new first-class fares

Ask your secretary to clip coupon below for full details on KLM's new first-class fares.

If you'd also like to find out how you can save time by flying KLM, your secretary can also write to KLM and arrange for a representative to come and talk to you.

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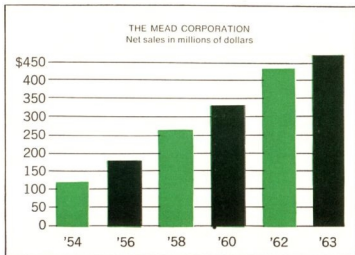


ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

Satisfied customers made this chart possible. Our ingenuity in papers, packaging and containers helped. And research skills. (The trend, as you can see, is also toward a little quiet self-esteem. Forgive us.) Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

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papers

The trend is to Mead



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 22

OPENING NIGHT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR (NBC, 7:30-9 p.m.).* A grand tour of the New York World's Fair, with Host Henry Fonda and Special Guides Carol Channing, Fred MacMurray and Marian Anderson.

Friday, April 24

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Mr. and Mrs. Groucho Marx star in a comedy written by Groucho and Norman Krasna.

Saturday, April 25

NBC SPORTS SPECIAL (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). The N.Y. Athletic Club international fencing tournament.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Kay Kendall, in one of her most delightful performances, as stepmother to *The Reluctant Debutante*, with Rex Harrison and Sandra Dee.

Sunday, April 26

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). The Arizona Desert.

SHAKESPEARE: SOUL OF AN AGE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A repeat of the highly acclaimed 1962 special in which Ralph Richardson narrates the story of Shakespeare's life, illustrated by visits to Stratford-on-Avon and other pertinent sites, while Michael Redgrave and other leading British actors read from the plays.

Monday, April 27

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). *Father of the Bride*, with Spencer Tracy as the father and Elizabeth Taylor as the bride.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A look at "The Great Directors."

Tuesday, April 28

BOXING'S LAST ROUND (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). David Brinkley ponders whether professional boxing should be outlawed.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET is played by Richard Burton as Hamlet would have liked to have been—masterly, heroic, and never self-doubting. The tragedy is missing, but the production is lucid, fresh and vivid, and Burton makes the lines ring with present meaning rather than bygone eloquence.

HIGH SPIRITS. Such wildly improbable sprites as Bea Lillie and Tammy Grimes spook the musical version of Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit* into comic afterlife. Danny Daniels' dancers are wide-eyed and their steps nimbly inventive.

FUNNY GIRL The many-splendored talents of Barbra Streisand not only recreate the saga of famed Comedienne Fanny Brice but mark the shining birth of the theater's new girl for all seasons.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Anyone would swear that Sandy Dennis was a child bride, except that in this blithehearted bedtime story she is the mistress of a busy tycoon.

DYLAN. With mirth, sorrow, and an occasional flourish of eloquence, this play

* All times E.S.T. through April 25, E.D.T. thereafter.

TIME, APRIL 24, 1964



A MAN WORKS HARD TO GET \$650,000

He wants the bank that works hardest to keep it in the family.

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substantial saving during his lifetime.

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NYRS



This young Dutch girl is carrying on an ancient tradition as she works.

Holland's famous "Delft Blue" starts out being black

China blue was made famous in Delft, one of Holland's most historic cities. Prince William the Silent lies in the New Church. The Prinsenhof, a former monastery, now is a fascinating museum. Silver, fine lace and old tiles are still to be found here. You eat well in Delft, too.

NYR6

The streets of Delft are paved with history. Vermeer lived and painted here. Grotius, the father of international law, was born here. The scions of the House of Orange are laid to rest in this tranquil town.

Plan to be in Delft in August. That's when the Delft military tattoo takes place. You'll enjoy the show.

From the peace of Delft it's a short spin to the roar of Rotterdam. Take a harbor boat ride and get a sailor's view of the world's largest and busiest port.

It's just a few miles to the elegance of The Hague. Here are the handsome buildings of state; spacious gardens and parks; some of Europe's finest museums; outstanding restaurants.

Come to Holland on a Dutch carrier, by air or by sea. More fun that way.

For further information, talk to your travel agent, or write the Netherlands National Tourist Office, A. N. V. V., 605 5th Avenue, New York 17, N.Y., or 681 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.



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And many of our competitors have customer rooms that are just as nice as ours are. And some of our competitors even have systems designers and programmers who are said to be as good as some of ours are.

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There is just this to say about our IBM 7094. It is our IBM 7094. And we run it 24 hours a day just for our customers. (Which means you'll never get bumped by an owner-user with a higher priority because there isn't any owner-user to exercise a higher priority.)

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NY10

chronicles the U.S. reading tours of Dylan Thomas as the poet dipsy-doodled away his life. In the title role, Alec Guinness is uncannily good.

HELLO, DOLLY! is a twinkle-toed musical, thanks to Director-Choreographer Gower Champion's dancers and to a raffish, resourceful matchmaker, Carol Channing.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS. As a knavish TV writer-producer—not without charm—Robert Preston uses the backfire from his faulty schemes to set bonfires under the next person he wants to roast.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Barely married and blissful but bickering, Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford cope with each other and with some engagingly kooky visitors.

Off Broadway

THE LOWER DEPTHS. In a crawly setting peopled by human termites, the Association of Producing Artists players feelingly capture some of the dimensions of sin, despair, death, love and grace that Maxim Gorky wrote into his turn-of-the-century classic.

THE BLOOD KNOT chokes half the life but none of the laughter, tears or bitterness out of two South African half brothers—one black, one white.

AFTER THE FALL. Making his actors enter and exit like the vagrant thoughts of memory, Playwright Arthur Miller tangles them in the web of a man's hurt and guilt.

THE TROJAN WOMEN, by Euripides, is a revelation of the power, agony and passion that exist in a classic of the past when it is conceived in terms of the present and executed at a level approaching perfection.

RECORDS

Popular Singles

No sooner did one Beatle song top the hit charts than another knocked it down. *I Want to Hold Your Hand* sold nearly 4,000,000 copies in three months. *Can't Buy Me Love* shot to just short of a million its first day, while a dozen more (*Do You Want to Know a Secret*, *Twist and Shout*) darted up the charts and jammed the air waves in the most amazing avalanche in record history.

But to separate one Beatle outburst from another, disk jockeys played and kids bought other hit 45s as well. Most of them cause adults to flee precipitously at first twang, but a few have a pleasant lift or catchy sound. A sampling across the board:

HELLO, DOLLY! (Kapp). A grown man singing in teenland is a rare bird indeed, but Louis Armstrong comes on strong in the hit musical's title song with a growling, swinging beat for all ages.

BITS AND PIECES (Epic). The Dave Clark Five, another British export, look like the Beatles and bested them on a chart or two back home. The Five boast the Lively Tottenham Sound: hard and Mersey-less, achieved with what seems to be an arrangement for air hammers.

DON'T LET THE RAIN COME DOWN (Philips). A song as refreshing as a summer shower sung calypso-style by a new folk group (two girls, seven men) known with some justice as the Serendipity Singers.

DEAD MAN'S CURVE (Jan and Dean). Liberty features the screeching tires of a Sting Ray and an XK-E Jag set to an insistent, harmonious dirge and improved by a moral. "I found out for myself that everyone was right," intones the surviving

Liquidity,

the word that means you can buy and sell stock quickly and easily on the New York Stock Exchange.

You may never use the word, but when you decide to buy or sell a round lot of stock "at the market," liquidity can have two very personal meanings for you—time and money.

Time because your transaction can be made quickly, usually in a matter of minutes.

Money because the price will be reasonably close to the last sale after your order reaches the floor of the Exchange.

Liquidity is a big word at the Exchange. It describes one of the unique characteristics of the market place—the remarkable ease and speed with which you can convert stock into cash, and cash into stock.

The interplay of many kinds of investors brings it about.

For example, some 17,000,000 Americans are shareowners. Suppose you, as one of them, instruct your Member Firm to sell 100 shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange at the market, which means the best price your firm's floor broker can get when your order reaches the floor.

Chances are that others are doing the same. And still others are instructing their brokers to buy.

These buy and sell orders converge at a post on the floor where that particular stock is traded. In the two-way auction

market, brokers try to get the best price possible for their customers. The highest bid and the lowest offer have precedence, and thus the transaction is made. It can all happen in just minutes.

In other cases, of course, this smooth functioning of supply and demand can hit a roadblock—an unusually wide spread, for example, between what is asked for a stock and what anyone is willing to pay.

Then an Exchange Member called a Specialist, who specializes in certain stocks, is expected, within practicable limits, to step in with a higher bid or lower offer, reasonably close to the last sale. If there is a lack of buyers or sellers for a stock at a particular time, he'll frequently buy or sell for his own account. Thus he risks his own money, helping to fill in temporary gaps between supply and demand and encouraging an orderly market.

Still other sources contribute to liquidity.

One is the floor trader. He is a Member of the Exchange, bound by a specific code of rules. He speculates for himself, trying to anticipate what the market will do next and risking his money on his judgment. While he operates for profit, his speculation often helps to take up the slack when temporarily there is a

sizable imbalance between public supply and demand.

Another is the institutional investor—organizations like banks, colleges or pension funds that often trade in big blocks of stock.

When you buy or sell an "odd lot"—any number of shares less than the usual round-lot unit of 100—a separate procedure helps supply liquidity. An odd-lot dealer on the floor buys or sells your stock at a price related to the round-lot price at the time he executes your order. This unique system enables you to trade an odd lot generally with the same ease, and at almost the same speed, as a round lot.

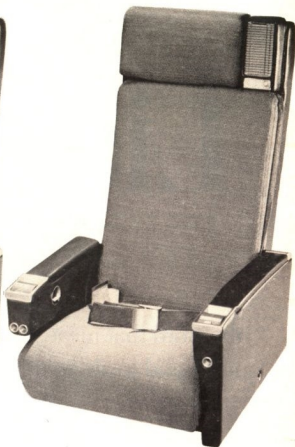
Just how important is liquidity? Every day, millions of shares flow between buyers and sellers. The ease with which it is done in the bustling Exchange market has become a tradition. Confidence that they can buy or sell so readily is an important reason, we believe, why so many people are willing to invest in the future of American business.

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to see the brightest night life in Europe; get up early to see unforgettable sights or shop for fantastic bargains; regain your strength in some of the finest restaurants on the continent. Find out why we say: if you think you've seen Europe, SAS can show you a thing or two.

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Ireland, the last angry bargain.

Come to Ireland.

While it's still here.

For, one of these years, this land of leprechauns and low prices and blarney and low prices and leisure and low prices will disappear (albeit kicking and screaming) into the twentieth century.

And that thought does not please us.

Already, the price of filet mignon at Jammet's in Dublin has risen from the 1957 level of \$1.65 to a new high of \$1.75. (But that's still a far cry from the \$6.95 it would fetch in New York.)

Things are changing in Ireland, true, but there is one saving grace: the changes will not come overnight.

Even the economists know better than to push us too far too fast. Their motto is "Togtar na caisleain beagan ar bheagan"—which means, in the more expensive language, "little by little, castles are built."

Not that we don't have plenty of castles already.

But what's being built now are some new hotels and roads and factories and the like.

Intercontinental has recently completed three new hotels at Dublin, Limerick and Cork. And Hilton, father and son, have broken ground for a new hotel in Dublin. By the time it's complete, the prices will probably be a bit higher than the \$5.00 you pay now for room and breakfast at Godefroy's Inn, hard by the shores of Loch

Corrib ("No telly, wireless or other public noise").

If you would like to stay in one of our overabundance of castles, there's one in Cong that, for \$13.50 per day, will bed you and board you (3½ meals, the ½ being very high tea), supply you with fishing gear and a woolly muffler if there's a chill in the air, and give you license to take advantage of some of the world's biggest and dumbest salmon and brown trout in the 23,000 acres of lakes bordering the property.

For more intelligent adversary, you might challenge the Butler Sisters, antique dealers, to a round of bargaining. Even if they win, you'll be taking home a 16th century English carved chest (left here during one of the occupations, no doubt) for about half what you would pay in the United States.

Later, to toast your bargaining ability (or the Sisters') you can fill your new Waterford crystal tumblers (Irish price: \$2.80, N.Y. price: \$8.00) with some Guinness stout (Irish price: 20¢, N.Y. price: 43¢) and drink up. And up. And up. (At those prices, why not?)

To clear your head, next morning, get up early and go on a Pony Trek across the countryside. (A word of advice: don't pack the crystal with you. Irish ponies go whummmp when they walk.)

A week of Pony Trekking around Ireland on a well-padded saddle will cost you anywhere from \$53.10 to \$73.61, including lodgings along the way and food for you and your mount.

If you would like to buy a horse, in-

stead of renting one, you can catch the auctions at Galway Fair. A Connemara pony can be had for about \$300. For \$9,950 at the bloodstock sales in Ballsbridge, you can buy an Irish thoroughbred that might win the Kentucky Derby for you.

If you've a pipedream of another sort, find the pipe at Shannon, where a Peterson pipe is \$6.50, half the New York price.

We will give you all the bargains you can carry. But in return, you will have to give us more than money.

As one of our eminent Irish social critics recently put it, "Although the pace of life has quickened in Ireland, as everywhere else, we still have a hierarchy of values. We still think that warm human contacts should take precedence over commerce. We won't treat you as a stranger, and we won't thank you for acting like one. We still think that speech is the characteristic human coefficient."

"And we want you to give us, in exchange for our bargains, a bit of your chat."

Here's your first Irish bargain.

Free. A colorful 44-page booklet that describes all you need to know to plan your holiday in Ireland. Write the Irish Tourist Board at any of the following addresses:*

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135 So. La Salle St., Chicago 60603
681 Market St., San Francisco 94105
2100 Drummond St., Montreal, Quebec

*Please address your inquiry to Dept. T4B



drag racer to his doctor when he regains consciousness.

KISSIN' COUSINS (RCA Victor). Elvis sports a catalogue of 79 records now, but still seems to mean what he sells. This one is about a distant cousin who actually wasn't as distant as her mother might have wished.

THE SHOOP SHOOP SONG (Vee-Jay). Not many girl pop singers make it, but Betty Everett has a strong and agile voice and is on her way. To find out whether a boy loves you, you should "Kiss him, and squeeze him tight," she shouts. "Shoop, shoop," mutters the chorus.

JAVA (RCA Victor). Look Ma, no words. A jaunty and indelible tune artlessly tossed off by the big, bearded trumpeter Al Hirt.

FUN, FUN, FUN (Capitol). The five Beach Boys rode out the surf-singing craze and made a happy landing as bards of the hot-rods. Here they twang and yodel in celebration of a fast-cruisin' girl who's going to have fun, fun, fun, even though her Daddy took her T-Bird away.

SUSPICION (Crusader). One of the few ballads heard above the din of rock 'n' roll, delivered by Newcomer Terry Stafford. His cheerful voice betrays the lyrics: the dark doubts he harbors about his love seem to make his day, and why not? They promise to make his fortune.

DAWN (Philips) introduces a new kind of lover-hero. After some rhythmic screeching and wailing, the Four Seasons implore little Dawn to go away: "Think what your family would say. Think what the future would be with a poor boy like me."

CINEMA

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. Committing slight but sly infractions of the thriller formula, Director Terence Young (*Doctor No*) sends James Bond, alias 007, alias Actor Sean Connery, on a binge of shocks and yocks that is more flip, and more fun, than Ian Fleming's novel.

BECKET. Richard Burton as England's 12th century martyr opposes the King Henry II of Peter O'Toole in this superbly played, eye- and ear-filling film spectacle based on Jean Anouilh's pungent historical drama.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT casts Peter Sellers as a concert pianist enduring the adulation of two zany New York teenagers. Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth, whose tandem movie debut is a triumph of scene stealing.

THE SERVANT is Director Joseph Losey's slick, frequently spellbinding study of class distinction in Britain. Dirk Bogarde contributes a perfect blend of good manners and menace as the "gentleman's gentleman" who destroys his master.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. In three bawdy-to-bitter tales directed by Vittorio De Sica, the game of love looks like an Italian invention, and Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni obviously know just how it goes.

THE SILENCE. A lesbian, a nymphomaniac and an innocent child dominate Ingmar Bergman's bold, brilliant but ambiguous drama in which God seems to have tuned out on the human race, and vice versa.

DR. STRANGELOVE, OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. Stanley Kubrick's doomsday comedy-of-terrors starring Sterling Hayden, George

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4/5 QUART-90 PROOF

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"Three generations of yachtsmen" (Photo by Inge Morath / Magnum)



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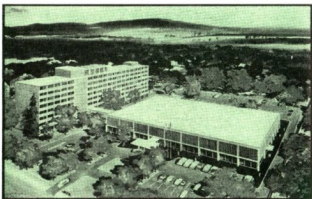
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And for very little more than your Shannon fare, you

can make Ireland the first stop on a Pan Am trip to Europe's greatest summer. There's everything from Shakespeare's 400th Birthday to the 20th Anniversary of D-Day and the French Liberation—in addition to the usual plethora of annual events.

But come to Ireland first. Call your Pan Am Travel Agent, Pan Am or Intercontinental. They will gladly show you the way.

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APRIL 26 - 29

If you or any of your associates
are attending, you are invited to
visit the TIME Exhibit at the
Convention.

C. Scott and the ubiquitous Peter Sellers.
THE GUEST is a faithful film adaptation
of Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker*, made
memorable by Donald Pleasence, repeating
his stage role as the vicious old
vagrant who bites the hands that feed him.

BOOKS Best Reading

FIVE PLAYS, by Federico Garcia Lorca.
These dramas, less well-known than Lorca's
tragedies, have the same soaring poetry,
which makes them better to read than to act.

THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL, by John Cheever.
A companion novel to *The Wapshot Chronicle*
in which the family ghosts of the Wapshots' past
prove more real than the sterile realities of today's
computer communities and suburbia.

SELECTED POEMS, by John Crowe Ransom.
Though most of these poems are not new, they
deservedly won the National Book Award this year.
Elegant, lyric, often elegiac, they form a most
consistently excellent body of American poetry.

KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE, by Shirley Ann Grau.
In its quiet, assured way, this is a novelist's triumph:
a story of miscegenation in the South that could be
sensational but is written with the calculated
artlessness and ambivalence of *Light in August*.

JUBA, by Keith Waterhouse. Through the
weird alchemy of talent and restraint, British
Novelist Waterhouse (*Billy Liar*) turns the story of a
lonely voyager into a novel with both compassion and
comedy.

ONE FAT ENGLISHMAN, by Kingsley Amis.
This year's liveliest comic novel dissects the
endless plays of a rich and artful British self-seeker to
discomfit the U.S. colonial and get the girl.

THE OLD MAN AND ME, by Elaine Dundy.
A sequel in spirit to her bestselling novel, *The Dud Avocado*,
this one is about the adventures of a gallant, galling
young lady who tries, without manners or morals,
to secure a place for herself in London's Mayfair society.

Best Sellers FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. The Group, McCarthy (2)
3. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (8)
4. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (4)
5. The Deputy, Hochuth
6. The Martyred, Kinn (5)
7. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (3)
8. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque
9. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (6)
10. The Hot on the Bed, O'Hara (7)

NONFICTION

1. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (1)
2. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop (2)
3. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (3)
4. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (4)
5. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (5)
6. The Naked Society, Packard (9)
7. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris
8. When the Cheering Stopped, Smith
9. Confessions of an Advertising Man, Ogilvy
10. J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Lasky (8)

HOWARD JOHNSON'S Motor Lodge Locations

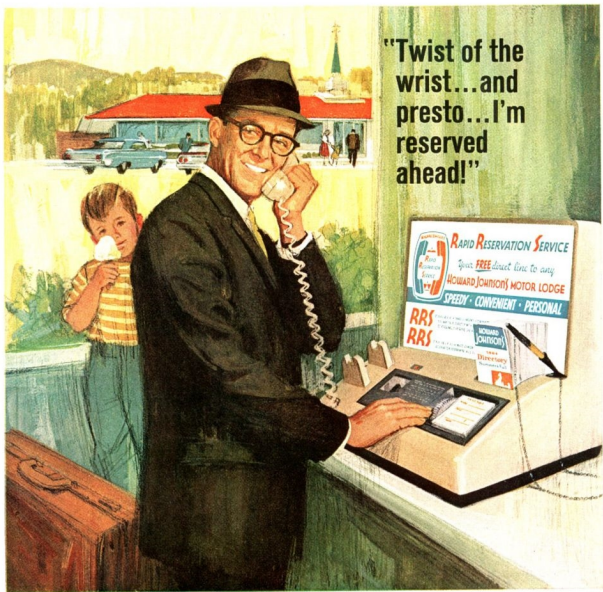
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Chicago	Kennedy N.W.; Expy. at No. Park
Chicago-Skokie	Ridge Exit
Chicago	Inter. 194N & St. Rt. 50
Collingsville	
(Greater St. Louis)	155-70 & Ill. 157
Rockford	U.S. Rt. 51 at U.S. 20 By-Pass
Springfield	1025 So. 5th St.
INDIANA	
Fort Wayne	U.S. Rt. 30 & 24 East
Hammond-Chicago	U.S. Rt. 41, Exit 1, Ind. Toll Rd.
Indianapolis	U.S. Rt. 40 (7 mi. east of city)
Indianapolis	(Spencer)
Kokomo	Jct. 146S & 74 & 136
Kokomo	U.S. Rt. 31 By-Pass & Lincoln Rd.
Lafayette	U.S. Rt. 52 By-Pass N.E.
Richmond	U.S. Rt. 27 & 170
South Bend	U.S. Rt. 31 at Ind. Toll Road
IOWA	
Cedar Rapids	Jct. U.S. Rt. 30, Iowa 149
Council Bluffs	36th & Broadway
Des Moines	2525 Grand Ave.
KANSAS	
Topeka	3839 S. Topeka Blvd., *75
KENTUCKY	
Lexington	U.S. Rt. 27 South
Covington	4621 Shelbyville Rd., Watterson Expy.
MICHIGAN	
Battle Creek	194, Capital Ave. Exit
Benton Harbor	Inter. of Rt. 8 & Mich. Rt. 139
Detroit-Bellefonte	194 at Bellefonte Exit
Flint	Mich. Rt. 1 at U.S. Rt. 23
Flint-Huron	U.S. Rt. 24 near International Bridge
MINNESOTA	
Minneapolis	1494 at Minn. 100
MISSOURI	
Columbia	170 at West Blvd.
Joplin	144, Margarine Exit at U.S. Rt. 71
Kansas City (North)	Jct. 135 & 29
Springfield	2610 North Glenstone
St. Louis (North)	1270 & 140
St. Louis (South)	U.S. Rts. 61, 67 & By-Pass *90
NEW YORK (Western)	
Buffalo Airport	4217 Genesee St. (Rt. 33)
OHIO	
Cincinnati	
Sharonville	175 at Sharon Rd. Exit
Cleveland	E. 107 St. & Euclid Ave.
Cleveland-Euclid	Jct. U.S. Rt. 20 & 190
Cleveland-N. Randall	4751 Northfield Rd., St. Rt. 8
Cleveland	
Strongsville	U.S. 42 at Ohio Tpk. Exit 10
Columbus (East)	5000 E. Main St., U.S. 40 East
Columbus (North)	Jct. 71 & Ohio 161
Columbus (West)	U.S. Rt. 40 West
Dayton	175 at Wagoner Ford Exit
Geneva	190 at State Rt. 534
Lima	175 at U.S. Rt. 30 So. Exit
Newark	Ohio Rt. 79 So. of Newark, Ohio
Niles	U.S. Rts. 61 & 42 & Ohio 46
Toledo-Maumee	U.S. Rt. 20 & Ohio Tpk. Exit 4
PENNSYLVANIA (Western)	
Breezewood	U.S. Rt. 30 at Penna. Tpk. Exit 12
Butler Valley	Penna. Rt. 8 at Penna. Tpk. Exit 4
Erie	U.S. Rt. 19 at 190 (Exit 6)
New Stanton	Exit 8, Penna. Tpk.
Pittsburgh (Oakland)	3401 Blvd. of Allies
Pittsburgh Airport	Beers School Rd. opp. Airport
Washington	U.S. Rt. 40 & 170 (Exit 4)
VIRGINIA	
Bristol	U.S. Rts. 11, 19 & 58
Harrisonburg	181 at Port Republic Rd.
Portsmouth-Norfolk	Jct. U.S. Rts. 13, 17, 640
Richmond	
Petersburg	195 & State 10
Roanoke	U.S. Rts. 11 & 220 No.
Springfield	Rt. 350 & 195 at Rt. 191 Exit
Warrenton	U.S. Rts. 15, 29, 211 & State Rts. 17, 678
Williamsburg	U.S. Rt. 60, Richmond Road
Wytheville	U.S. Rts. 11 & 52, 191
WEST VIRGINIA	
Wheeling	440 at 170 Exit
WISCONSIN	
Madison	Jct. 190-94 & U.S. Rt. 151
Milwaukee	U.S. Rt. 45 at 1894
* U.S. Route	
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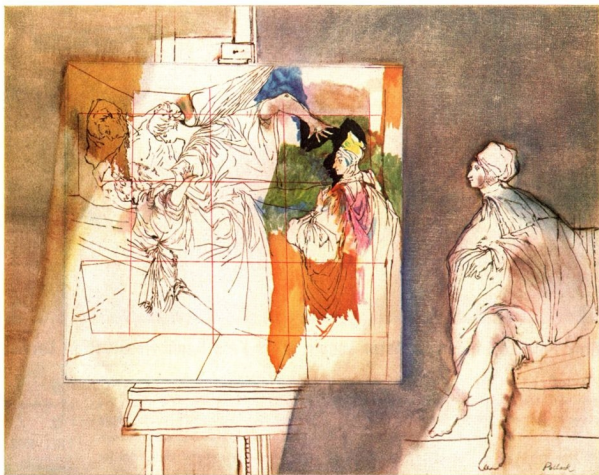
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Perhaps the only goal
on earth toward which
mankind is striving
lies in the process of attaining,
in other words, in life
itself, and not in the
thing to be attained.

(fedor dostoevski,
notes from underground, 1864)



LETTERS

MacArthur

Sir: Twice I saw him. On the beach at Morotai and in the foothills of Mindanao. There was an aura of greatness about him. He gave the impression of being aloof and austere and was not universally loved, but the devotion he inspired from associates could not have come from a lesser source than greatness [April 10].

Relentless in war, forgiving in peace, he will tower in the annals of our history. One of the truly great Americans has gone to his reward.

KEN GUSTAFSON

Thief River Falls, Minn.

Sir: The photo of MacArthur wading ashore at Leyte is particularly memorable to me, for it is just as I saw him in October 1944 as I waited with hundreds of others on the battered beach of Dulag.

As an Army combat correspondent, I was attached to the recon troop of the 7th Infantry Division, in whose sector he landed. Heavily guarded by the recon troop, he chatted jovially with each regimental commander, asking each time, "How do you find the Nip?"

It was back at the beach, later, that I headed a mad scurry of military personnel and civilian war correspondents to get his "short-snorter" signature. Modestly, and with a smile, he gave it most willingly. Only a few of us got it, though, before his aides brushed us aside and got him back on board. I could place no greater value on any man's autograph than that of General MacArthur.

RICHARD R. BECK

Philadelphia

Sir: Many Japanese, including myself, greet the death of General MacArthur with mixed feelings. The general is in the minds of most Japanese immediately associated with one specific incident.

Shortly after "Emperor" MacArthur (as he was often called) was relieved of his command by President Truman, we heard that he said that all Japanese were "twelve-year-olds." I doubt that the general personally realized to what extent his words wounded the pride of the Japanese.

SHINKO SAYEKI

Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: We Turks regarded MacArthur as "the greatest hero," next to our beloved father and builder of the modern Republic of Turkey, Mustafa Kemal Atatürk.

ADNAN SAKA

New York City

Sir: The publication of the Lucas memo prior to the burial of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur was the journalistic error of the century. Publication three weeks later might have been excusable if reference to Truman and various generals had been deleted. While MacArthur was probably correctly quoted, there was no intimation that he approved the memo, as written, for publication, no matter how long after his death. Such journalistic decency that it leaves a bad smell.

JOSHUA K. BOLLES

Alamogordo, N. Mex.

Sir: The general was the most brilliant military commander since Napoleon. But his true greatness lay in his absolute devotion to his country, his refusal to compromise his idealism, his personal in-

tegrity. In a word, his greatness was his character.

RALPH E. LIDSTER

Whittier, Calif.

Iacocca's Mustang

Sir: Your story on Lee Iacocca [April 17] was truly a tribute to America. Could he have worked his way up in any other country? I doubt it.

STANLEY KAYE

New York City

Sir: Mustang, Shmustang, isn't it time we banned the Bomb but the Auto? Autos kill more people than the Bomb. Two cars in every garage, a Mustang in every pot, and nobody walks any more. If anybody takes a walk, he's considered some kind of nut. Pretty soon we won't know how to use our feet any more, and they teach in evolution, nature will take our feet away. I'd rather ride a real mustang any time than a steel one.

JOE BRODY

New York City

Sir: I guess the new fastback cars mean my VW will really be in style!

LOUISE HOWE

Chicago

Sir: TIME's relief at the discovery that the Detroit automotive engineers are indeed not infallible is exceeded only by the reader's relief in noting that TIME itself is subject to human error.

Your article pointed out that the galloping horse on the Mustang's grill is running the wrong way. Could this be the reason that the Mustang on the front cover has the horse running the correct way?

E. W. ASHFORD

Minneapolis

► *Artist Safran forgot to err.*—Ed.

Needless Tragedy

Sir: TIME's story on the Rev. Klunder's death in Cleveland [April 17] is a shocking distortion of fact. The violence at the school site did not occur until after the Rev. Klunder's tragic death, and civil rights demonstrators were not participants in this understandably violent reaction by citizens who were witnesses.

MORRIS H. COHEN

Director

Area Councils Leadership Projects
Cleveland

► In Cleveland, as in other civil rights protests, what began as orderly picketing ended up in widespread rioting. TIME's

reporter observed rocks and bricks being thrown by Negro roughnecks even before the fatal accident; he remained on the scene until after the police had rescued the bulldozer operator from the mob, which continued brawling, smashing windows and looting late into the night.—Ed.

Sir: If the civil rights movement in Cleveland has an Achilles' heel, the leadership of CORE and the United Freedom Movement is it. These two groups have done more harm to the Negro cause in Cleveland than a boxcarful of Southern segregationists could ever hope to do.

The Rev. Mr. Klunder's death was a needless tragedy that resulted from an atmosphere of violence and "direct action." It, and the events preceding and following it, serves to illustrate one thing: the lack of intelligence among those who have assumed the leadership of Cleveland's Negro community.

WILLIAM G. MURMANN

Cleveland

Mixed-Up, But Admirable

Sir: Your Barbara Streisand story was the most satisfactory cover story in a long time. Reporter Kennedy and Writer McPhee did exactly what they should have done in exposing the young lady in a responsible way. They refrained from injecting the type of mystery that feeds adulation of public figures merely because they are public and difficult to understand, and at the same time they presented her eccentricities so as to prevent the unjust charges that she is motivated solely by a desire for publicity.

She comes out as a little mixed-up, but also as an admirable woman who could never be a member of any chorus.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

Charlottesville, Va.

Sir: I paused long enough in picking up our town to admire Streisand's omphalos.

JOHN N. PERICE

Army Corps of Engineers
Anchorage, Alaska

Sir: Barbara Streisand is said to lose her cool when she sings. That's typical—a lot of us lose our cool when she sings. The article was terrific, the cover painting a bit startling, but appropriately so.

J. J. SWEARINGEN

Stillwater, Okla.

Rebel Invader

Sir: How can anyone who calls himself a Christian and an American vote for a man like George C. Wallace [April 17]? How can a state that put John F. Kennedy in the White House in 1960 turn

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WEYENBERG SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

around and give a significant vote to a racist like Governor Wallace in 1964? All I can say is, heaven help this country if all the states have the same attitude as Wisconsin.

ROBERT DURBIN

Baltimore

Sir: It must be admitted that Governor Wallace made his point in the truly American way—with dignity and good manners, via the ballot.

If others did the same, lives would be spared, riots eliminated, and good fellowship would prevail.

WM. J. WATSON

Detroit

Sir: Few outside Wisconsin recognize the significance of the large vote for Governor Wallace in our recent presidential primary. The majority of Wisconsin voters now consider our Governor Reynolds to be a hapless incompetent who should never have been elected in the first place. He has carved out a record so bad that Republican and independent voters would rather cast their ballot for a bigot than a boob. The fact that Reynolds got a large vote—completely out of proportion to his popularity—is to the credit of Wisconsin's voters.

RICHARD W. LUTZ

Oconomowoc, Wis.

Sir: I would like to say that I am sure that most of Wisconsin's Republican cross-overs are not against civil rights. I feel that the majority cast their votes against a very ineffectual Governor, and some wished their sentiments to be heard even higher up.

BONNIE SELMER

Cornell, Wis.

Meaty Subject

Sir: Regarding the proposed investigation of beef prices [April 10], I say on behalf of the women of America: it's about time!

We're the best-fed country in the world—and boy, do we pay for it.

(MRS.) NITA B. ALLEN

Henrietta, N.Y.

Variable Confessions

Sir: David Ogilvy did not find advertising columnists so odious in his recent book, *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, as he did in your article—"They are a perfect total pain in the bum..." [April 17].

He wrote: "First I invited ten reporters from the advertising trade press to lunch-oon. I told them of my insane ambition to build a major agency from scratch. From that point on, they gave me priceless tips on new business and printed every release I sent them, however trivial, bless them."

The trade press, of course, is substantially the daily ad columnists. We break most of the big news. And we are followed more closely and with more interest than TIME indicates.

JACK O'DWYER

Advertising Columnist
New York Journal-American
New York City

Strong Guarantee

Sir: Your April 10 article in U.S. Business, "The Rise of the Cheapies," is incorrect in saying that private brands of automobile tires are generally built to less demanding specifications than the brands with the names of the major tire-manufacturing companies.

Atlas, as the largest maker of the

private-brand tires mentioned in your article, strongly protests. Our lines are comparable in quality to any brand, are built for unlimited use and are backed by one of the strongest guarantees in the industry.

JOHN Y. MAY
President

Atlas Supply Co.
Springfield, N.J.

Sir: Anyone in the tire business who is genuinely concerned with safety will agree with the general point you conveyed, i.e., beware of cheapies. A consumer reading this item gets the strong implication that all "name brand" tires provide satisfactory performance, while all private brands are built to "less demanding specifications." Actually, this is not the case. While your article has done a service in steering consumers away from unsafe tires, it has done a great disservice to the private brands that sincerely strive to provide an equal or superior tire when compared to the majors.

R. M. GARDNER

Florham Park, N.J.

► TIME was in error in not pointing out that many private-brand tires are of top quality, and that, as with name brands, they have a wide range of price and performance.—Ed.

Lustrous, Not Lacking

Sir: News about the quality of our orchestras seems to take a long time to cross the Atlantic. Your story [April 17] lumps the London Symphony together with other London orchestras as being "sound, if occasionally lackluster." I have searched in vain through our press cuttings for the last two years to discover when and whether a critic has called the playing of the London Symphony "lackluster," but instead I discovered hundreds of enthusiastic press comments, such as the [London] Times's comment last year: "Let there be no mistake about it: the London Symphony is one of the world's great orchestras."

ERNEST FLEISCHMANN

General Secretary
London Symphony Orchestra, Ltd.
London

Sensation About Titheses

Sir: The Society for the Preservation of Titheses commends your ebriated and scrutable use of debile and defatigable [April 10], which are gainly, spid and outh. We are grunted and console that you have the ertia and the eptitude to choose such putably pensable titheses, which we parage.

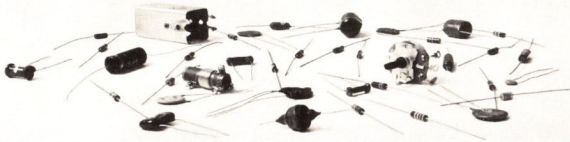
Away with an-, in-, un-, dis- and especially indis!

PETER JONES

Melbourne, Australia

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10030.

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The list goes on and on. But all you really need to know about the Jetliner is that it's a Zenith! Built better to perform better, year after year! You can own the Jetliner for just \$189.95!* Full quality, full performance Zenith portable TV starts as low as \$149.95*.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

IN the 41 years since the first issue of TIME appeared, the masthead—that list of staff members on this page—has seen many changes. One of the most important of all is made in this issue.

Henry R. Luce who, with the late Briton Hadden, conceived and founded TIME and guided it to become Time Inc., with magazines having a circulation of 13 million around the world, last week announced his resignation as editor-in-chief. His successor is Hedley Donovan, 49, who has been editorial director since 1959. "There are many good reasons for this change of command," Luce said in his memo to the staff. "The best and sufficient reason is that Hedley Donovan is highly qualified to be editor-in-chief."

Donovan has been showing his qualifications on one or more Time Inc. magazines for 19 years. Born in Brainerd, Minn., the son of a mining engineer, he graduated magna cum laude from the University of Minnesota in 1934 and continued his study of history at Oxford (Hertford College) as a Rhodes Scholar. He was a reporter on the Washington Post for five years before serving as an intelligence officer in the Navy during World War II.

In 1945 he was hired as a writer

on FORTUNE, with a recommendation that bore an executive's comment that "taking him on the staff at an intermediate level on a three-to-six-months' trial basis would be a very good gamble." He became FORTUNE's associate managing editor in 1951, managing editor in 1953, and six years later moved up to editorial director of all Time Inc. publications, serving as deputy to the editor-in-chief. In that capacity he sat in as acting managing editor of TIME, LIFE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and, in greater or lesser degree, supervised all other editorial activities of the company. Last year he set in motion a new Research and Development division.

To his colleagues in the Time & Life Building and at Time Inc. offices around the world, the choice of Donovan as editor-in-chief came as no surprise. In his staff memo, Henry Luce recalled that when he appointed Donovan editorial director he thought it "a brilliant stroke all my own." But the first Time Inc. executive he met that day said matter-of-factly: "It was obvious—inevitable." So was last week's appointment. As his predecessor said: "Donovan has earned the professional respect and the personal confidence of all who have worked with him."



HENRY R. LUCE & HEDLEY DONOVAN

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 24, 1964

Vol. 83, No. 17

THE NATION

CIVIL RIGHTS

The Backlash

Some of the staunchest friends of civil rights were worried about excesses in the Negro revolution—and about the white reaction to those excesses.

Declared President Johnson last week: "We do not condone violence or taking the law into your own hands, or threatening the health or safety of our people." In a joint statement, Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey and Republican Senator Thomas Kuchel, leaders of the Senate drive to pass the civil rights bill, warned: "Civil wrongs do not bring civil rights. Civil disobedience does not bring equal protection under the laws." And national leaders of the N.A.A.C.P., the Urban League, CORE and the National Council of Negro Women got together to urge "orderly, nonviolent demonstrations," and to condemn a tie-up this week of New York World's Fair traffic proposed by the Brooklyn chapter of CORE.

Increasingly, local civil rights demonstrators seem to employ pointless, often destructive and sometimes dangerous tactics. New Yorkers last week got a foretaste of what the Brooklyn CORE group's plan might mean: even without a deliberate stall-in, the

opening-day crowd at new Shea Stadium, hard by the fairgrounds, caused a memorable traffic jam. The stall-in idea dismayed even the militant national leaders of CORE, who suspended the Brooklyn chapter.

In other recent incidents, Berkeley, Calif. demonstrators filled supermarket carts with food, then abandoned them in the store, left perishables to spoil. Militants in New York City threatened to waste water by leaving their faucets open. Negroes entered a segregated Atlanta restaurant, urinated on the floor, drew from former Atlanta Mayor William Hartsfield a stinging speech on the question: "Is Urination Nonviolent?"

Rocks for N.A.A.C.P. The adverse reaction is all too visible. In a Boston St. Patrick's Day parade, an N.A.A.C.P. float bearing the slogan, FROM THE FIGHT FOR IRISH FREEDOM TO THE FIGHT FOR U.S. EQUALITY, was pelted with rocks, eggs, beer cans and vegetables. When Roman Catholic pastors in Michigan read from their pulpits a pro-civil rights statement, members of a Catholic Laymen's League stood outside the doors of 52 churches, passed out some 100,000 leaflets denouncing the civil rights bill.

A California poll indicates that 58% of the state's voters now oppose the leg-

islature-approved Rumford fair housing act, which will be challenged by an initiative in November. That represents an increase of 12% in the opposition since January. After the Cleveland bulldozer death of Presbyterian Minister Bruce Klunder (TIME, April 17), some 225 of the city's Presbyterian elders and 75 ministers met and questioned three Presbyterian clergymen who had taken part in demonstrations. Not satisfied with their explanations, the Rev. John Bruere, minister of the integrated Calvary Presbyterian church, protested: "We have had to remind ourselves that we were not witnessing the antics of college students during their bacchanalian Easter vacation. The Christian way of solving difficult intellectual, spiritual, social and political problems is being reduced to a childish pantomime."

Like Vigilantes. Even California's Episcopal bishop, James Pike, a veteran champion of civil rights, was fed up by the horn-tooting antics of sit-in demonstrators in San Francisco automobile agencies. "What the mob did," he complained, "posed the same problem the vigilantes did when they went out raping, robbing and murdering. The law isn't adequate, they said, and took out their own venom."

The big vote polled by Alabama's

HIGHWAY APPROACHES TO THE FAIR: THREATENED WITH A STALL-IN

RAYNARD CLARK



Governor George Wallace in the Wisconsin presidential primary was further evidence of the extent of the backlash among Northern whites on the race issue. There are indications that Wallace may do even better in the Indiana and Maryland primaries. Democratic Senator Daniel Brewster, who is standing in for President Johnson against Wallace in Maryland, was heatedly booed at a Baltimore-area Masonic Lodge, cursed, jeered and spat at by others on his campaign rounds.

CORE's Achievement. Some businessmen who have tried to meet Negro job demands are becoming discouraged. Explains Los Angeles' Daniel R. Bryant, an executive of big Bekins Van Lines Co.: "I know many businessmen who are trying to get qualified colored people into high executive positions. But they get a letter from CORE demanding their records and wanting to come in and get their files—and they become balky." Adds Los Angeles Builder Ralph Lewis, who is a leader in the drive to retain the state's much-disputed fair housing law: "If I had a business and demonstrators came in, I think I would throw them out even though I am in favor of civil rights."

Aroused by a peaceful CORE sit-in in Denver, the Denver Post charged editorially: "CORE has managed to do what Bull Connor, Governor Wallace, Governor Faubus, Governor Barnett and the Grand Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan couldn't do—it has made the cause of human rights look silly."

Not a Word. Causing still more uneasiness was the creation last week of a new national civil rights committee called ACT, which includes such extremists as the Black Nationalists' Malcolm X, Harlem Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, Cambridge, Md.'s Gloria Richardson, and the Rev. Milton Galamison, zealot leader of New York's school boycotts. Nor could anyone find much comfort in the attitude of New Orleans CORE Attorney Lolis Elie toward what the summer might bring, particularly if the civil rights bill is defeated. Says he: "It is frightening to think of what will happen. There might be armed rebellion—and I wouldn't say one word to discourage it."

Last year, in waging the Negro revolution, civil rights forces enlisted millions in their cause. So far this year, the actions of a few threaten to lose many of these converts. The militants insist that they must continue to agitate or their movement will lose momentum; they argue that those who become disenchanted never were really with them anyway. Yet Hubert Humphrey's warning was well put. Said he: "The scenes of police dogs and policemen with clubs being used against peaceful demonstrations caused great public outcry. But if extremists in the civil rights movement decide to inconvenience hundreds of thousands of people, it's going to have the same reaction in reverse."

Slicing the Bread

It was opening day in Washington, and the home-town Senators were well on their way to their first defeat of the baseball season. At the end of the third inning, an announcement blared forth from the public-address system: "Attention, please, there has been a quorum call in the United States Senate. All U.S. Senators are requested to return to the chamber immediately."

With that, half a dozen Senators—including Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, Minority Leader Everett Dirksen and Democratic Whip Hubert Humphrey—scrambled from their seats and bolted toward waiting limousines for the one-mile dash to Capitol Hill. About the only Senator left was Georgia Democrat Richard Russell, who, in the words of an envious colleague, "never moved."

Light in the Cupola. Russell and his 18-man team of homily-grits Southerners were not in the least concerned

example, had great fun resurrecting a speech that President Johnson made as a freshman Senator in 1949. Opposing a proposed Fair Employment Practices Commission, the young Senator Johnson had argued that "such a law would necessitate a system of federal police officers such as we have never before seen," and that he hoped "the Senate will never be called upon to entertain seriously any such proposal again." Texas Republican John Tower rose to laud L.B.J.'s ancient statement as "one of the most succinct and pointed arguments that I have ever heard."

Lyndon's Mystery Kit. Humphrey, who is floor-managing the bill for the Democrats, was growing impatient. "When we get around to the latter part of April," said he, "we'll start spelling 'filibuster' in capital letters." Before it goes on for too long, Senator Humphrey will probably appeal to Lyndon Johnson for help. "Knowing the President, I expect him to produce miracles," he said. "He has a Mystery Kit of Legislative Remedies."

Maybe. At this point, though, the man with the Mystery Kit is not Johnson but Everett McKinley Dirksen, and most of last week's offstage activity on the bill centered around his shambling figure. The reason for Dirksen's importance is that Humphrey now has only 59 or 60 of the 67 votes that he will need to shut off a Southern filibuster by invoking cloture. The rest must come from among a dozen fence sitters, half of them Republicans responsive to Dirksen and anxious to soften the bill, particularly its public-accommodations and equal-employment sections. "There will be amendments to this bill," said Dirksen, "just as sure as anything."

For openers, Dirksen mentioned offhandedly that he had 40 or so amendments in mind for Title VII, which provides for the establishment of a five-member Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. "This is a vulnerable section," said Ev. "I'd like to strike it altogether." When liberals from both parties howled, Dirksen sat down with his G.O.P. colleagues at a series of luncheon conferences to thresh out their differences. "Not being Houdini," said he, "I didn't find the right answer. When you start rassing with this kind of a can of worms, you do not know one day from another where you're going to come out." Dirksen came out with a group of ten amendments, will introduce more as the debate progresses.

Fixed Polestar. Dirksen's strategy prompted complaints that he was gutting the bill, but he was ready with a typical reply. "I have a fixed polestar to which I am pointed," said he, "and this is: first to get a bill, second to get an acceptable bill, third to get a workable bill, and finally to get an equitable bill." Added Dirksen, who is well aware that there might be no bill at all unless some changes are made: "If you don't get a whole loaf of bread, you get what bread you can."



HUMPHREY & DIRKSEN
Menu for the day: homily grits.

about the slow progress of the civil rights bill. But others were, and against a lowering backdrop of powder-keg Negro restiveness and growing white alarm, a sense of urgency has begun to pervade even the drowsy chamber.

Accordingly, Majority Leader Mansfield has quickened the pace of the six-week-old debate by lengthening sessions, sometimes running them from 10 a.m. until midnight. He was not yet ready to order round-the-clock sessions, but night after soft spring night, a light burned in the cupola of the Capitol to tell the city that the Senate was at work.

And dreary work it often seemed. Technically, it could not yet be called a filibuster, for speeches were still germane to the bill. The Southerners, for



AT THE WHITE HOUSE GATE

THE PRESIDENCY

Visibility by Informality

John Kennedy once remarked that he didn't like to wake up in the morning and read newspaper stories about Khrushchev or Mao or Castro or any other unfriendly fellow. What he wanted was headlines about the President of the U.S., and he was engagingly candid about his desire for public "visibility."

Well, Kennedy had nothing at all on Lyndon Johnson in the matter of visibility. Last week, after a fast round of golf at suburban Maryland's Burning Tree Golf Club, Johnson entertained a king, tossed out the opening-day ball for the Washington Senators, popped out of the White House to reach through the southeast gate and shake hands with tourists, in a single day made four speeches totaling some 7,000 words, and presided at not one but two news conferences.

On the Screen. When Johnson first became President, there was endless conjecture among newsmen as to the format he would follow in his press conferences. The talk went that Johnson, unlike Kennedy, did not feel comfortable at formal, televised sessions and would try to develop another system. Up to a point, the talk was right. Johnson fell into the habit of unexpectedly calling reporters into his office on Saturday afternoons, talking to them informally and at length.

Last week, for only the third time, the President held a full-dress conference for live TV. It was a considerable success. On hand was a record audience of 512, including about 150 visiting editors. Johnson, low-toned and relaxed, admitted backhandedly what everyone has known for months—that he intends to run for President this year. Asked how he felt about a poll of the editors that indicated he would win, he replied: "I hope they feel in November as they do in April." He ranged from the state of the U.S. economy (see BUSINESS) to the progress of railway management-labor negotiations; he urged Senate passage of the civil rights bill, touted U.S. missile strength, allowed as how he



TOWARD THE 8TH GREEN

might have "a hard fight, a difficult one" for election, listed a number of legislative items on which he places priority. Although he said nothing very startling, he made a pleasing number of headlines in the next morning's papers.

Out of the Field. At week's end he was back at his Saturday matinee. Leaning far back in his massive green leather chair, legs crossed, hands sometimes clasped behind his neck, the President was the picture of ease. His biggest news concerned a "very comprehensive" study of the U.S. draft system and military manpower policy which he had ordered. The outcome, he said, might indicate the possibility of ending the draft within a decade. Again, he rattled off a dizzying array of statistics, including some to show how a nationwide rail strike would put a disastrous crimp in the economy. And there were a few more words about his political plans: "I have tried to be President of all the people," Johnson said. "I'm going to try to stay out of the campaign field as long as possible."

As the 60-odd reporters filed out of the oval office, it was apparent to all that these end-of-the-week gatherings around the President's desk were here to stay. Clearly, Johnson thinks that this is the best format for getting across his plans and ideas. There will undoubtedly be more of the formal sessions. But Lyndon Johnson has always liked to get close to those he is trying to persuade, to look them straight in the eye and squeeze their hands. This is more easily done in the relaxed atmosphere of his White House office.

The Dance in the Blue Room

It was the first time Lady Bird and Lyndon Johnson had entertained royalty in the White House. Everything went beautifully—at least until toward the end of the evening.

In town for talks with the President was Jordan's King Hussein, and the Johnsons gave a state dinner in his honor. After the dinner, the Johnsons and their 151 guests repaired to the East Room, where Jazzman Dave Brubeck played three selections for Jazz



AT THE BALL GAME

WALTER BENNETT



WITH KING HUSSEIN

He tries.

Fan Hussein. Then it was away to the white-walled Blue Room for dancing.

"Open up the windows," the President ordered as the Air Force's Strolling Strings struck up a waltz. With that he was off, twirling every lady within arm's reach. For his part, being a King, Hussein could not ask a woman to dance; she had to ask him. The first was Lady Bird Johnson, radiant in lemon chiffon. One of the last was Trude Feldman, diminutive (4 ft. 10½ in.) correspondent for the Los Angeles Reporter, a Jewish weekly. It was an agreeable match in height at least, and Hussein, only 5 ft. 6 in. tall himself, seemed to find her a pleasant partner.

"What does your father do?" inquired Hussein, making some kingly small talk as he moved Reporter Feldman over the waxed parquet floor.

"He lives in Hollywood," she evaded. "Yes," pressed the Arab monarch, "but what does he do?"

"My father," replied Miss Feldman sweetly, "is a rabbi."

Nothing daunted, Hussein danced on, with Miss Feldman and others. Finally, at 11:15, perhaps just a trifle early, the King left for his guest quarters at nearby Blair House.

REPUBLICANS

Amid the Disarray, a Phenomenon

The Republican race remained in disarray. The harder the candidates ran, the weaker they looked. The less the noncandidates ran, the better they looked. Part of the problem was the defeatism that seems to pervade the party about the possibility of beating President Johnson in November. Part, as Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller have discovered, was the mere matter of overexposure.

Last week Goldwater handily won the Illinois presidential primary with 512,616 votes against 205,690 for his only announced opponent, Maine's Senator Margaret Chase Smith. In so doing, he probably picked up the great bulk of Illinois' 58 convention delegate votes, although the primary is not binding. Yet Barry's win impressed hardly anyone, if only because Illinois had figured to be a real Goldwater stronghold and he got only a bit more than 50% of the total G.O.P. primary vote. This was mostly due to a rash of write-ins, including 52,322 for Henry Cabot Lodge and 24,710 for Richard Nixon. Even more discouraging, more than 200,000 Republicans who voted for a gubernatorial candidate did not bother about the presidential primary.

"Getting the Delegates." Afterward, Goldwater still sounded confident, claimed about 150 delegates already committed to him at the July convention in San Francisco. A realistic breakdown would, in fact, include: Arizona 16, Georgia 18, Kansas 12, Louisiana 16, North Carolina 25, Oklahoma 22, South Carolina 16, Tennessee 4, and Illinois 48, for a total of 177. Said Goldwater: "The polls all talk about Lodge, but everybody overlooks the fact that I'm getting the delegates."

What about the other Republican possibilities? New York's Governor Rockefeller finally rammed a liquor-law re-

form bill through his state legislature. Since the vital votes came from the Bronx machine headed by aging Democratic Boss Charles Buckley, the victory was hardly one to enhance Rocky's G.O.P. prestige. After the vote he sighed: "Now I'm free to return to the national scene." He left almost immediately for Oregon.

Getting the Votes. Richard Nixon returned to the U.S. after a three-week business trip to the Far East, made three speeches. The last one was in Washington, before the American Society of Newspaper Editors. Clearly not excluding Cabot Lodge from his appraisal, Nixon said: "Confidence in and respect for American leadership in Southeast Asia is at its lowest point since Pearl Harbor." But few Republicans seemed to be scrambling—so far, at least—to hitch themselves to Nixon's star. And Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton was still insisting that he really, really wanted no part of the presidential nomination.

At that pretty much leaves the man in Saigon—Ambassador Lodge. His chances were looking up in Oregon (see following story), and his popularity elsewhere was indicated by a Gallup Poll that last week matched him against Nixon, found that 57% favored Lodge, 36% Nixon, with 7% undecided. Because many Republican professionals are less than fond of him, and because of his identification with the stalemated war in South Viet Nam, Lodge may not last the full course. But so far, he is the G.O.P. phenomenon of 1964.

Oregon Lodgistics

"Why," demanded the Medford, Ore., Mail Tribune, "should any Republican be attracted to a man who has lost elections, who is a lousy campaigner, who would be the oldest President to be inaugurated since James Buchanan, who is a member of the present Administration, whose views on the issues of the

day are completely unknown, and who's 6,000 miles away doing a lousy job of running a nasty little war?"

But Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge seemed about to run away with the May 15 Republican primary in Oregon. The latest Lou Harris poll gave him 46% of the potential Republican vote, and only 17% to Nixon, 14% to Goldwater and 13% to Rockefeller. The influential statewide newspaper, the Portland Oregonian, which came flat out for Lodge last week, conducted its own survey, which gave Lodge 40%, Rockefeller 18%, Nixon 17% and Goldwater 14%.

Mystique. Oregon's apparent preference for Lodge could be measured by a variety of other signs. They were so strong that Barry Goldwater instructed his aide on the scene, Steve Shadegg, to cut a few days out of his Oregon schedule and privately crossed the state off his list. Nelson Rockefeller was planning an all-out mail and telephone, radio and TV campaign in a desperate attempt to gain a foothold. Rocky's people bravely explained that the situation paralleled the primary campaign of 1948, when Harold Stassen seemed to have had the state all wrapped up only to lose a last-minute saturation campaign to Tom Dewey.

Most Republican observers doubt that Rockefeller can duplicate Dewey's surprise victory, which was achieved mostly by a trouncing that Dewey gave Stassen in a nationwide radio debate. Lodge need not take any such risk as a debate. And his absence from Oregon apparently works to his advantage in other ways. Explains a top Oregon Republican: "There's the matter of overexposure. That's not something that either Rockefeller or Goldwater can correct, but it's there. The glamour, the mystique, has run thin. Lodge, on the other hand, is the personification of mystique."

Lodge's strength is partly attributa-



GOLDWATER & SALTONSTALL



ROCKEFELLER HQ



CAMPAIGN AIDE SHADEGG

Looking for a leader in the Year of the Green Tomato.

ble to the hard work of Massachusetts Attorney David Goldberg, who helped engineer the Lodge victory in New Hampshire. Goldberg and his aides have set up a smoothly running volunteer corps that ranges all through the state. His budget is relatively small, with most of the money earmarked for massive mailings and a few TV promotions. "We're blessed by our poverty," says Goldberg. "We can't spread ourselves into areas we can't do well in. What we can do is a very thorough job in direct mail and in canvassing door to door." Goldberg and Volunteer Helper Sally Saltonstall (niece of Massachusetts Senator Leverett Saltonstall), have divided the state into small sectors of every county in which six-man teams will soon barnstorm on an enlistment campaign. Goldberg figures that each team should be able to reach between 400 and 500 people a day, at the rate of ten people per hour. If the plan works, the Lodge volunteers will have made contact with 150,000 Republicans before the primary.

Former Neighbor. Still, the Lodge boom has raised puzzling questions in Oregon, questions of the kind raised by that editorial in the Medford Mail Tribune. Says State G.O.P. Chairman Elmo Smith, a former Governor: "This Lodge deal is one of the most fantastic things that's ever occurred in American politics. All it represents is a lack of firm conviction on the part of the voters in their ability to accept anyone else." Republican Secretary of State Howell Appling Jr. adds: "I'm struck by the number of people who don't have the vaguest notion of what Lodge stands for." Says Republican Tom McCall, who is running to succeed Appling: "This is the Year of the Green Tomato,"—meaning that the "ripe tomatoes," Barry and Rocky, have been tasted by the electorate and found wanting.

Leading Republicans can see only one way in which Lodge could be stopped in Oregon, and that is through an all-out Nixon campaign. "Dick Nixon could field an organization yet that could put on a professional-type campaign," says one G.O.P. official. "People here identify with him. He's a former neighbor. There's a certain parochial geographic factor: it's latent and it could be stimulated." Elmo Smith agrees: "If Nixon came in, he'd eat at all of them some. He would pick up quite a bit of the middle-road or slightly conservative vote. Lodge would be hurt the most. I'd go a long bet and say he'd win it."

Will Nixon do it? He says no. Still, he has been in contact on and off with his former political associates in Oregon, and Wes Phillips, his executive secretary for Oregon in 1960, plans to announce soon the names of a state chairman and other officials for a late-starting Nixon campaign. If Nixon himself should then decide to jump into the presidential campaign, he might repeat Tom Dewey's victory. If he stays out, then Lodge looks like the winner.



GOVERNORIAL NOMINEE PERCY & FAMILY*
Applying hard sell to hard run.

ELECTIONS

Percy's Pace

From the moment last July when Chicago Businessman Charles Harting Percy, 44, announced that he would try for the Illinois Republican gubernatorial nomination, he ran as if he were pursued by a pack of bright young men and an angry board of directors. Years of high-speed climbing in corporate life had conditioned him well. At 23 he was a board member of Chicago's camera-making Bell & Howell Co., at 29 he was president, at 41 board chairman. As it turned out, Chuck Percy's pace was well suited to politics too. Last week he won the nomination for Governor going away.

At the outset, Percy rated as a distinct underdog to Secretary of State Charles Carpentier, 67, an old-guard G.O.P. workhorse with powerful party backing. Applying a hard sell to his hard run, Percy labeled himself a "dynamic conservative," pasted together an organization from young and energetic Republicans who had been disenfranchised with their party after its poor showing in the 1960 elections. He picked up strong financial support from business friends, set out to cover the state in a bus dubbed the "Chuckwagon" that he filled with his wife, five kids and an eight-piece band. He plugged economic development as Illinois' most pressing need, argued that he, as a businessman, could best find ways to create 800,000 new jobs needed in the state.

"Mercy, Mr. Percy." By January, he was gaining on Carpentier—but not much. Then Carpentier had a heart attack, pulled out of the primary, and died a couple of months later. Percy's new opponent was State Treasurer William Scott, 37, who charged into the campaign avowing his all-out dedication to conservatism and his total support of Barry Goldwater for President. Percy

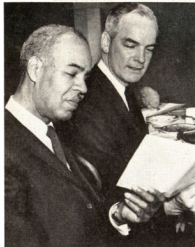
decided to take a chance. Although Illinois was considered a bastion of Barryland, he hedged his commitments to Goldwater. Said Percy: "I have made it clear all along that I am running on state issues. I will cast my ballot for that candidate that has a majority of the elected delegates."

The Chicago Tribune backed Scott, gave Page One play to a Scott charge that Percy was tied in with Chicago Republicans who were controlled by the crime syndicate. A right-wing organization issued a scurrilous pamphlet titled, "Mercy, Mr. Percy," implying that Percy was soft on Communism. Percy retaliated with a strong position paper that served to rebut the charge.

Fighting City Hall. On election night, Scott conceded 34 hours after the polls closed, and Percy wound up with 615,686 votes to Scott's 383,462. In November, Percy will face Illinois' ineffectual Governor Otto Kerner, a cog in Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic machinery. Said Percy: "We'll be running against the White House, the Governor's mansion and city hall." But he felt a good deal of his freedom to run for Governor as his own man. Said confident Chuck Percy after last week's win: "We haven't a single commitment of any kind."

* From left: Twin Daughter Sharon, 19; Wife Loraine; Gail, 10; Percy; Twin Daughter Valerie, 19; Mark, 8; Roger, 17. Sharon, Valerie and Roger are children of a previous Percy marriage.

† Illinois Democrats got a piece of campaign ammunition the day after the election, when it was announced that former Republican Governor William Stratton, in office from 1953 to 1961, had been indicted the week before by a federal grand jury on charges that he had evaded payment of \$46,676 in U.S. income taxes during his last four years as Governor. The indictment had been kept secret for a few days so it would not influence the primary campaign.



WELSH WITH N.A.A.C.P. LEADER WILKINS
He's not saying it now.

DEMOCRATS

"Who's Wallace?"

Alabama's Governor George Wallace flew into Indianapolis last week in a state-owned Lockheed Lodestar decorated with a Confederate flag and the slogan **STAND UP FOR AMERICA**. He had, he said, come to run against Democratic Governor Matthew Welsh "because I want to let the people have an effective way of opposing some of the trends going on in Washington." For Welsh, who is a favorite-son stand-in for President Johnson in Indiana's May 5th presidential primary, Wallace had only kind words. "I have the highest regard for Governor Welsh," he allowed. "He is a fine man." But that feeling was much less than mutual.

Still Seething. The night before Wallace arrived, handsome Matt Welsh, 51, blistered his segregationist opponent at a district Democratic meeting in Tell City, accused Wallace of "trying to wreck the Democratic Party." Cried he: Wallace's campaign "smells sweet, but it has the taste of death."

Back in Indianapolis, Welsh was still seething, issued as denunciatory a statement about Wallace as has been seen in U.S. politics in a long while. Said he: "This is the man who tolerated the presence of billboards in his state before the assassination which demanded: 'Kayo the Kennedys.' This is the man whose beliefs were responsible for the deaths of innocent children in the bombing of a Sunday school class. This is the man who stood by while dogs were set upon human beings and fire hoses were turned on groups of peaceful demonstrators. This is the man who even today is actively denying Negro children access to the University of Alabama. This is the man who is trying to destroy the political system of the United States as we know it, and who seeks to discredit President Lyndon B. Johnson. This is the man who flies the Confederate flag over the Statehouse in Alabama in place of the Stars and Stripes."

If such words dented Wallace's armor-plated skin, he didn't show it. In the only scheduled speech of his one-day campaign kickoff, Wallace told some 300 applauding Butler University students: "I'm not a racist. I'm against interracial marriages. I think the Negro race ought to stay pure and the white race stay pure. God intended for white people to stay white, Chinese to stay yellow and Negroes to stay black. All mankind is the handiwork of God."

Lame Duck. Before departing for Montgomery that night, Wallace promised to return to Indiana this week. He chortled: "Governor Welsh said a few weeks ago, 'Who's Wallace?' He's not saying that now, is he?"

He certainly is not. Wallace stands to do even better in Indiana than he did in Wisconsin, where he polled 264,000 against 512,000 for Governor John Reynolds, another Johnson-minded favorite son. One reason is that anti-civil rights feeling runs high in some industrial areas of Indiana. Another is that Welsh, a lame-duck Governor who cannot succeed himself, is suffering a popularity dip because of a state sales tax he signed into law last year.

ARMED FORCES

Dead Duck?

U.S. soldiers in South Viet Nam were still being picked off by Communist guerrillas—and on the home front, Pentagon officials were getting shot at too. In February General Maxwell Taylor, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, testified before a House Appropriations subcommittee. The transcript, released last week, showed Taylor, if not exactly riddled, at least discomfited. Answering some questions, Taylor declared that he was opposed "under all circumstances" to using U.S. forces as a "direct means of suppressing the guerrillas."

That riled Pennsylvania's Democratic Congressman Daniel Flood. "I am concerned," said Flood. "I am not at all satisfied with your answer. I would expect you to have much more to say about that. There is a division of command. The analogy with Malaya is very, very close. There were British combat troops by the thousands in the jungle, and they stayed there. Choppers were used to supply them, and they did not come out. And that is how they beat the guerrillas. There was none of this hit-and-run business. The initiative was British, not guerrilla. In South Viet Nam, it is the diametric opposite. There is no South Vietnamese and no American initiative at all. We command and control nothing."

At that point, General Taylor demurred. Then, demanded Flood, "What do you command there?"

Taylor: "Not a thing."

Flood: "What do you control there?"

Taylor: (DELETED BY CENSOR.)

Flood: "You do not command."

Taylor: "We do not. That is correct."

Flood: "That is where you are head-

ing for failure. You command nothing. You have come to the Rubicon. Very, very soon in South Viet Nam you are at the end of the line. You have to make up your mind very soon, General, that you are going to command, or you are not going to command. If you are not going to command, you are a dead duck; you cannot win. If you decide you want to command and they will not let you command, get out. You are a dead duck. You cannot win. Make up your mind."

Sacking SAC's Boss

Strategic Air Commander Thomas S. Power was chatting with the Omaha World-Herald's military reporter, Howard Silber. Power praised the reconnaissance capability of his B-58s ("they can go anywhere and do anything"), touted SAC's present strength, but insisted that a new manned bomber is still needed. Asked about rumors that he might soon quit, Power replied matter-of-factly: "I'm not quitting. They are asking me to leave."

General Power is, in fact, being eased out by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, and will be replaced in November. Technically, Power's retirement will be required at that time because he will have completed 35 years of service. This rule, however, is often waived for officers in key commands. And Power, at 58, is two years short of the rigidly followed mandatory retirement age.

A man who always speaks his mind, Power antagonized McNamara by the bluntness of his congressional testimony last August against the nuclear test ban treaty. At that time the Joint Chiefs, including Air Force Chief of Staff Curt LeMay, favored the treaty—at least publicly. Like LeMay, Power has expressed concern about overreliance on missiles, and urged the development of a new bomber—issues that Senator Barry Goldwater has raised politically and that McNamara has tried to refute.

Power revealed that he plans to live



AIR FORCE'S POWER
As a matter of fact, eased out.

in a house he is building in Palm Springs, seek a job in business, and publish a book called *Design for Survival*, which he wrote in 1959. Its publication was banned by the Eisenhower Administration at that time on grounds that an officer should not benefit financially from a book related to his official duties. Except that it urged "complete unification" of the armed forces and raised questions about some aspects of U.S. defenses, little has been disclosed about the book. Rated most likely to succeed Power is General Walter Campbell Sweeney Jr., 54, a former SAC officer and present head of the Tactical Air Command.

NEW YORK

Death in the City

Of the dozens of daily deaths in a city, few are noted much beyond the circle of family and friends. But last week in the New York City area:

► Melvin Walker, 49, an unemployed Manhattan maintenance man, started to follow his wife into a subway car during the afternoon rush hour. The doors slammed shut—gripping his right arm between them like a vise. The train began to move. Inside the car, Walker's wife screamed. Walker tugged desperately to free himself. As the train picked up speed, he walked, trotted, then sprinted to keep up. Stumbling, sliding, frantically pulling to free his arm, Walker was dragged to the end of the platform and slammed into a metal rail. As the train entered the tunnel, he was battered repeatedly against the concrete wall along the tracks. When a passenger finally pulled the emergency brake cord, Walker was dead.

► Dr. Charles J. Gallagher Jr., 31, a Columbia University assistant professor of nuclear physics, left his wife and two sons in their Manhattan apartment one night after a colleague phoned to say that a cyclotron at Columbia wasn't working right. Gallagher never arrived at the laboratory. At dawn the next morning, a man found Gallagher's body—shot once in the chest with a .25-cal. weapon—lying beneath the underbrush in a section of Central Park called the Ramble. Gallagher had not been robbed; he had no criminal record; he had no access to any classified nuclear information, police said. At week's end police could offer no hint to the killer's identity or his motive. But they reminded New Yorkers again that the Ramble, a sunny sanctuary for birds and bird watchers like Charles Gallagher during the day, had long been a junglelike hideout for muggers, holdup men and pervers after dark.

► Kenneth Ferrari, 17, and two friends, Robert Farrell, 17, and Anthony D'Aiuto, 16, stopped in for a moment at Kenneth's home in Wyandanch, L.I., one evening and were told that Kenneth's father had just had a heart attack. Panicked by his own sudden grief, Kenneth dashed out of the house—his two friends at his heels, trying to give consolation. All three sprint-

ed blindly into the street. They were all hit by a car, and died there in the road. ► Mrs. Bertha Haas, 68, a Bronx widow, spent an evening with an elderly woman friend at the Avalon Ballroom, a kind of senior citizens' dance hall on Broadway that forbids liquor and jitterbugging, caters to older people looking for gentle companionship. Later, Mrs. Haas and her friend stopped at a cafeteria for a cup of tea and a bit of cheeseecake, then took the subway to The Bronx and separated. Mrs. Haas walked home. Next morning a porter in Mrs. Haas's apartment building saw blood on the lobby floor. He followed a trail of bloody streaks for 30 ft., at last found Mrs. Haas's body beneath the stair well. She had been beaten, strangled with her own silk scarf, robbed, raped, and slashed with a razor.



THE WEST

Pulling the Plug

The Governors of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico were madder than wet hens, and all over a dry lake. The object of their ire was Interior Secretary Stuart Udall, whom they accused of stealing their hydroelectric water supply and using it to feed power plants in California and Udall's native Arizona.

The Governors are Colorado's John Love, Utah's George Clyde and Wyoming's Clifford Hansen, all Republicans, and New Mexico's Jack Campbell, a Democrat. They had cause for anger.

For years Western states have battled tempestuously over rights to the Colorado River's precious water. Now the Upper Basin states had a brand-new source of hydroelectric power, the \$400 million Glen Canyon Dam near the Arizona-Utah border. Operation was scheduled to begin in June. But that

had to be postponed, chiefly because the water level in Lake Powell behind the dam was insufficient to turn the generators. Members of the four-state Upper Basin Commission performed figurative rain dances, hoping that by August the lake would have accumulated the 6.5 million acre-feet of water necessary to produce power.

"Perfidy." Now enter Udall's Reclamation Commissioner Floyd E. Dominy, who looked downriver toward Lake Mead and Hoover Dam, major power source for the Lower Basin states of Arizona and California. Lake Mead, too, was suffering from a water shortage. After studying the stream flow forecasts, Dominy last month decided that Hoover Dam could not maintain the surface storage of 14.5 million acre-feet that it needs to do its job.

On Dominy's recommendation, Udall ordered Glen Canyon's gates opened. That was like pulling the plug on one bathtub and letting the water drain into another (see map). In this case, the Glen Canyon water flowed, at 18,000 cu. ft. per sec., 370 miles downriver to Lake Mead and Hoover Dam. The water is still running, which is fine for the folks in Phoenix and Los Angeles. But the water loss to the Upper Basin is drying up Lake Powell, and with it the hopes there for new electric power in the near future.

In Denver last week, the Upper Colorado River Commission met with Dominy to demand that he put the plug back in Lake Powell. Chief spokesman was gruff old (80) Edwin Carl Johnson, Colorado's longtime Senator (1937-55) and Governor (1933-37; 1955-57), now a member of the commission. Johnson accused Udall of "perfidy" and "stupidity," quizzed Dominy for more than an hour, charged that the release of Glen Canyon's water was a breach of contract with the Upper Basin states and a waste of water as well, predicted that "given several dry years, the Upper Basin would not have a drop of water left."

Responsible People. Just as doggedly, Dominy rejected the accusations. Said he: "The actions taken on the river were based on facts and are for the best interests of all concerned. We are convinced they are not arbitrary. In our judgment our decision was the only one responsible people could make." Dominy's—and Udall's—position was that the "Law of the River" permits them to draw on Lake Powell's water when Hoover Dam's supply runs short. In the end, Dominy assured the commission that his agency would consider arranging with private power companies to make up for Hoover's deficiencies, in which case the gates could be closed again at Glen Canyon.

Meanwhile, the plug will stay pulled, until next month at least, when Udall will study the newest spring water runoff figures. If he decides that Hoover still needs additional power, and if private groups cannot take on the job, the Upper Basin gates will stay open and Glen Canyon will go down the drain.

THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

The Road Back

One day last week Humberto Castello Branco wrote a short note and sent it to the president of Brazil's Senate: "Because of my inauguration tomorrow as President of the republic, I have the honor of presenting your excellency this declaration of the worldly goods which I possess." There were seven items: an apartment in Rio worth \$5,000, four parcels of stock worth \$9,000, "one Aero-Willys automobile, 1961 model" and "a perpetual tomb in the São João Batista cemetery in Rio de Janeiro." The note was the considered duty of an honest man, and it marked the first time in history that a President of Brazil had ever declared his assets—before, during or after his term of office.

Next day at 3 p.m., all across the huge land, church bells tolled, artillery boomed, factory whistles screamed and horns blared on thousands of buses, trucks and cars. Before the assembled state Governors, national Congressmen and generals in Brasília's Chamber of Deputies, former General Castello Branco solemnly took the oath of office as his country's 26th President. Said he: "I shall do everything possible to consolidate the ideals of the Brazilian nation when it rose—splendid in courage and decision—to restore democracy and free itself of the frauds and distortions that made it unrecognizable. Let each man carry his stone. Do your duty to your nation, and you will see that Brazil will follow your example."

It was more a soldier's command than a politician's plea. And even Ultima Hora, the country's strident leftist paper, sounded a note of optimism: "If his words were not empty, if the man who pronounced them is really aware

of his responsibility before history, there is hope."

Taxes & Land. All week long, Castello Branco received a steady stream of bankers and businessmen, economists and social scientists—all those to whom the deposed João Goulart had often refused to listen. Out of the meetings came the broad outline of his program for Brazil. He intends, say his advisers, to encourage foreign investment, overhaul tax collection and increase revenues, limit inflationary bank credit, set up an independent central bank to control the currency presses. The government's wild spending will be cut and its mammoth bureaucracy trimmed to happier size.

Land reform is a primary objective—but not the kind of unthinking reform that destroys large, productive farms, while leaving peasants with little except a few hardscrabble acres. Castello Branco wants to reorganize the graft-ridden state and county land-tax system, put it under federal control, and devise an equitable tax rate in proportion to size and productive capacity. Small farmers will get easier credit and more technical help. Even the country's creaky judicial system will come in for attention; today it can take seven years for a court case to come to trial. "If the measures are coordinated," says one presidential adviser, "we can get quick results without the hardship which violent means might bring on."

Cleaning House. One obvious key to success is how wisely the new government cleans house. Under Goulart, leftist groups were nourished by government corruption. The large Communist labor unions lived off federal doles; Petrobrás, the state oil monopoly, spent billions of cruzeiros to bankroll the National Student Union and other extrem-

ists of the left. Last week federal "interventors" were in command of most of Brazil's labor unions and state enterprises, including Petrobrás. Meanwhile, the arrests and imprisonments by the new government continued with a grim purpose that sent shivers up many Brazilian spines. No one knew how many people were locked up in jail. But the total of those stripped of their political rights climbed to 167, among them Celso Furtado, 43, the leftist but non-Communist boss of the successful development program in Brazil's impoverished Northeast.

At one point there was even talk of cracking down on ex-President Juscelino Kubitschek—on grounds of corruption. ("Juscelino! Juscelino!" cried a group in front of his Rio apartment. Kubitschek came to the window, beaming. "Thief! Thief!" they cried.) In Recife, troops searching for the sister of an imprisoned leftist governor went so far as to invade the palace of Archbishop Dom Helder Câmara, Brazil's leading churchman. The angry archbishop telephoned the regional army commander, and a colonel came racing to order the troops away. That same day, Dom Helder and 16 of his bishops joined in issuing a statement urging that "the innocent who were accidentally arrested in the first moments of inevitable confusion be returned to freedom as soon as possible."

Political Voices. At week's end the worst of the purge seemed over. A graver danger to unity was the politicians. After winning the presidency for Castello Branco, the military let the politicians have a say in the Cabinet and vice-presidency. In a week of argument and political infighting, ten of 13 ministers were named; among those to come were the crucial ministers of labor

INAUGURATION SCENE IN BRASÍLIA: PRESIDENT CASTELLO BRANCO (IN SASH) WITH VICE PRESIDENT ALKIM AT HIS LEFT

PAULO MURIZ



and foreign relations. With their eyes on the 1965 elections, both Guanabara State Governor Carlos Lacerda and Kubitschek were in the thick of the bargaining. A Lacerda man—and a good one—landed the Health Ministry. Kubitschek's prize, voted by Congress without military interference, was a less happy choice. Into Brazil's vice-presidency went José Maria Alkmin, 62, an old crony who for 28 ill-starred months served as Kubitschek's Finance Minister, during which time scandals rocked the ministry, the value of the cruzeiro dropped 50%, retail prices soared 60% and the treasury debt to the Bank of Brazil tripled.

But Alkmin will have little to do except preside over the Senate. And President Castello Branco is not the sort to let the politicians talk on forever—not with Brazil's people in uniform squarely behind him. As tough old War Minister Artur da Costa e Silva said, "The time has now come for the army to return to its barracks. But our mission is not over. We will continue our vigilance. President Castello Branco can always count on his soldiers. At his first cry, they will be on their feet."

THE ALIANZA

"Our Bank"

In Washington's alphabet soup, the Inter-American Development Bank is known by its initials IDB. Latin Americans call it *el BID*, or simply "our bank," and it is one part of the Alianza that no one complains about. Latin Americans had the original idea, have their own man in charge, and put up more than half of the initial \$813 million capital. At the bank's annual meeting in Panama City last week, hemisphere finance ministers could count the impressive results: by the end of 1963, *el BID* had authorized no fewer than 192 development loans totaling \$875 million in 19 capital-short Latin American member countries. So far this year, the bank has extended another \$88 million in loans.

For Power & Homes. The bank was set up in 1960 to step in where private banks and other international lending institutions feared to tread. Under its able and imaginative president, Felipe Herrera, 41, a Chilean economist, *el BID* has granted long-term, low-interest loans for hydroelectric power in such marginal-risk areas as Guatemala and Paraguay. About 35% of its loans are for agricultural projects, which often get a cool reception from international bankers. Last year the Mexican government received \$30.5 million to reclaim and settle 130,000 desolate acres in the southeastern state of Tabasco, while Venezuela and the Dominican Republic got \$6,000,000 apiece to build up cattle herds.

Another of Latin America's major problems is private business capital; money is short and local interest rates range up to 18% annually. The bank

has loaned \$300 million to businessmen around the hemisphere, and at rates of less than 6%. In Peru, a private company recently got a \$1,400,000 loan to begin transforming 16,000 desert acres into farmland. Other loans have gone for a synthetic rubber plant in Brazil, a wood pulp mill in Colombia, fruit processing in Argentina, textile mill expansion in Paraguay, and plants to process timber into chip board for construction in Chile and Argentina.

Most of a \$6,000,000 loan to the Central American Bank for Economic Integration, an arm of the five-nation common market, will be loaned to new industries. To top it off, \$283 million in "social progress" loans to 17 countries have resulted in 210,000 low-income housing units, and the construction or expansion of water and sewage systems in 1,115 cities and villages.

Bonds of Gold. So far, the vast majority of repayments are right on schedule, and the bank has established such a gilt-edged reputation among world bankers that two recent bond issues were oversubscribed. Moreover, the U.S. has added another \$411.8 million to its original \$350 million subscription, and other members have agreed to increases bringing *el BID*'s total capital to \$2.1 billion.

At the Panama meeting last week, President Herrera was unanimously elected to a second five-year term. "Our institution must continue to demonstrate that, being a bank, it is also more than a bank," he said. "Therefore, we must expand our operations to respond to the needs of our national masses." The U.S. obviously agrees. Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon brought to the meeting a U.S. offer of yet another \$750 million in Alianza funds for *el BID* over the next three years.

ARGENTINA

A Healing Peace

Six months ago, President Arturo Illia, 63, an obscure back-country physician, took office in Argentina amid a wave of good will and relief. At the time a foreign diplomat said: "The best thing Dr. Illia could do is to do nothing for six years." That seems to be exactly what the good grey doctor has in mind; he seldom leaves the palace, makes few speeches and fewer decisions. Yet by doing almost nothing, Illia seems to be giving Argentines what they need—a healing peace to recover from the 18 months of military-dominated government and economic confusion that followed the overthrow of President Arturo Frondizi.

Wheat & Beef. Though Argentina is still troubled by inflation and foreign debt, the dynamics of its basically rich wheat-and-beef economy are carrying the country along. Exports this year are expected to exceed imports by \$350 million to \$600 million—from bumper wheat and meat sales to Western Europe and Red China. Going for Illia are



PRESIDENT ILLIA

Nothing succeeds like nothing.

premium beef prices and one of the best wheat crops in history. In La Pampa province alone, wheat farmers this season have harvested 796,000 tons v. 5,300 tons during last year's searing drought. At long last, the cost-of-living spiral is leveling off (down 1.3% last month), and so is the peso. The exchange rate is holding steady in a range of 132 to 138 to the dollar, after sinking as low as 157 last year. To tighten the economy further, Illia last week restricted the amount of foreign currency Argentines can hold or take out of the country.

Industry, still shaky, is just beginning to get back on its feet. Argentine steel production is three times what it was in 1961; auto production is climbing rapidly; and commercial bankruptcies are declining. Following Illia's one decisive act—annulling foreign (largely U.S.) oil contracts—many economists expected a heavy flight of capital. But the oilmen are fighting their case through the courts, and other investors are keeping their money in the country.

Labor unions occasionally rumble about high prices and a 9% unemployment rate. Last month the 3,000,000-member Peronista-dominated General Confederation of Labor threatened widespread protests, including occupation of all factories, but agreed to hold off after talks with the government. Apart from a handful of Castroite guerrillas in the provinces and an occasional bombing by neo-Nazis, Argentina is free from organized violence.

Unruffled & Unhurried. Illia's critics complain about his government's lack of definite objectives and long-term programs. In answer, he promises a comprehensive five-year economic plan to encourage private investments and increase public works. But that will not be ready until November. In the meantime, he remains unruffled and unhurried. "Our major and only problem," says Illia, "is to keep faith with ourselves and confidence in our future."

THE WORLD

COMMUNISTS

The Battle over the Tomb (See Cover)

Iconoclasts always end up needing more icons than anyone else. Thus the familiar, revered image is seen everywhere in Russia—framed in classrooms and pasted on peeling walls, idealized on canvas and frozen in marble. It is almost as ubiquitous in China, where it is often carried in processions, shaped of paper or flowers, surrounded by mock dragons and popping firecrackers.

The face with its high-domed forehead and arched eyebrows seems slightly Asiatic to Western eyes; in Asia it looks Western. Both the Russians and the Chinese passionately claim it as their own. On either side of the great split that now divides the Communist world, the disputants exalt Vladimir Ilyich Lenin as their patron and prophet. Lenin

hardly surprised. Contrary to its reputation, Communism has never been a "monolith." Communists live in a violent hate-love relationship, and have always reacted to one another's heresies far more viciously than to any "class enemy."

In a sense, it is absurd to find Communists today fighting each other—and the rest of the world—over a tomb, with a mass of dated polemics used both as sacred writ and a manual of strategy. But unlike monarchists, Reds cannot find legitimacy in a family tree or by divine right. Unlike democrats, they do not draw their mandate from the people they rule. Communist legitimacy, such as it is, derives from the writings of Karl Marx and from the words and deeds of Lenin, the first man to apply Marxism to a living nation.

First-Class Lion. As Nikita Khrushchev celebrated his 70th birthday last week, the image of Lenin appeared in

unist summit meeting to condemn China. Instead of simply calling such a meeting and dictating the resolutions, Khrushchev had to plead and argue with foreign parties, including those from his own satellites. The Italians, among others, did not even send a delegation to Moscow. The rest plainly urged restraint, not because they like Mao any better than Khrushchev does, but because they are afraid of the consequences of widening the split even further. For one thing, the satellites—cherishing their new, limited but heady independence—do not particularly want to give Moscow a chance once again to play the supreme arbiter of the Communist world. They relish a situation in which their support is solicited and paid for—a situation in which even Cuba can afford to play both Communist camps against each other.

For the moment at least, it seemed that Khrushchev was not pushing for the ultimate break; he remarked that Moscow would "always leave an opportunity for *rapprochement* and understanding." From Peking came birthday greetings signed by Mao and other Chinese leaders, expressing the hope that the split was "only temporary." Yet almost in the same breath, the Peking press called Khrushchev a traitor, "a dragon who changes his colors," and "even more stupid than the Americans and Chiang Kai-shek."

Whether or not Moscow ever formally tries to read Peking out of the Communist movement—or breaks diplomatic relations with China—the quarrel is so deep and bitter that Communism can never be the same again.

Despairing Squeal. As only he can do it, Khrushchev last week once again defined the quarrel. For the first time in an attack on the Chinese, he mentioned Mao Tse-tung by name, and for the first time he publicly used the word "split," which, he said, "could no longer be hushed up." Gleefully, he imitated the high-pitched Chinese speech when he talked about their "seemingly revolutionary squeals, which are really squeals of despair." He called them Trotskyites, and hinting at the fate that lies ahead for Mao, Khrushchev shouted: "Where is Trotsky now? Rotting!"

Khrushchev hit hard at what he presents as the two main issues of the quarrel: 1) peaceful coexistence v. war, and 2) peaceful evolution toward Communism v. violent revolution. Returning to the defense of what the West has already taken to calling "goulash Communism," he said, in effect, that it is easier to fight a revolution on a full belly than on an empty one. The Chinese, he sneered, want him to tell the Russian people: "The economy has been sufficiently developed. Let us produce less so as not to become fat and thereby grow like the bourgeoisie."

China, he said, wants to tell the work-



THE PROPHET IN RED SQUARE MAUSOLEUM
Will the real Leninist please stand up?

looks on as, in his name, Nikita Khrushchev denounces the Chinese as dogmatists, fools, adventurers and warmongers. And Lenin looks on as, in his name, Mao Tse-tung denounces the Russians as revisionists, traitors, bourgeois cowards and capitulationists.

Monthly Outing. He has been dead for 40 years, lying inside a glass coffin in the squat red-granite mausoleum in Moscow's Red Square, where thousands of Soviet citizens queue up to march soberly past his waxy form, guarded by rigid Russian soldiers as immobile as the corpse. Not long ago, when Khrushchev was asked how Lenin's remains were kept looking so lifelike, he replied: "That's easy. We just take him out once a month and re-embalm him." So it is with Lenin's ideological remains. Constantly re-embalmed, retouched, re-clothed, he remains at the center of a savage historical fight, the most important split in the history of Communism.

If he could return from that other world whose existence, as a good Marxist atheist, he of course denied, Lenin would be dismayed by the quarrel but

yet another prominent place: Nikita's chest. The Order of Lenin was pinned on him by President Leonid Brezhnev. There were other decorations. Outer Mongolia awarded Khrushchev its Order of Suhe-Bator, Czechoslovakia weighed in with the Order of the White Lion, first class, with gold chain, and top orders came from East Germany and Rumania. The congratulations almost recalled the "personality cult" that once surrounded Stalin; they salute Nikita as a "militant leader, a fiery tribune, giving his burning energy in the service of the cause of Communism."

But that cause is in deep trouble. When Khrushchev took over Russia, he could boast that Communism ruled one-third of the earth's people and controlled one-fourth of the earth's land surface. Beyond the Iron and Bamboo Curtains were 6,000,000 Communists, more or less loyal to Soviet Russia. How badly that image has been shattered was illustrated by the very birthday greeters who came—or failed to come—to Moscow. Khrushchev apparently wanted to prepare a full-dress Commu-

ers in the West: "Why the hell are you earning so much? Do you know what danger you are in? You have degenerated." To his audience, Khrushchev shouted: "Comrades, nothing but ridicule would come of this. Should we switch our industry to the production of belts, so that we may draw them in tighter? Will this inspire the people to march ahead? To where? Into the grave? What do their own people want—war or rice? I think they want rice."

The Chinese, Khrushchev hinted, are merely envious of Russian prosperity—but this prosperity is necessary to the revolutionary cause, he added virtuously, for it inspires workers everywhere. Moreover, if the Chinese have economic problems, then they have only their own "reckless experiments" to blame. Obviously still smarting at how Mao Tse-tung in 1958 informed him of his disastrous plans to set up agricultural communes, "He was not asking me," said Khrushchev, "he was telling me. So I said, 'It is your business. You try it. But we tried it long ago and failed.'"

General Havoc. As usual, Khrushchev's speech was studded with supporting quotations from Lenin, and, as usual, so were the replies from Mao. The baffled Western spectator could only wonder which one was the real Leninist and just what the prophet had really said.

The trouble is that Lenin, in scores of books, pamphlets and collected speeches, said enough to prove almost any side of any case. Moreover, he naturally had different views as a frustrated exile, as a revolutionary organizing street fights in Russia, and as the head of a government. Thus the battle of Lenin quotations could go on until won ten turns to borsch, but in essence it shapes up something like this:

• **PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE.** Closely following Marx, Lenin was convinced that competition for markets among capitalist countries would inevitably lead to

war, and moreover that "the existence of the Soviet Republic side by side with imperialist states is unthinkable. One or the other must triumph in the end. And before that end arrives, a series of frightful collisions between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states will be inevitable." Lenin was sure that the general havoc caused by war was necessary for the spread of Communism. He vaguely referred to the idea of peaceful coexistence only a few times, and for special reasons—once while trying to get Russia out of World War I.

• **REVOLUTION.** Like Marx, Lenin thought that violent revolution was both inevitable and necessary. "Those who are opposed to armed uprising," he wrote, "must be ruthlessly kicked out as enemies, traitors and cowards." He dismissed the notion of peaceful victory over capitalism as heresy, akin to the hated belief in mere social reform. This, as Lenin and Marx saw it, provides a palliative for the workers that, by lessening their misery a little, only delays revolution. On the other hand, Khrushchev can quote Lenin as saying that the time must always be right for revolution before it is tried, and also that "revolution cannot be exported," meaning that each country must reach it on its own.

• **NATIONALISM.** At least to begin with, Lenin put the cause of worldwide revolution ahead of any one nation's self-interest. "I don't care what becomes of Russia. To hell with it," he said after the October Revolution of 1917. "All this is only the road to a World Revolution." On the other hand, when White Armies were storming toward Moscow and Petersburg, Lenin swiftly turned nationalist, calling on Russians to defend "the Socialist fatherland!"

In sum, Mao has the better of the argument—at least on paper points. But Khrushchev argues effectively that Marxism is not a fixed dogma, but a method that must be applied to different conditions of each era—for instance, to the nuclear age, which drastically changes the nature of war. It is not enough simply to "get out the book and look up what Vladimir Ilyich said. We must do our own thinking, study life diligently and analyze the contemporary setting."

In a way, Lenin did just that. He adapted Marx to totally different conditions than those known to the scholarly, misanthropic exile in 19th century London. Marx predicted that the revolution would happen in an advanced industrial society and shaped his theories to this prophecy; Lenin applied them to a backward peasant country. Marx was inclined to sit back and let the revolution come; Lenin taught that it had to be helped along with the aid of a corps of professional revolutionaries.

Lenin owes nearly as much to Machiavelli and Von Clausewitz as to Marx. He passionately believed in Marxism—but he also believed in using any means to help it win. Thus what he did is at least as important as what he said. In



KHRUSHCHEV GREETING GOMULKA
Now the support is paid for.

the last analysis, Leninism is Lenin's life. He remains pertinent not only because his successors keep invoking him, but because he epitomizes in his career so much of later Communist history and so much of what is unchanging in Communism's nature.

Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov was born 94 years ago in a comfortable frame house in the small, sleepy city of Simbirsk, deep in the Russian heartland. His mother, a Lutheran, was a Volga German; his father Ilya, of Russian-Mongolian ancestry, was a teacher who rose to the post of director of elementary schools for his province and received a minor patent of nobility from the Czar. The Ulyanovs were seemingly untouched by the vast, ancient and epically inefficient tyranny that ruled Russia, or by the equally inefficient stirring against it. Vladimir and his older brother Alexander had an idyllic childhood. They swam in the Volga, hunted mushrooms in the birch woods, went ice skating and sleighing during the long winters. In the evenings, they bent over chessboards, sang around the piano, or played games invented by Vladimir with rules that he changed according to his whim. It was a habit he never lost.

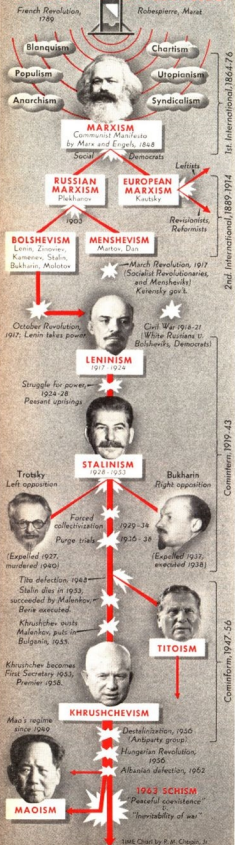
Unknown even to Vladimir, Alexander joined a revolutionary movement called the People's Will, and at 20 was hanged for taking part in a plot that failed to assassinate the Czar. Young Vladimir vowed: "I'll make them pay for this! I swear I will!" Payment was to be long deferred.

Alexander had drawn his inspiration from the Populists, who abhorred all dictatorship; he and his companions used terror because they saw it as the only answer to the violence of the czarist state. But 19th century Europe offered a great many other forms of revolution to shop among. There were Saint-Simon, Fourier, and the other utopian socialists, intellectual descendants of a small wing of the French Revolutionary Jacobins. There were the se-



RED CHINESE DEMONSTRATING
Full bellies make better revolutions.

Communist Isms & Schisms



cret societies organized by the followers of Louis Auguste Blanqui, an erratic Frenchman who was the first to advocate dictatorship of the proletariat; the British Chartists, who demanded universal suffrage and representation of workers in Parliament; the syndicalists and anarchists, who wanted to abolish capitalism and the state immediately, and have men live in blessed freedom.

Young Vladimir was deeply influenced by the Russian revolutionary tradition stemming from the anarchists, by the peasant-dreamer Tkachev, and by the demonic intriguer Nechaev. Vladimir accepted without qualification Nechaev's famous dictum: "Everything that promotes the success of the revolution is moral; everything that hinders it is immoral."

Then, in 1888, he discovered Marx, who had died only five years before.

Provincial Grocer. Vladimir Ulyanov sat on the stove in a spare kitchen in his grandfather's house and read *Das Kapital*, convinced that here at last was the weapon to bring down the state and lift oppression from the backs of the people. Among his first disciples were his younger brother and his sisters. While he worked for a law degree and wherever he went, Vladimir founded or joined Marxist study groups, and he traveled abroad to meet the exiled leaders of the outlawed Marxist party, then still known as the Social Democrats.

During the St. Petersburg textile strikes of 1895, Vladimir was arrested, spent a year in jail, followed by three years' banishment to Siberia. "It is in prison," he said later, "that one becomes a real revolutionary."

When he reached Shushenskoe, a small Siberian village near the Mongolian border, he was 25, already bald, and looked more like a provincial grocer than a leader of men. He acted as lawyer without fee for his peasant neighbors and showed a local merchant how to keep accounts, while at the same time explaining that the merchant was a parasite of capitalism.

While in Shushenskoe, Lenin married a fellow exile, Nadezhda Krupskaya, a thin, hot-eyed girl with carrot hair and many of the strong-minded qualities of the young women in the pages of Chekhov and Turgeniev. The honeymooners spent their time translating *The Theory and Practice of Trade Unionism*, by the British Socialist sages Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Of necessity, every revolutionary needed a pen name, and Vladimir chose his: Lenin, presumably from the Lena River, the longest and one of the coldest in Siberia.

Brussels Fleabag. After banishment came foreign exile. Traveling on forged passports, using such names as Meyer, Petrov and Jordanoff, Lenin lived as a café conspirator in the West, spending long hours in the great libraries of Europe. Occasionally, he slipped back into Russia and out again. From the beginning, the Marxists were rent by savage quarrels. As soon as three or more

gathered together, they divided into left, center and right. The "European" wing, under the German Karl Kautsky, who was savagely denounced for seeking to "reform" Marx, eventually evolved into today's democratic socialists. The Russian wing, under George Plekhanov, a nobleman and former army officer who was the antithesis of Lenin, underwent a momentous split, mostly on the issue of just how tough, disciplined and dictatorial the movement should be.

It happened at the Second Congress of the Social Democratic Party in 1903, which began in a flea-ridden hall in Brussels, and after several police arrests moved on to quarters in a London slum, where boys hooted and threw stones at the gesticulating foreigners. At this congress, Lenin's hard-line program won, and his followers became known as the Bolsheviks, or majority; the other faction was called Mensheviks—minority. Led by gentle Julius Martov, the Mensheviks had a Jeffersonian faith in the masses and a passion for democracy. Lenin despised them, and though Martov had been a close personal friend, he denounced him as a liar, coward and traitor.

This set a pattern for his life, and indeed for Communism; though Lenin reversed himself countless times, anyone who disagreed with him was denounced —not, as he admitted, for the sake of persuasion, "but to wipe him off the face of the earth." Lenin was always ready to use any instrument at hand. Once when a comrade protested that a Bolshevik named Victor was an obvious scoundrel, Lenin warmly agreed. He added: "Tell me, frankly, would you live off the wife of a wealthy businessman? No! I wouldn't do it either. I couldn't overcome my disgust. But Victor accomplishes this and helps party finances. He is irreplaceable."

Parisian Redhead. Some of the later Bolsheviks worked with Lenin on the staff of *Iskra* (Spark), a newspaper printed in London or on the Continent and smuggled into Russia. While living in Paris in 1910, Lenin fell in love, and again with a redhead. Her name was Inessa Armand, a young woman of French-Scottish extraction who had been converted to Bolshevism by Lenin's *What Is to Be Done?* and had deserted her wealthy husband. Krupskaya, Lenin's wife, was apparently not disturbed by the affair and seemed to be genuinely fond of Inessa and her five children (not Lenin's). Krupskaya was Lenin's nurse, companion and confidante, who saw to it that he ate regularly and had his hair cut; Inessa was gay, impudent and not afraid to oppose Lenin's views with her own. *The ménage à trois*, with interruptions, lasted for ten years, until Inessa died of typhus.

The conspiratorial life had its horrors. The exiles lived in constant fear of betrayal, and were naggingly suspicious even of close comrades. At one time, Lenin's top agent in Russia and his top man in Western Europe were both on the payroll of the czarist po-

lice. Prison and Siberia also left their mark. Lenin suffered blinding headaches and recurrent insomnia. Nostalgia for the vast spaces of Russia plunged some comrades into deep melancholy, drove others to suicide.

What kept them going was a missionary fervor, a quasi-religious intoxication, not with God but with man—and with man not as they knew him, but as he would be after they had forcibly recreated him. Lenin said: "I always think with pride, 'What marvelous things human beings can do!'" He loved music, but hated listening to it because "it makes you want to say stupid, nice things and stroke the heads of people who could create such beauty while living in this vile hell. But you mustn't stroke anyone's head—you'll get your hand bitten off. You have to hit them on the head, without mercy."

Twilight Zone. By the time of World War I, he had quarreled with most of his followers, was isolated and depressed about the prospects of the revolution. When it finally came, it was not Lenin who made it; but it was Lenin who stole it.

The disasters of war and its own invincible stupidity finally brought down the czarist regime, to be replaced by a provisional government under the liberal-minded Prince Lvov, and then by Socialist Revolutionary Alexander Kerensky. Feverishly Lenin, then living in Zurich, worked to get back to Russia. The government did not want him. Lenin, who had already received \$10 million from the German government to further the revolution, again turned to Berlin. Since the Germans knew that he wanted Russia to conclude peace at all costs, they sent him to Russia in the celebrated special train.

As he sped across Germany, Lenin telegraphed orders to his lieutenants. In Stockholm, there was a hasty meeting with Red agents, and time to buy an overcoat and a pair of shoes. Next evening, at twilight, the train pulled into St. Petersburg's dingy Finland Station, and Lenin stepped to the platform, unsure whether he was to be welcomed or arrested.

Several of his followers had reached Petersburg before him. They got together a large crowd of soldiers, sailors and workers, whose fluttering red banners were lit up by searchlights. To full-throated cheers Lenin delivered a speech at the station, another in the street outside, a third from the balcony of Ksheshinskaya Palace, former home of the Czar's mistress and now Bolshevik headquarters.

His speeches gave Maxim Gorky the impression of the "cold glitter of steel shavings," from which arose "with amazing simplicity the perfectly fashioned figure of truth." Even when they knew that he was lying, many men implicitly believed Lenin. He stunned his followers when he denounced the Kerensky government as the bourgeois enemy and vowed to bring it down. Then

Lenin proceeded to demonstrate "the fine art of insurrection."

Resigned Ministers. When his first coup against the Kerensky government failed, Lenin told Trotsky: "Now they will shoot us. This is the best time for it." But the government dithered, and by the time it issued an order for his arrest he was hiding in a haystack. Three months later, a second coup succeeded when the Bolsheviks stormed the Czar's Winter Palace, then the seat of the provisional government, and forced Kerensky's ministers to resign at gunpoint.

Meanwhile elections had been held for the Constituent Assembly—the only democratic vote in Russian history—which clearly rejected the Bolsheviks

In Every Happy Day. Not even Communist historians are sure how Lenin's regime managed to survive the invasion by allied armies from all sides, the civil war, the total economic chaos resulting from Lenin's belief that "any cook can run a state." He had made literally no plans for governing. He told his Bolshevik high command, "Try to nationalize the banks, and then see what to do next. We'll learn from experience."

In 1921, the sailors of Kronstadt, who had helped to bring about the revolution and to dissolve the Constituent Assembly, rose against the Lenin regime, crying: "Enough shooting of our brothers!" Lenin crushed the revolt. By conservative estimate, 5,000,000 died

SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH THE USSR



LENIN & KRUPSKAYA (1919)

Peaceful coexistence for special reasons.

in favor of the liberals. Lenin simply sent troops to disperse the assembly. Thereafter the "Little Robespierre," as Trotsky called him, launched his own Terror. The Czar and his family were executed, and Lenin systematically began the liquidation of the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie. Comrade Zinoviev cried triumphantly: "The capitalists killed separate individuals. But we kill whole classes." The Cheka (secret police) was organized. Sometimes, mistakes were made, but from Lenin's point of view they were just as good as deliberate acts. At one party meeting, Lenin passed a note to his Cheka chief, Felix Dzerzhinsky, asking how many reactionaries were held in Moscow's jails. Dzerzhinsky scribbled the number 1,500, and Lenin marked the note with a cross. At once Dzerzhinsky left the hall and had the 1,500 shot dead. He learned only later that Lenin marked communications with a cross merely to indicate he had understood them. Later Lenin said: "We are all Chekists."

in the first few years of his rule. But Lenin realized that the time had come for changes. Politically, the regime stayed as dictatorial as before, but he instituted the New Economic Policy, a right turn toward partial capitalism that gave groaning Russia a brief respite. It was to be among Lenin's last official acts, for in 1922 he was incapacitated by a series of strokes that left him paralyzed and partly speechless until he died in 1924.

Such the career, such the accomplishments, of the leader whom both Moscow and Peking fervently claim as their own, and of whom Russian schoolchildren sing:

*Lenin is always alive,
Lenin is always with you.
In sorrow, hope and joy
Lenin is with you in your spring.
In every happy day
Lenin is within you and within me.
Cleared Smoke.* The triangular division that Marxism is so prone to become evident even before Lenin's death in

1924. The right wing of the Central Committee was led by Bukharin, who wanted an even wider application of the NEP; the center was dourly controlled by Stalin; and the left followed Trotsky and the flamboyant Zinoviev. When the smoke cleared, Trotsky was again in exile, Zinoviev and Bukharin were dead, and Stalin was in power.

Before he died, Lenin carefully considered the man who was to succeed him. Joseph Stalin had risen to the post of first party secretary from his beginnings as a terrorist and holdup man for party funds. In his political testament, Lenin warned in vain against making Stalin his successor, because he considered him too rude and too ambitious.

And yet Stalin had as much right as Khrushchev to claim Lenin's heritage, perhaps more. Although he added his personal despotic flourishes, Stalin had learned about terror, about dictatorship, about the total disregard of human life or ordinary human decency, from his master Lenin. In one important respect, Stalin did greatly enlarge upon a force present in Lenin's life only embryonically—Russian nationalism.

In purging Trotsky, Stalin sounded much like Khrushchev attacking Mao. Trotsky, like Mao, talked about an immediate drive for world revolution; Stalin countered with repetition of Lenin's concept of "socialism in one country" and the idea that Mother Russia must be developed first as a guide and model for the world revolution. For the sake of Soviet foreign policy, he calmly sacrificed the interests of foreign Communist parties—notably including the Chinese party itself. In all this, Khrushchev closely resembles Stalin, even though he took the momentous step of denouncing Stalin's oppressive form of dictatorship.

Empire's Course. Communism was the first force since the rise of the nation states to call for a real world order, but it failed even to begin to create one, or really to come to terms with nationalism. Even though in many areas Communism uses nationalism as a vehicle, the two remain essentially inimical. The supranational loyalty to Moscow, which Stalin enforced through sheer power and terror, was artificial. Moscow is not the Third Rome. What started under Stalin, continued with Tito's defection, and goes on ever more intensely under Khrushchev, is the reascendancy of nationalism over Communism, of self-interest over ideology.

Much of the ideological invective between Moscow and Peking camouflages rivalry between two great if unequal powers. Mao's pride in his ideological subtlety and his own Chinese Communist revolution—which he accomplished largely unaided by Russia—obviously mingles with his pride in an ancient culture and his contempt for Khrushchev as a belly-slapping vulgarian.

Much of Russia's anger at China's pretensions to lead Asia and Africa mingles with immemorial fears of the invading "Golden Horde" and "the Yel-

low Peril." Russia's course eastward to the Pacific has collided with China's course northward to the empty spaces of Siberia. Khrushchev and all Russians must be deeply worried by the thought that in 1970, they may be living next door to hundreds of millions of hostile Chinese who by then will probably have nuclear weapons.

Among Russia's European satellites, nationalism has also reasserted itself as it has in the West—and it gets stronger as fear of Khrushchev's Russia diminishes. That is why alliances on both

undergone may have begun as tactical moves which in effect make Communism more attractive, but may end up meaning more—for example, Yugoslavia's compromises with free enterprise, the Italian Communist Party's championing of the small businessman.

The results of Khrushchev's destalinization drive, which began in 1956, are still shaking the Communist world: "re-stalinization," a return to despotic control by Moscow, is not impossible, but could be accomplished only through violent upheaval. Thus the notion that the U.S. now deals with a totally new form of Communism is widely accepted. Among others, Senator Fulbright distinguishes between a country's internal Communism, with which the U.S. supposedly has no quarrel, and expansionist Communism. From that, it may be a short step to thinking of "good" Communists (Moscow) and "bad" Communists (Peking).

And yet such distinctions are risky. The West, which for many years underestimated the importance of the split, should not now overestimate it. At any rate, it should not be taken at face value in the terms Moscow and Peking themselves use to describe it. China is not quite so warlike as Moscow pretends, nor Russia quite so peaceable. The Chinese attack Moscow for cowardice in signing the test ban treaty with the imperialists, and they have spoken cynically about the possibility of surviving a nuclear war, but after all, Russia, not China, has the Bomb. Russia, not China, risked nuclear war in Cuba and came close to risking it in Berlin.

A Bill Some Day. The story of the split is riddled with similar paradoxes; only a few years ago, spartan Peking was championing precisely the kind of economic liberalism Khrushchev now promotes, and at the time of the Polish revolt against Moscow in 1956, it was the hard-line Chinese who urged caution on Khrushchev, who was all set to crack down as he had on rebellious Hungary.

For a Communist, Khrushchev has given every evidence of sanity and of really believing in peaceful coexistence. And yet it is well to remember that Stalin, too, practiced a form of peaceful coexistence when he entered the popular fronts with the hated Socialists abroad during the '30s and fought alongside the hated capitalists in World War II. The West paid a price for this at Teheran and Yalta. It is not impossible that Khrushchev will present his own bill some day.

Obviously the West for the present has nothing to fear from the split, and perhaps something to gain. But just about the only sure thing is that the split, as such, will never solve the West's own problems, or preserve peace, or assure freedom. After all, no matter how Moscow and Peking interpret their Lenin, no matter what they read in that polished marble of his tomb, he is still the man who said: "We are all Chekists."



K. (WAVING) & MAO IN PEKING, 1959
"He didn't ask. He told me."

sides are in a state of flux, and therein also lies one of the dangers to the West.

Risky Distinctions. To the West, the ultimate question raised by the Sino-Soviet split is whether it bodes good or ill. All Communist splits, big or small, are essentially the result of failures—failure to meet a goal, failure to measure up to reality. One failure behind the present Sino-Soviet quarrel is Russia's recent inability to make headway in the cold war; another is the glaring fact that more than four decades after the revolution, communism is nowhere able to match the capitalist standard of living. In this respect, the West can obviously take heart from the split.

A more fundamental question is whether the Khrushchev line denotes only a temporary, tactical change in Communism or a more profound one. All Communists, no matter of what stripe, still share the aim of defeating capitalism; but this statement, while as true as ever, is no longer a sufficient analysis of the situation. Some of the metamorphoses that Communism has



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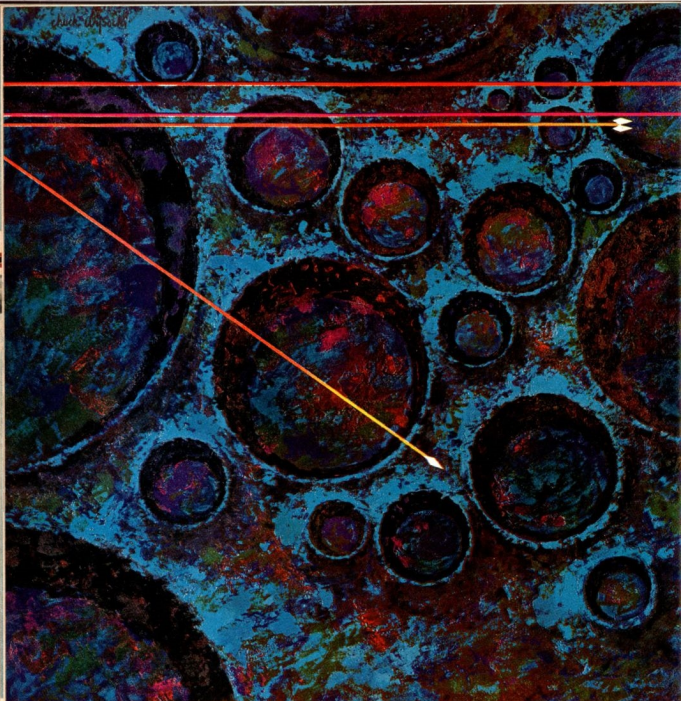
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APOLLO. At a precise moment in the first 62-hour voyage to the moon, the Apollo spacecraft will enter a lunar orbit; a special excursion vehicle will detach itself, and slowly head in for the actual landing. Then, for 20 to 48 hours, man will walk about his moon. □ Demanding an almost inconceivable array of new ideas, techniques and equipment, Project Apollo is a national goal, and a national effort. Thousands of companies will contribute the highest of their skills; Aerojet-General is one of them. □ Aerojet is now developing the complex rocket engine that will take Apollo from earth orbit to moon orbit and, mission completed, return it home.



FRANCE

Operation Royal

"The King of Cambodia will be moving in here for an operation," explained the staff last week, as they cleared the patients from the entire second floor of the modern pavilion at Paris' Cochin Hospital, which specializes in disorders of the urinary tract. Apparently nobody remembered that Cambodia has no king. And nobody noticed the king-sized, 6-ft. 7-in. bed that was brought in a day or two later. The secret was well kept: the royal patient was, in fact, President Charles de Gaulle.

Under the Knife. De Gaulle had known since December that he needed the operation, but kept silent and refused to change plans for his Mexico trip. One day last week he tape-recorded a 17-minute TV speech. When the speech was broadcast that same evening, De Gaulle watched himself, seemingly vigorous as ever, calling the U.S. an "uncertain" ally and proclaiming once more France's need for an independent nuclear deterrent and its own costly program of foreign aid to underdeveloped nations. Then, with Madame de Gaulle, he was driven without escort through the dark and rain-washed streets of Paris to the hospital.

Rumor that De Gaulle was under the knife spread through Paris and the world the next morning. The staff at the Elysee Palace, De Gaulle's official residence, refused for hours either to confirm or deny the story; they may not have known the truth themselves, for the chef prepared the presidential lunch as usual. Stock prices tumbled, then recovered, on the Paris Bourse.

Finally, at 7:15 p.m., a bulletin signed by three doctors said that De Gaulle had been operated on that morning for "a disease of the prostate"—nature unspecified, but probably the non-malignant enlargement of that gland which often afflicts men of advancing years. Unofficial word was that De Gaulle would be in the hospital ten days, might need another month of convalescence.

Under His Orders. De Gaulle's opponents inevitably compared him with Britain's Harold Macmillan, who resigned as Prime Minister last fall after similar surgery at a similar age. But at week's end it was clear that Charles de Gaulle had no intention of giving up the rule of France, nor of altering his apparent decision to seek a second seven-year term in the 1965 elections.

Though Premier Georges Pompidou will be minding the store during De Gaulle's stay in the hospital, the general's room is connected by phone with the Elysee Palace, and the suite next door, occupied by Madame de Gaulle, includes a couple of offices for members of his staff. Even the eleven-hour delay between the start of his surgery and the official announcement was a result of his direct orders. The medical bulletin was not released until De Gaulle himself approved the text.

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Bandits to Battalions

The nasty guerrilla conflict in South Viet Nam is beginning to look more and more like a full-scale conventional war. Obviously, the Communist Viet Cong are often forsaking the shadowy, hit-run tactics they have heretofore used in favor of challenging the government in set-piece battles. In the past fortnight alone, the Reds have mounted battalion-strength attacks in Tay Ninh and Kienhoa provinces, as well as the Delta village of Goden. Last week, in Chuong Thien province, they unleashed their biggest assault so far.

Refusing to Fade. Surging out of the forest, 1,000 Red troops overran Kienlong in the guerrilla-controlled Camau Peninsula area (see map), killing 60 of the 90 Civil Guard defenders, and publicly disemboweling the district chief, his wife, infant son and two other of-



ficials. When the government counter-attacked with 2,000 air-supported troops, the guerrillas pulled out of the village. But instead of fading into the landscape, they were reinforced by a third 500-man battalion, making it the Viet Cong's first regimental-size operation. Then the Communists stood and fought half a dozen battles that blazed for five days, inflicting the heaviest government casualties of any engagement—some 200 dead and wounded. The Reds suffered a similar toll.

The increased tempo of the fighting raised new doubts about the Saigon regime's ability to win with American advice and equipment alone. Last week, at Manila, South Viet Nam got at least some moral support from the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization at its tenth anniversary conference. Summarily rejecting a call by French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville for a "political solution"—in other words, neutralism—in South Viet Nam, the seven other SEATO powers (U.S., Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Thailand and Pakistan)

vowed that "the defeat of the Communist campaign is essential not only to the security of South Viet Nam but to that of Southeast Asia." They called on SEATO members to "remain prepared if necessary to take further concrete steps." That was a long way from any concrete SEATO help for Saigon, but laid the groundwork for collective aid in a real emergency.

Determined Demonstration. As an additional demonstration of U.S. resolve, Secretary of State Dean Rusk flew from Manila to Saigon. Amid reports that the Viet Cong might try to assassinate him, he was shepherded around Saigon under strict security measures: four Jeeps of bodyguards, two armed helicopters. But Rusk ventured out into the countryside, flew to Danhim, 150 miles north of the capital, to inspect a new hydroelectric plant. Everywhere Rusk repeated his theme: that the U.S. disavows neutralism.

As the first stage in a Communist takeover, neutralism may be just what the Viet Cong are aiming for. Some Americans believe that the new Red attacks are meant to push the Vietnamese army into carrying out a coup to set up a neutralist regime. Given the petty politicking still being waged by Vietnamese politicians six months after the U.S.-encouraged overthrow of President Ngo Dinh Diem, such a prospect is not impossible. Premier Nguyen Khanh so far has had the barracks behind him, but at week's end yet another wave of coup rumors rippled through Saigon, then subsided. No one realizes more clearly the possible repercussions of another coup than U.S. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, who has been the No. 1 symbol of all-out support for Khanh. At a Washington cocktail party recently, McNamara was overheard to quip: "If Khanh goes, the President is going to have to get another Secretary of Defense."

LAOS

Coup in the Year of the Serpent

Laotians seemed less interested in politics than in the annual Phi Mai festival, during which for three days everybody doused everybody else with scented water to wash away bad luck and celebrate the arrival of the Year of the Serpent, symbolizing wisdom and chaos. Most celebrants used buckets; some favored water pistols. Before long, more serious weapons were in evidence, and Laos was in the midst of a military coup seeking to overthrow the shaky coalition government. Wisdom? That remained to be seen. Chaos? Plenty.

On the Plain. Last week's chain of events began with a conference, and quite a remarkable conference it was.

Last week the government finally bowed to trial on charges of murder and extortion. Ngo Dinh Can, 53, brother of the slain President and former boss of Central Viet Nam, Can suffers from diabetes and spent his time in court on a stretcher.

While hardly ranking with the parley between Marc Antony, Lepidus and Octavian in a tent near Bologna at which they created the Second Roman Triumvirate, the meeting of the three little men under a tent on Laos' Plain of Jars certainly rivaled it in security precautions.* Amid fluttering truce flags, the only outsiders allowed within 100 meters of the tent were one unarmed bodyguard for each principal, and two servants. Between 100 and 300 meters away were stationed ten unarmed guards for each side, and in an outer circle stood 330 more soldiers.

The display of distrust was understandable, for the huddle brought together, for the first time in a year, the leaders of the country's three warring factions: Neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma, pro-Communist Pathet Lao Chief Prince Souphanouvong, and General Phoumi Nosavan, boss of the right-wing forces. Prompted by Souvanna Phouma, the "summit" was to discuss how the Pathet Lao might be brought back to Souvanna's coalition government—which the Reds fled when new fighting broke out a year ago.

Showing up in Edwardian splendor, the moustached Souvanna Phouma sported a pearl stickpin, Homburg, and carved Laotian walking stick. He received a hug and kiss from Half Brother Souphanouvong, himself resplendent in a most unproletarian two-button suit with a bigger pearl stickpin. Paunchy Soldier Phoumi thought it more appropriate to wear combat fatigues. The trio conferred for an hour, broke for box lunches and Scotch airlifted in from Vientiane.

State of Siege. After another session the following morning, the talks broke down. Next thing anyone knew, gunfire briefly rang through Vientiane and a group of rightist army officers calling itself the Revolutionary Committee of the National Army was on the radio, announcing that it had seized power. Their leader: General Kouprasith Abhay, who has been fighting the neutralists and leftists for years. As commander of the Vientiane military district Kouprasith was the top soldier under Rightist Boss Phoumi, but also acquired a great deal of power on his own.

The rebel officers proclaimed a state of siege; Premier Souvanna Phouma was quoted as announcing his resignation and willing to pass his power on to the new regime. The rebels declared that they "took over the country" because the coalition had utterly failed to solve the nation's problems. It was far from clear whether they could hang on, let alone "restore national harmony," as they promised. After all, Laos has seen coups before. And the U.S. quickly let it be known that it disapproves of this one, still backs the 1962 Geneva agreement setting up Souvanna's coalition.

* To discourage treachery by one another during their talks in 43 B.C., the three contending Roman generals met alone on a river island.

INDIA

A Touch of Self-Righteousness

The voice sounded paper thin, raising every head in India's Parliament. "May I speak sitting, sir?" asked Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of Mr. Speaker. Still feeble as a result of last January's stroke, Nehru slumped in his seat, delivered a 40-minute address, his first major talk since the illness. With refreshing candor, he took his countrymen to task for consistently blaming India's problems on others. "Our publicity abroad suffers very much from self-righteousness," he said. "We are not free from wrongdoing. The result

JAMES SHEPHERD



KASHMIR'S SHEIKH ABDULLAH
No freedom for preaching.

is that even many of the truthful things we say are sometimes not believed."

The Only Cure. Nehru was particularly incensed at Hindu wrongdoing in the bloody religious strife that has grown out of the dispute between India and Pakistan over possession of Kashmir. When an M.P. complained that "our unilateral goodness is interpreted as cowardice by Pakistan," Nehru replied emotionally: "I know the people of Pakistan. When you excite them with religious slogans, nobody remains decent. Everybody becomes brutal, whether it is the Hindu or the Moslem."

In hopes of easing the religious tensions, Nehru early this month released Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah, the Lion of Kashmir, who was jailed nearly eleven years ago for "conspiracy" to bring about Kashmirian independence. Nehru had hoped that Sheikh Abdullah, a Moslem who believes in Hindu-Moslem co-operation, might find a solution to the Kashmir problem. Since his release, the former Kashmirian Prime Minister has been campaigning by Jeep through the towns and villages of Kashmir's Himalayan foothills, talking with old friends and supporters. His plan for settling Kashmir's future remains the same as always. Failing a plebiscite—which India opposes because Kashmir's Moslem

majority would probably turn the province over to Pakistan—there could only be a "clash of arms" or a "negotiated settlement." Either way, he feels that the only cure for "this cancer in the body politic of India and Pakistan" is to make Kashmir an independent state.

Angry Agreement. It was just this sort of talk that got the Lion thrown in jail the first time. Members of Nehru's Congress Party and the opposition found themselves for once in angry agreement, many of them demanding that the sheik be arrested. Said Nehru's heir apparent, Minister Without Portfolio Lal Bahadur Shastri, with perhaps just a touch of that self-righteousness his boss had criticized: "There is, of course, complete freedom of expression in India. But there can be no freedom for preaching some kind of independence or secession from the Indian union."

GREAT BRITAIN

Deterrent Sentences

"Let us clear any romantic notion of daredevilry from our minds," said Justice Edmund Davies before passing sentence on the twelve Great Train Robbers before him. "It is nothing less than a sordid crime of violence inspired by vast greed." For their parts in the \$7,369,000 robbery of the royal mails last August (most of the money has not yet been recovered), seven of the men drew 30 years apiece, only one got less than 20. "Don't worry, Mum, I'm still young," shouted out one of the men who had received a 25-year sentence, as guards hustled him away. But even with maximum time off for good behavior, he will in fact be nearly 50 when he gets out.

The sentences raised immediate controversy. Loud cheers in the House of Commons greeted Home Secretary Henry Brooke's comment that Justice Davies proved that judges "are not afraid of imposing deterrent sentences." The Conservative Daily Express saluted them as "a measure of the community's need for defense." But perennially angry Methodist Dr. Donald Soper called them "miserable and dreadfully unchristian." The Daily Herald pointed out that the train robbers were not armed, saw the sentences threatening Britain's "great technical and ethical difference between crimes at gunpoint and crimes without guns." Since even murderers often serve an average of only 15 years, the Daily Mirror asked: "Does this mean that stealing bank notes is regarded as more wicked than murdering someone?"

By coincidence, as the furor mounted, a royal commission was beginning a thorough review of British sentencing, punishment methods and prisons—the first in nearly 70 years.

* They were the most severe prison sentences to be imposed in Britain in this century, except for Foreign Office Spy George Blake, who got 42 years in 1961.

IVORY COAST

Juju Justice

No African nation boasts a more elegant capital or a more mellifluously named ruler than the Ivory Coast. President Félix Houphouët-Boigny dwells in a \$12 million palace resplendent with 52 types of marble and an air-conditioned wine cellar. The French government spends \$50 million a year in aid on its former colony in order to make Abidjan a showcase of French influence—but it remains a showcase for much else besides. At a hastily called meeting of foreign diplomats and government officials, the President last



IVORY COAST'S HOUPHOUËT-BOIGNY
Punishment by pajama leg.

week revealed that he had come within a fork's length of being assassinated by —of all things—juju.

From a suitcase H.-B. produced two miniature coffins containing photographs of himself, some bottles of doubtful-looking potions, and other tools of the black magician's trade. "For a Westerner," he said, "all this may seem childish, but we are at the heart of a great drama being played in black Africa. These fetiches are the root of the problem, because behind each one there is poison."

The poison in the bottles he brandished had been intended for his food, Houphouët reported, just in case the hexed coffins did not work. But the word got out (witchmen are notorious gossips), and the perpetrator had already gone to his reward. He was Ernest Boka, 36, until two weeks ago president of the Ivory Coast's Supreme Court and the third man in line of succession behind Houphouët. Boka had confessed, Houphouët claimed, and then hanged himself by his pajama trousers in the prison shower. So does justice catch up with the juju man, Houphouët warned.

His scorn rang a trifle hollow. Although he possesses a medical degree from the University of Dakar, Houphouët has been known to consult the

omens of juju himself before making decisions, and even his name has a special juju meaning. In his native Baoulé dialect, Houphouët means "pit of excrement"—a phrase intended to scare off devils.

GABON

Autocrat Insurance

Once again French paratroopers came to Léon Mba's rescue. Steel-helmeted *paras* sent in quickly by Charles de Gaulle had saved the Gabonese President's skin only two months ago, when his 400-man army pulled a predawn coup and replaced him briefly with Opposition Leader Jean-Hilaire Aubame (TIME, Feb. 28). In putting down that rising, the French troops killed 27 Gabonese soldiers, then spirited Aubame off to an island just outside the port capital of Libreville, decided to stay on in the former French colony to keep an eye on things. Back in power, Mba and his advisers felt it best to allow opposition candidates on the ballot in last week's long-delayed election: it had been Mba's systematic stifling of the opposition that had triggered the revolt.

This time around, Mba took out autocrat insurance. His bullyboys kidnaped an estimated 1,000 opposition supporters, dumped them hundreds of miles deep in the bush on election day. Even at that, anti-Mba candidates captured 53% of the popular vote. But thanks to convenient gerrymander and the 1,500 French settler votes that went almost unanimously to Mba in Libreville, his *Bloc Démocratique Gabonais* Party won 31 of the National Assembly's 47 seats. Immediately, a call for a general strike went up, and angry youths began gathering in Libreville's shady, bungalow-lined streets. But truckloads of paratroopers and Gabonese gendarmes roared out to take station at key points in the city. With that, the opposition threat subsided—for the time being.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

New Range Boss

Southern Rhodesia achieved "responsible self-government" more than 40 years ago as a territorial member of the British Commonwealth. But since then, with the emergence of black-ruled independent states throughout Africa, the definition of responsibility has changed. Under Southern Rhodesia's constitution, only 60,000 of the nation's 3,600,000 blacks qualify to vote, and the government remains under the control of a white minority numbering 224,000.

Britain refuses to grant Southern Rhodesia full independence until this inequity is remedied, while Southern Rhodesia's "cowboy government"—so named because its ruling, white-supremacist Rhodesian Front Party consists mostly of ranchers—threatens to buck rather than submit to the howls of a black majority. The cowboys say that they will declare independence from

Britain unilaterally if they are not granted it this year under the existing constitution. Last week the cowboys kicked out their old range boss, Prime Minister Winston Field, 60, in favor of a tougher, younger man.

Tall & Humorless. In London two months ago, Field had been unable to win from Britain any concessions on the constitutional issue. Outraged, the Rhodesian Front turned to 45-year-old Ian Smith, a rancher from Selukwe who had served as Field's Minister of Finance.

Tall, humorless Ian Douglas Smith is a rough customer. As a Spitfire pilot with the R.A.F. during World War II,



GABON'S MBA
Victory by kidnapping.

he survived a crash that left the right side of his face paralyzed, was later shot down over Italy and fought for five months with Italian partisans behind the German lines. After the war, under former Prime Minister Sir Roy Welensky, Smith served in the Southern Rhodesian Legislative Assembly. But Sir Roy did not believe in complete independence from Britain, and Smith split with him in 1961.

Tear Gas & Truncheons. Smith's first act as Prime Minister last week was to arrest African Leader Joshua Nkomo and three officials of his People's Caretaker Council, whom the government accused of "dragging the country from crisis to crisis." The arrest triggered riots that brought white cops with tear gas, dogs and swinging truncheons into Salisbury's Highfield African Township. Before the week was out, more than 250 Africans had been arrested.

But, if only for tactical reasons, Smith seemed unlikely to declare independence from Britain immediately. His party holds a wafer-thin, five-seat majority in the 65-man Parliament, and he probably will not get parliamentary support for such a move. Moreover, the British now pay preferential prices for Southern Rhodesia's staple crop of tobacco; thus, independence might be costly. Hendrik Verwoerd's government



BARBI HENNEBERGER



AVALANCHE SITE

Even the best was not good enough.



BUD WERNER

in South Africa sympathizes with Smith's policies, but Verwoerd has no desire to take on Southern Rhodesia's economic and military problems in addition to his own.

SWITZERLAND

The Last Race

The Swiss Alps above St. Moritz were still white with the hard-packed snows of winter, and here and there April showers had laid a blanket of fresh, wet snow on top. To the casual eye, it was beautiful. But the beauty was lost on officials at the Institute for Snow Research and Avalanches in Davos. Tests indicated that the new snow was not binding with the old. And when warm weather followed last week, and the snow began to melt, the warning flashed out quickly: "Lawine [Avalanche]!"

Danger never bothered Wallace ("Bud") Werner. He did not deliberately tempt it; for him it just never existed. Some might call that ignorant or childish or foolhardy, but within the special company of downhill racers, Bud Werner won only admiration and respect. Austrians called him "the cowboy from Colorado"; autographed photos of his boyish face decorated the walls of stores and inns in ski towns like Kitzbühel and Bad Gastein.

Bud Werner was the best male skier the U.S. ever produced. The son of a rancher from Steamboat Springs, Colo., he had never even been on a train or plane when, at 17, he traveled to Europe and in Norway beat Europe's best. If Olympic medals are a true test of a skier's ability, Werner was a failure, because he never won any. He broke a leg training for the 1960 Winter Olympics, and by the time this year's Games rolled around, he was 28 and past his peak. But over the years, he won the big races at Chamonix and Wengen and Courchevel, and when he did not win, Bud mostly crashed—because he was a one-man U.S. team trying to defeat the

Austrians, French, Germans, Swiss and Italians, who always dominated the sport. Nobody ever skied faster than Werner. Some kept their feet.

After the Olympics, Werner retired from racing, but last week he was back in the Alps—this time starring in a movie sponsored by German Clothing Manufacturer Willy Bogner. Disregarding the avalanche warnings, photographers set up their equipment on the slopes of the Selin Valley above St. Moritz. Cameras whirled; Werner and 14 other skiers started down the hill. Suddenly, there was a sharp crack, and tons of snow thundered toward the valley floor below. By scrambling and flailing, most of the 15 "swam" on top of the avalanche to safety. Not Werner. And not Barbi Henneberger, 23, a pretty German skier. Together, they tried to race the 500-ft.-wide wall of snow.

Barbi never had a chance. But Bud almost won the race. Crouched far forward, poles tucked tightly under his arms, he strained for speed; horrified onlookers guessed that he was hitting 50 m.p.h. Then, just 15 ft. from safety, he stumbled, staggered and fell. By the time rescuers found the two skiers, four hours later, both were dead.

BELGIUM

Back Where They Striped

The nursing staffs and the few physicians on emergency service at the hospitals were drooping with fatigue as the Belgian doctors' strike dragged into its third week. The wards were jammed with patients, many of whom would normally be treated at home, and, though the emergency service had worked fairly smoothly, spokesmen for the strikers now warned that it would not be continued. Because contagious diseases were sometimes bedded next to others in the crowded hospitals, doctors also warned of imminent epidemics. Belgian husbands with pregnant wives were taking them over the border to France, Hol-

land or West Germany to be sure of obstetrical care.

When the government began to draft doctors, they staged a gigantic slowdown, demanding that the army requisition their cars or provide military transport, supply all equipment right down to little black bags. Since 80% of Belgium's anesthetists are women, and not subject to military service, many operations could not be performed despite the call-up. An army medical officer, one of some 20 flown in from Belgian forces in West Germany to help, declared: "I am ashamed of being a doctor after seeing what is going on here." At week's end, two doctors and a technician were charged with the sabotage of a cable supplying electricity for the X-ray room at a Brussels clinic.

Premier Théo Lefèvre called in the rectors of Belgium's four universities, ostensibly to talk about nuclear research but actually to discuss the strike. From that point on, the rectors acted as mediators, helped both sides to retreat from impossible positions. The government succeeded in getting the doctors to end the strike before resuming negotiations on the new health-insurance law that had provoked the walkout.

Still undecided were the basic issues. The new law established a schedule of fees that doctors could charge under the Belgian health-insurance system, and restricted them to no more than three afternoons a week to see private patients. The doctors are convinced that this law will lower their incomes and oblige them to practice assembly-line medicine, and they insist that government inspection of their records would violate the secrecy of the doctor-patient relationship. They also fear that the law will lead to uncomfortably accurate auditing of their income-tax returns.

All that they have won is the government's commitment that parts of the law can be modified. As one Brussels newspaper pointed out: "We end up where we should have started."

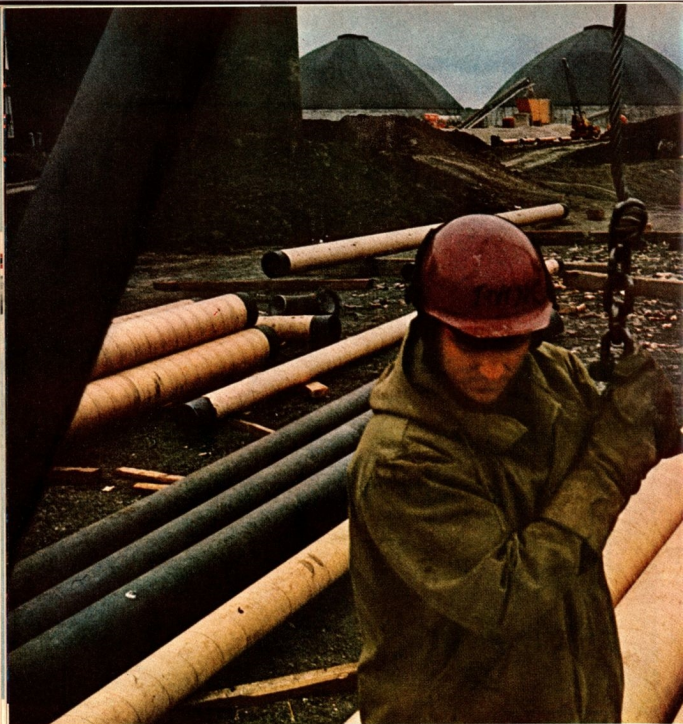
Life can be beautiful with Monroe minding the store



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HAMILTON

PEOPLE

Each day begins at 5:30 in the morning, ends around 9 at night. And it has been that way since last July for **James Roosevelt Jr.**, 18. That's when he entered the Mont La Salle Novitiate of the Brothers of the Christian Schools near Napa, Calif. The newly named Brother Matthew David got parental permission from both his divorced Episcopal father, James Sr., and Catholic mother before accepting his religious vocation. At 25, the grandson of F.D.R. hopes to leave the layman's life for good, take final vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, stability, and teaching the poor.

Horse shows can be dull if you're not really old enough to appreciate the fine points. **Charles Race**, 21 months, is not really old enough. So he quickly lost interest in England's annual Badminton Horse Trials and began wandering. Pretty soon he spotted the mud-covered straw that was spread around because of the rain and got a great idea. He tossed a handful of the gooey stuff at the kind-looking lady standing near by. The kind-looking lady turned out to be Queen Mother Elizabeth. She was surprised and laughed politely, but she didn't move away. So he threw a couple more handfuls. Then someone stopped him, and Charles Race had to think of something else to do.

Angelo Rizzoli, 74, does not speak the English, but as Italy's richest publisher (*Oggi*, *L'Europeo*), he doesn't need to. Still, it can be a handicap at a Manhattan party. He was in town from Hollywood where 8½, one of the 150 movies he has produced on the side, won two Academy Awards, and his New York branch threw a do. Mostly *no capisce* Americans made the scene until **Christina Austin**, 34, Italy's current reigning beauty (Manhattan division) appeared, and he greeted her with a heartfelt hand buss. Since she's still

linked with Henry Ford II, they probably didn't discuss a film career, but they both have ties in Milan. With Italians, that's good for an hour.

The tide of most men's lives begins to turn after 75 years. And though their vital energies are not yet sapped, three men who reached that mark last week could be pardoned if they paused for a moment to consider their own three quarters of a century:

Fresh from a fishing vacation in Ireland, **Charlie Chaplin** reported that he is getting ready to produce, direct, write and score a film starring his son Sydney. "If it wasn't for the cinema," he confessed, "I'd probably be digging ditches—or a traveling musician. But I wouldn't be first-rate, and I think that is what I have been."

In Kansas City, Mo., **Thomas Hart Benton** was as crusty as ever. His paint-



"OLD CODGER" BENTON
One of a trio.

ings have never sold better, for which he gave a true realist's explanation: "Everybody figures they ought to go out and get a Benton now because the old codger is going to be out of production before long." But a warm and happy birthday party, thrown by his admirers, finally produced an infinitesimal crack in the crust. Said the painter: "This is the kind of thing that comes to you when you've outlived your critics."

The start of his fourth quarter-century caught up with Historian **Arnold Toynbee** at the University of Libya in Bengasi during a lecture tour of Africa. At the request of his longtime publishers, Oxford University Press, he had left behind an essay, which was released on his birthday. His exploration of history from its start to the present, wrote the much-honored author, provided the "fulfillment of my aim. For my aim was to expand my horizon and my field to



RECORD SETTER MOCK
First of a kind.

the limits of my capacity." Concluded he, in Greek verse:

*I was running a race with the Reaper.
I hastened; he lingered; I won.
Now strike, Death! You sluggard,
you sleeper.
You cannot undo what I've done.*

After a 29-day, twelve-hour, four-minute, 55-second absence, **Jerrie Mock**, 38, flew into her home town of Columbus, Ohio—from the direction opposite the one she left in. In between, she had lost three pounds, flown the Atlantic and Pacific, covered 22,858.8 miles with 21 stops and become the first woman in history to fly solo around the world. Mrs. Mock had moxie. A pilot for only seven years, the petite blonde had logged just 750 solo hours before setting out. Her single-engine Cessna 180, *Spirit of Columbus*, was eleven years old, and even Lloyd's of London refused to underwrite the trip. Why had she chosen a small plane like that? Simple, the mother of three explained: "We happened to own one."

Love affairs have a way of lingering on beyond good sense. In 1956, Investment Banker **Cornelius** ("Corny") **Shields**, then 61, suffered a serious heart attack, was advised to give up competitive sailing. But by 1958, "the grey fox of Long Island Sound" had become his doctors and masterminded the *Columbia's* victory in the America's Cup competition trials. In 1962 he again overruled medical protests to help out in *Columbia's* unsuccessful bid to be the U.S.'s Cup defender. But now it is over. Last week, acting as executor for the estate of his brother Paul, who had owned *Columbia*, Corny announced the sale of the twelve-meter yacht to a California syndicate. The group plans to be the first from the West Coast to enter the Cup trials, will go up against two-year-old *Nelertitl* and a pair of brand-new yachts. Said Corny with undisguised longing: "*Columbia* is going to give those new boats a tussle."



RIZZOLI & AUSTIN
Two for a tale.

MEDICINE

THERAPY

An Artificial Kidney For 15 Patients

When 500 far-out medical investigators gathered in Chicago last week for the annual meeting of the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs, they spent much of their time discussing something that is far too big ever to be implanted as an internal organ: the artificial kidney. And the biggest news about it was a plan to make it still bigger, so that a machine that is now about the size of a home washing machine will take on the dimensions of a laundry. It will also, its developers hope, wash out the metabolic poisons from the blood of as many as 15 kidney-disease victims at once.

12-Hour Treatments. Nowhere has the artificial kidney received more attention than in Seattle, where Dr. Belding H. Scribner pioneered in adapting the machine to treat patients whose own kidneys have almost completely shut down. These patients excrete such a small volume of urine that it cannot carry a full load of the body's waste chemicals. Without the repeated treatment, they could not live more than two or three weeks. With it, some have lived as long as four years, and they are back at work or running their households.

Permanently implanted in these patients' forearms are two plastic tubes, one leading into an artery, the other into a vein. Once or twice a week the patients go to the hospital, where the tubes are hooked up to the artificial kidney. Their blood flows through one of its chambers, and body poisons pass through a cellophane sheet into the

second chamber's purifying bath ("dialysate"). The average treatment lasts twelve hours.

The trouble is that the life-saving program is hideously expensive. It is not so much the first cost as the upkeep. To treat eleven patients, the Seattle Artificial Kidney Center at Swedish Hospital has a staff of two fulltime physicians and one half-time, plus five nurses and five technicians.

Diluted 35 Times. One way to cut costs by about 15% from the present \$10,000 a year per patient, Engineer Lars Grimsrud told the artificial-organ enthusiasts, is to use a central, 150-gallon tank of purifying fluid instead of individual, 100-gallon tanks for each patient. In the central tank of the "monster," as the Seattle machine is called, the fluid is highly concentrated, and the machine dilutes it with as much as 35 times its own volume of water to get the right mixture for each patient. Patients still have personalized equipment at their bedsides: pumps to deliver the right amount of fluid from the monster, and the sandwich-like filter.

At University Hospital, doctors have already used "the monster" for as many as three patients at once.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

German Measles Epidemic

Spring 1964 is the best of times for a German measles party. The rules call for lots of kissing games in an unventilated room, so that all the little boys and, more especially, all the little girls get the infection. It is consistently so mild an inconvenience that for children of both sexes it is best to have it and

get it over with: one bout generally confers lifelong immunity. There is just one vital precaution. No infected child should be allowed anywhere near a woman who is—or even may be—in the first three months of pregnancy; if she has escaped the disease in childhood, the virus may cause blindness or crippling heart defects in the fetus.

Grandma Was Right. Last week tens of thousands of Americans had German measles, and the vast majority had caught it willy-nilly without the fun of a party. "It comes in waves, two to four years apart," said Chicago's Health Commissioner Samuel Andelman. "When it starts, it's like fire in straw." The fire had spread from New England, down the Eastern seaboard and westward to the Continental Divide. It has not yet hit the West Coast in full force. It will.

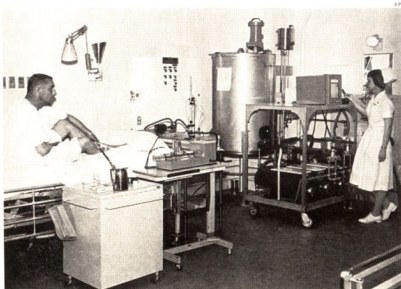
Grandma had the best name for the disease: "three-day measles."^{*} The usual symptoms are a mild sore throat, a light rash, and a fever of not more than 102°. In children, some swelling of the lymph glands is common but is usually not severe. Only rarely does the virus of three-day measles lead to pneumonia or brain inflammation. But it may occasionally be fatal. Last week three children's deaths associated with the current epidemic had been reported from Chicago, and a Connecticut teen-ager had died of encephalitis. Less predictable and less understood is a complication among adults: pain in the joints, sometimes so severe that it is compared with that of rheumatoid arthritis, though it lasts only three to seven days.

Rationed Shots. Researchers are checking to make sure that the rubella virus has not mutated to a more virulent strain. So far, they have no evidence that this has happened.

Though work on a vaccine is being pushed, none can be ready this year. Last week came a hint that German measles may be one of the first virus diseases to yield, at least partially, to drug treatment. University of Michigan researchers told the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology that amantadine, a drug synthesized by Du Pont chemists, works against German measles virus in the test tube. And it is safe enough to have been used with promising results on influenza patients. Such a drug may help children, but proving its safety for pregnant women will take years.

If a woman who is pregnant, or thinks she may be, is exposed to German measles, she should get a shot of gamma globulin. Many state and city health departments offer it free in such cases. The precious blood fraction is now in such demand that some states are rationing their supply, limiting it to women who know they are pregnant.

^{*} The German tag was attached because the disease was mistakenly thought to be especially common in Germany. The medical term, rubella, is bad because it invites confusion with rubella, the true "red" or "seven-day" measles.



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PSYCHIATRY

What Tranquilizers Have Done

Little more than ten years has passed since two psychiatrists first gave North American patients the new drugs that were soon to be widely known as tranquilizers. In so doing, they started the most dramatic and hopeful revolution in the long, dolorous history of mental illness. They are still at it. Berlin-born Dr. Heinz Edgar Lehmann, who introduced chlorpromazine at Verdun Protestant Hospital outside Montreal, is barnstorming at meetings called to find ways of developing still more and better drugs. New York's Dr. Nathan S. Kline, who introduced reserpine at Rockland State Hospital, is in Iran, fomenting a psychiatric revolution there. Just before he left the U.S., Dr. Kline told the New York Academy of Medicine what has been wrought in these ten years. It is impressive indeed.

Savings in Billions. Most notable, of course, has been the reversal of a once seemingly inevitable annual increase in the number of mental patients. If their numbers had continued to mount since 1956—when use of the drugs became widespread and fairly systematic—at the same rate as in the pre-drug years, there would now be 82,000 more patients confined in mental hospitals. "Instead," said Dr. Kline, "there has been an actual decrease of 54,000 patients, giving a difference of 136,000 persons." The care of these might-have-been patients over eight years would have cost more than \$1 billion, Dr. Kline estimates; building hospitals to house the newcomers would have cost \$2 billion more. Alongside such figures, the cost of the drugs and of drug research is "very modest indeed."

Anybody admitted to a mental hospital today has twice as good a chance of



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getting out as he would have had before the drugs. Therefore, said Dr. Kline: "Public-mental-hospital patients now come with an expectation of improvement, and they come earlier—when treatment is more apt to be successful."

Accepted as illness. The drug revolution, said Dr. Kline, has opened up broad new avenues for the treatment of many patients formerly considered untreatable. Most important, perhaps, "it has begun to change centuries-old public attitudes toward mental disease."

Dr. Kline pointed out that today there is much "greater acceptance of patients back into the community, since psychiatric disorders are now much more looked upon as illnesses, and as illnesses that can be treated. The fact that a condition is treated with medication somehow guarantees, in the public mind, that it is a genuine illness." One measure of this change is that one-third (by his estimate) of all packages passing across druggists' prescription counters today are for drugs that influence the mind.

Drug treatment Dr. Kline said, constitutes direct action on many patients for whom all other methods of treatment have failed. True, many patients nowadays are further benefited by other methods, but the important thing is that they would not have responded at all to any treatment without the drugs. "Disturbed behavior is reduced so that the staff is able to concentrate on those who will benefit, rather than, as in the past, having to spend almost all its time managing assaultive patients. And there is now more personnel available because the work is no longer so hazardous or distasteful." The family physician, said Dr. Kline, should take much more responsibility for treating depression ("far and away the most common of the emotional disorders") and refer only the stubborn cases to psychiatrists.

Problems from Solutions. Dr. Kline attacked the common misconception that the neuroses are "less severe" than the psychoses. "Both the diagnosis and treatment of the psychotic are simpler and more effective than those of the neurotic patient," he said. "With adequate drug treatment, plus a few basic psychiatric skills, the family physician would be able to handle the bulk of psychiatric patients and thereby free the psychiatrist to work with the more difficult disorders—such as neurosis."

So little is known about how the drugs work that selecting the right one for a particular patient often takes precious time. And although there seem to be so many drugs, there are really not enough. "New drugs are badly needed to treat conditions which are not yet treatable. These include mental deficiency, diseases of aging, certain types of juvenile delinquency, and psychopathic personality." Even without these, psychiatric services must be reorganized to take full advantage of what the drugs have made possible. "There is nothing more productive of problems," Dr. Kline concluded, "than a really good solution."

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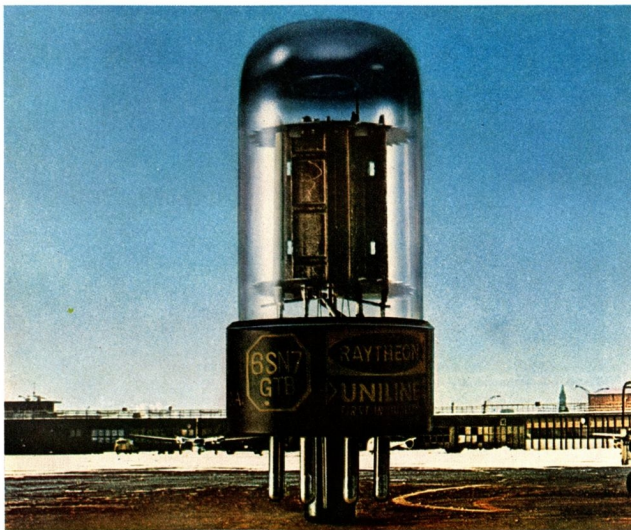
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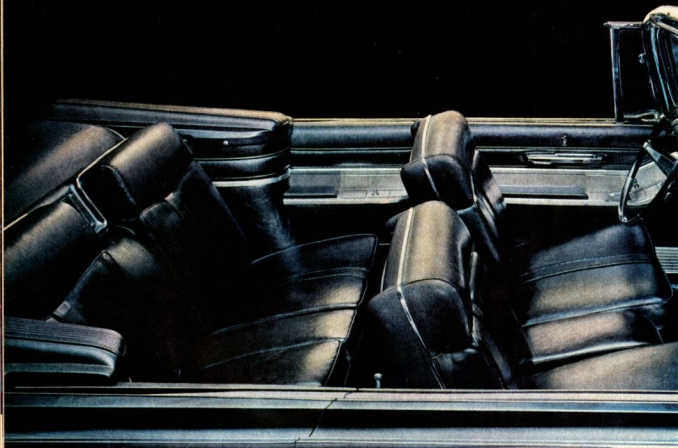
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THE LAW

FIFTH AMENDMENT

Rape of the Lock

The U.S. Constitution outlaws coerced confessions. And an accused person has a right to refuse to answer self-incriminating questions. But what if the "question" consists of a forced haircut?

Gaylord Neal, 25, facing trial for a grocery stickup in Philadelphia, was out on bail there last January when a hooded holdup man collected \$181 at the Topside Tavern, fired a shot in the ceiling. In March, a hooded gunman got \$109 at Hagerty's Tavern; minutes later police collared Neal near by. At his feet were a bag containing \$109 and a loaded pistol that police say fired the shot at the Topside Tavern.

To build an airtight case, the cops aimed to show that Neal had worn the hoods that were discarded near both holdups. Their method was to match hairs on the hoods with hairs on Neal's head. Armed with a court order from Common Pleas Judge Edward Griffith, the police were about to clip Neal's tresses when his lawyer, Milton S. Leidner, foiled them with a restraining order obtained in another court. The Constitution "intends that no man be forced to incriminate himself," says Leidner. When Judge Griffith overruled him, Leidner made a deal. Borrowing the judge's scissors, he snipped seven chunks off Neal's head, locked them in the judge's safe pending an appeal.

Leidner faces obstacles. The Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruled in 1944 that the privilege against self-incrimination applies only to verbal questions, not to compulsory physical or mental examinations. But things are changing fast. In *Rochin v. California* (1952), for example, the U.S. Supreme Court reversed the conviction of an alleged drug addict because the evidence against him was obtained by forced stomach pumping. It is anomalous, wrote Justice Felix Frankfurter, "to hold that to convict a man the police cannot extract by force what is in his mind, but can extract what is in his stomach."

Whether or not this holds for a forced haircut is questionable. But as Frankfurter wrote in another opinion: "Due process cannot be imprisoned within the treacherous limits of any formula."

LAW SCHOOLS

From the Mouths of Babies

Alarmed at the new age of prying photographers and gossip columnists, the two young Boston lawyers warned that "the question of whether our law will recognize and protect the right to privacy must soon come before our courts." Written in 1890, that prophecy of Samuel D. Warren and Louis D. Brandeis

(later a Supreme Court Justice) signaled a new doctrine in U.S. law. Significantly, it was argued not in court but in the *Harvard Law Review*, then three years old and the pioneer of a new kind of learned journal that no other profession yet boasts.

The country's 100-odd law reviews are wholly run by the aristocrats of U.S. law schools—fearfully bright students who toil around the clock polishing deep-think articles that influence U.S. law right up to the Supreme Court. "Nowadays a case doesn't reach the end of the line with the Supreme Court," says one

though he will spend several hundred hours checking other writers' sources. On graduation, however, he has the most impeccable credentials: the case-hardened polish of a law-review man.

Research into Law. Law reviews—most of them written half by students, half by guest professionals—provide instant research for lawyers drafting briefs, judges writing opinions and convicts honing appeals. California's 1959 overhaul of juvenile courts owed much to a study in the *Stanford Law Review*. The Supreme Court's 1958 liberalization of passport procedures (*Kent v. Dulles*) reflected views from the *Yale Law Journal*, and its 1963 support of court-appointed counsel for indigent de-



STANFORD'S BORN

Precise, passionate, prestigious.

admiring law professor. "The last resort is what the law reviews say they think about it."

Legaladgook. Such presumptuousness would appall other professions, and some lawyers pooch-pooch the whole idea. The average law review, scoffs Yale's iconoclastic Law Professor Fred Rodell, "sounds like a 33-r.p.m. disk played at 78," a cacophony of "turgid, legaladgooky garbage." Nonetheless, law reviews—most notably those published by Chicago, Columbia, Harvard, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Stanford and Yale—are more influential than ever. A law-review job shapes a man's entire later life. Usually tapped at the end of freshman year, recruits are chosen by the outgoing editorial staff purely on the basis of class rank. Only the top 5% to 10% make it. They have every reason to try. For "law-review men" get the country's top law jobs, from Supreme Court clerkships to big-firm slots at starting salaries of \$7,500 or more.

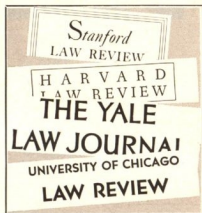
New staffers often slave 14 hours a day during summer vacation to research a debut article of three to five pages, knowing well that top editors will do their best to rip it apart. In his two years on the law review, a staffer can expect to write only about three pieces,

fendents (*Gideon v. Wainwright*) cited an eloquent article in the *Chicago Law Review*. Chicago's Law Dean Phil C. Neal says flatly: "The preponderance of legal research originates in the law reviews."

Law reviews usually come in three main parts: concise student case summaries, deeper student analyses of legal problems, longer professional articles that often break new ground. Most top reviews come out eight times a year; all bristle with ferocious footnotes reflecting the most intense passion for precision. Beyond these similarities, the reviews differ in tone and emphasis. Samples:

► **Harvard's** big (10,813 subscribers) review is the most widely read and probably the most prestigious. Like all their counterparts, but maybe more so, Harvard's editors are sticklers for detail, specialize in clarifying "what the law is," typically dug out the dusty minutes of an 1815 bank officers' meeting last winter in order to verify one quote. Among Harvard's star sticklers: the late Robert A. Taft, Dean Acheson, Alger Hiss, Justice Felix Frankfurter, Yale's new President Kingman Brewster Jr.

► **Chicago's** young (1933) quarterly reaches boldly outside the law for such



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contributors as Economist Friedrich A. von Hayek and Physicist Leo Szilard. Proving that youth is no barrier to getting elders' ears, Chicago's review has been cited in at least ten recent Supreme Court decisions covering everything from prayer to pornography. Among its still-young ex-editors: Connecticut's Senator Abraham Ribicoff, who served on the first edition.

► Columbia's 3,700 subscribers get a review that is well attuned to New York law and a delight to big Manhattan law firms. A prime source of their recruits, Columbia also produced the late Justices Cardozo, Hughes, Reed and Stone, as well as the current court's Justice Douglas.

► Stanford's infant (1948) quarterly is high on punchy prose, has broken new ground ever since Volume I probed the legalities of rainmaking in a piece titled "Who Owns the Clouds?" Later it debunked Alger Hiss's contention that a "second" typewriter was used to frame him. In 1963 it examined the high-priced funeral industry well before Author Jessica Mitford's bestseller on the subject. Too new to have many famed alumni—Idaho's Senator Frank Church is one—the Stanford review this year boasts a girl president, Brooksly Born, 22, whose law-school grade average is 3.97 out of a possible 4.0.

► Yale's offbeat review (2,600 subscribers) claims to "begin where Harvard leaves off"—on the "frontier" of law and social policy. Scornful of big-name contributors, it once rejected an article by the dean of the Yale law school, seeks "adventurous" pieces by its own staff, such as a recent scathing study of Kennedy appointees to Southern federal courts. Last week the new issue probed anti-Semitism in big New York law firms, found them far more willing to hire Jews than a decade ago. (A remaining barrier: the "common knowledge" of Jews that they have no chance.) Almost uniquely willing to hazard humor, Yale's review once printed a hilarious analysis of Connecticut's birth-control law showing that it prohibits oral contraceptives for dogs so that bitches may have "the most intimate and sacred experiences in life."

Better Than School. Because of their extracurricular frenzy, law-review men are often unprepared in class. On the other hand, the reward for their work on the reviews, as Yale's outgoing Editor in Chief Peter Strauss typically describes it, is "the most intellectually exciting experience of my life." Says another editor: "I wrote one note on parole laws and it was worth seven courses in criminal law." Not surprisingly, law schools are now straining to give all students a touch of law-review experience by requiring far more independent research. "Law reviews are by far the best training that any American law school can offer," sums up Yale's Law Dean Eugene V. Rostow. "Their educational value is unmatched by anything in the law schools themselves."

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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

Who's There?

Oscar night, once Hollywood's annual town meeting, is rapidly becoming a party for the people who didn't come.

At last week's big show, well over half of the Oscar nominees were not there. Hollywood simply is not one place any more. It is now an earth-circling synecdoche. Its personnel are too far scattered to fly to Los Angeles on the mere chance that they might win an Oscar. The mass meeting, 1947 format, no longer works. Hence no one else can be expected to give much of a damn, and few did.

While klieg lights flared over a shabby curb in Santa Monica, a few famous



PATRICIA NEAL IN LONDON

After cardboard jokes, a sentiment for the times.

ghosts may have drawn up in invisible Duesenbergs, but the people who arrived in visible Cadillacs were, for the most part, far anonymous cats. Only the sex specialists, like Carroll Baker and Eva Six, tried to take advantage of the occasion—Eva in a dress that would qualify for the gatetold of *Man-boy* Magazine and Carroll in a feathered boa. "Hey, Carroll, take it off!" screamed the fans.

TV Dinner. Where was everybody? A lot of them were in Bel Air at the home of Producer Harold Mirisch, who chose this particular Monday night to throw a party. Mirisch and his spangled crowd—150 people on the level of Billy Wilder, Gene Kelly, Dean Martin, Louis Jourdan—watched the show on ten TV sets while eating a catered dinner.

What they saw was nothing to party about. Jack Lemmon, master of ceremonies, told cardboard jokes and looked somewhat cardboard himself in his rented tails. The only funny moment in the 140-minute show came when Sammy Davis Jr., as presenter of some minor award, was handed the wrong

envelope. "Wait till the N.A.A.C.P. hears about this!" he said somewhat obscursively, drawing a sizable laugh.

Best for the First. Britain's Tony Richardson, whose *Tom Jones* won as best picture and got him an Oscar as best director, was in London getting ready for a new play. Margaret Rutherford, the year's best supporting actress for her portrayal of the dotty duchess in *The VIPs*, was having her hair done in a London studio when the news reached her. Melvyn Douglas, given the best supporting-actor award for his work as Paul Newman's father in *Hud*, was visiting Israel with his daughter, who once lived in a kibbutz there.

Patricia Neal, also of *Hud*, won the best-actress Oscar.* Nearly eight



SIDNEY POITIER WITH ANNE BANCROFT

months pregnant, she was asleep at her home in Buckinghamshire when the phone rang; next day she went down to London for a flashbulb greeting at Marylebone Station, with full obsequies by the top-hatted stationmaster.

Only one major recipient of an Academy Award was seen on American TV—the only one to make it to Santa Monica. For this alone he might well have touched off the explosion of applause that followed the sound of his name. But there was a bit more to it than that. Sidney Poitier, voted best actor of 1963 for his performance in *Lilies of the Field*, is the first Negro who has ever won a top Oscar. If the Academy Awards presentations lacked everything in showmanship, the selection of Sidney Poitier at least coincided with the sentiment of the times.

* Bette Davis claims that when she won this award in 1935, she nicknamed it "Oscar" in honor of her husband, Harmon Oscar Nelson, whose golden posterior resembled that of the statuette. After immortalizing charmin' Harmon, Bette won another Oscar, three more husbands.

Wailing for Them All

When his name was read by Anne Bancroft, Sidney Poitier jumped out of his seat and headed for the stage with big bouncing strides, more like a great Negro high jumper than a great Negro actor. He gave Bancroft an exuberant hug, turned to the audience and said emotionally: "It has been a long journey to this moment."

Inevitably, some people thought that Poitier had been awarded an Oscar more as a Negro than as an actor. He answers this one best with his own confidence: "Watching the performances pound for pound, I had to accept the fact that I wasn't a charity case," he says. As an actor, in all his better movies he has managed to suggest all the frustration and anger of being a Negro, without tumbling into mere bitterness and histrionics—no mean acting feat.

His freight loader in *Edge of the City* was both laughing boy and leader, with the universal quality that inspires followers, much like the high school student he played in *Blackboard Jungle*. His trapped, foolish, ambitious, odds-against-him young husband in *A Raisin in the Sun* was an agonized study in subhystrical frustration. In *Lilies of the Field*, his smoldering are banked far down beneath the surface of his easy-going life, but he manages to reveal them in a word here, a gesture there.

A final, and equally inevitable, point about him as an actor is that he is so overpoweringly good looking that he quite literally pales the white actors beside him, even including Paul Newman in *Paris Blues* and Tony Curtis in *The Defiant Ones*.

Up from Cat. His father and mother were tomato farmers on Cat Island in the Bahamas. Once or twice a year, they went to Florida in a small sailboat to sell their tomatoes, and on one of these trips their eighth child, Sidney, was born, thus becoming an American citizen by a fluke that turned out to be lucky. The tomato farm died in an agricultural disaster year. At 15, Sidney was coasting toward delinquency. His father, deciding that the boy's American citizenship might save him, sent him to live with a brother in Miami.

Poitier has 14 years of formal education and a Ph.D. in odd jobs. In Miami, he worked as a parking attendant, and learned about the COLORED ONLY, WHITE ONLY signs. From the islands he had brought with him only the vaguest experience of prejudice, and the sudden force of it was more than he could live with. In less than a year, he had migrated to Manhattan, arriving with \$1.50.

Changed Signs. In Manhattan, instead of WHITE ONLY, the signs said DISHWASHER WANTED. So Poitier washed dishes. He slept in 5¢ pay toilets or, if the weather was warm, on a rooftop. He joined the army in 1943, lying about his age, which was 16. He was made



About the only thing that can come between
a Corvair owner and his Corvair is



his wife

'64 Corvair Monza Club Coupe

Like most men, the fellow riding the bench has pretty definite opinions on what he buys in the way of neckties, fly rods—and cars. But right now he's having some second thoughts on just who talked whom into buying a new Corvair.

Sure, he had his for-men-only reasons. Output in the standard engine is up nearly 19 per cent this year—to 95 hp. (And in the new Monza Spyder models it's a virile 150 hp.)

He also had a knowledgeable appreciation of Corvair's steering, cornering and rear-engine traction. Things his wife really couldn't be expected to be interested in.

Tidy styling and tasteful (she called them "chic") interiors—that's all that concerned her.

Or so our bench warmer thought. Until he began

counting his commuter tokens one day.

The point is that the same things he liked about the car—its spirit, the ease with which it turns and parks, the way it grips on ice, mud and snow—his wife liked too. Maybe even more so.

Matter of fact, it's sometimes occurred to us that if we built a car for women only we probably couldn't make it more to their liking than this one. Couple of us married fellows were talking about that at the bus stop just the other day. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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an orderly in a mental hospital, and a little over a year later was discharged with nervous complications of his own.

Going from odd job to odd job, he tried acting. He saw an ad in the paper for would-be actors at the American Negro Theater. But he talked in a sing-song island accent that made people collapse with laughter. Buying a small radio, he began to listen to the pure tones of the network announcers, repeating after them their every rounded phrase, commercials and all. When he went back to the American Negro Theater some months later, he got a job.

Poitier's first play was an adaptation of *Lysistrata* that lasted four performances on Broadway. He was supposed to play a frightened Polydorus. He was right for the part. Backstage opening night, he sweated, vomited, and developed vibrations of the knees. "But there's a quality in a human being," he says, "that dances to danger. I went on." The quality remained evident on-stage, and the critics raved about him while otherwise murdering the show.

Imposed Variety. Everyone who has ever worked with him both likes and admires Sidney Poitier as man and actor. In bygone days, he would have been called a credit to his race. But now that his race is the human race, the semantics have changed and Poitier is merely a very good actor who has made a significant breakthrough. "It leaves me feeling accomplished in a humble way, if that's possible," he said. "I do hope there will be some residual benefits for other Negro actors, but I don't fool myself into thinking that the effect will be vast."

Poitier left Hollywood last week without lingering very long. He isn't a movieville type. His friends, by his description, are in New York—"police-men, pressers in dry-cleaning stores, truck drivers, orderlies in hospitals—friends I made along the route somewhere and am fortunate still to have." He has an apartment on West 79th Street and a house in the suburbs with a wife and four daughters in it. "The contrasts in New York are numerous and immediate and violent," he says. "You live closer to your fingertips there."

Poitier is writing a play called *Six Hundred to One* about "the waste of young people," and he will soon open as a Moorish sheik in Columbia Pictures' *The Long Ships*. Considering his future, he is realistic: "I'm an average Joe Blow Negro, but as the cats say in my area, I'm out there waiting for us all. I think that I'll never be able to function as freely as a Marlon Brando, or a Burt Lancaster or a Paul Newman. But on the other side, I've had a kind of variety imposed on me that the others haven't. Because of certain restrictions, I've had the opportunity to work on material with more substance. Almost everything I've done has been controversial. If I were a white actor, I might never have gotten a job in the first place."



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THE PRESS

REPORTING

The Day Khrushchev Died

At 9:30 one night last week, Teleprinter No. 2 chattered abruptly into life in the newsroom of West Deutsche Rundfunk, a radio station in Cologne. This meant fresh copy from the telegraph office, and the late-shift operator dutifully bestirred himself to see what was coming in. The message he read jolted him down to his half soles. TODAY, LATE IN AFTERNOON, announced Telex No. 2, FIRST MINISTER OF U.S.S.R. KHRUSHCHEV DIED SURPRISINGLY AT 20:19 CENTRAL EUROPEAN TIME OF HEPHOCAPALYTROISSES. The message was signed TASS/ASAHI BONN—an unusual

CONRAD—LOS ANGELES TIMES



THE PAILBEARERS

signature apparently signifying that the information had come from Tass, the Russian news agency, and had been picked up by a Bonn correspondent for Tokyo's daily Asahi Shimbun. Within minutes, Khrushchev's premature obituary flashed around the world.

Nikita Khrushchev, of course, was not dead. Nor had Tass said he was. What, then, had happened?

Achtung! By week's end the only clear fact was that the main role in the farce was played by the West German wire service, Deutsche Presse-Agentur. Immediately after getting the flash, the radio station employee checked it on the Teletype with all the wire services who have offices in Bonn. "Following message was received by WDR tonight," he tapped out, then transmitted verbatim the report of K.'s death. In each case he asked: "Can you confirm this?" But somehow the crucial question got dropped from his transmission to D.P.A. in Bonn.

Within minutes, D.P.A. flashed a blitz message—KHRUSHCHEV DEAD—to its 1,290 newspaper and radio-TV clients, chased that five minutes later with the brief text—now embellished with a

Moscow dateline—that it had received from the radio station. The A.P., U.P.I., and most other wire services feverishly started checking Moscow, leaving Reuters as the only major agency that relayed the heavily qualified bulletin: KHRUSHCHEV REPORTED DEAD BUT REPORTS UNCONFIRMED.

The rumor was laid to rest when it finally reached Tass General Director Dimitri Goryunov in Moscow, who called it "foolish nonsense." Within 15 minutes, D.P.A. was backtracking: ACHTUNG EDITORS: PLEASE DO NOT USE. Next morning the report made nothing but anticlimactic headlines, such as the London Daily Herald's: KHRUSHCHEV DEAD? NO, HE'S SIPPING VODKA.

Booted. The most prevalent explanation was that Asahi Shimbun's Moscow correspondent, Takeo Kuba, had imperfectly translated Russian cable KHRUSHCHEV ZAKONCHIL (has ended it), with which Tass had wound up its transmission of a Khrushchev speech. According to this theory, Kuba misread it as KHRUSHCHEV SKONCHALSIA (Khrushchev dead) and cabled the news forthwith. However, at week's end this explanation was exploded by a report from a German TV network that its Hamburg office had received a similar bogus message, save that it was signed "Britinform," cable for the British Information Service in Bonn.

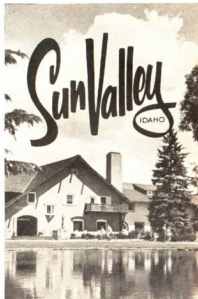
Most likely, the whole thing was a silly practical joke perpetrated by some unidentified West German journalist who had the witting or unwitting help of the innocent or gullible D.P.A. In any event, the whys and wherefores of the case clearly did not intrigue the Russians. Despite D.P.A.'s apologies, the Soviet government closed the agency's Moscow bureau and expelled its single correspondent.

NEWSPAPERS

Legwork in Megalopolis

It was one of the worst subway accidents in New York City's history, and the New York Times emptied its newsroom to cover the story. Three dozen Times reporters galloped to the scene. They not only outnumbered all rival reporting teams, but proved almost as numerous as the accident victims.

That happened 31 years ago. And, in the opinion of Abraham Michael Rosenthal, 41, who now commands the Times's 160-man army of local newsmen, it was symptomatic of much that has long allied the Times's coverage of its own home town. The mere fact that so many hands could be mustered so fast for any single story suggests to Rosenthal that a lot of Times reporters must have been sitting around the newsroom. It is Rosenthal's fervent conviction that the newsroom is the last place a reporter should be. News doesn't



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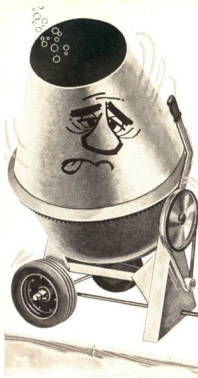
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A SWALLOW AWAY

break there. In the seven months that Abe Rosenthal has been the Times's metropolitan editor, this conviction—and Timesmen's leg muscles—has gotten plenty of exercise.

Herculean Task. Rosenthal's staff is kept so busy these days that a hallowed Times institution, the newsroom pinocchio game, has been brushed into history. Where once a Times reporter was lucky to get one story a week, he now gets more than he can handle. In the old days, a cub reporter spent his first six weeks writing radio copy for WQXR, the Times's station; today he is likely to go out on a story his first day on the job. "If anything, we overload him," says Rosenthal. "We want to see what he's got."

That might not seem remarkable to most other U.S. city editors. Nor is Rosenthal's conviction that a city cannot be covered from a desk exactly revolutionary. But then the Times is the Times, and New York is New York. Traditionally, Times readers have been better informed about events in Ghana or Gulistan than developments in their own backyard. One reason is that even with the Times's resources, covering New York City and its populous suburbs is a herculean problem. The megapolopolis, from Greenwich, Conn., to Greenwich Village, East Hampton to the West 90s, encompasses one of the world's most diffuse, complex and heterogeneous clutter of communities. No single daily can easily reach all the assorted facets and tastes of Greater New York. In fact, none of Manhattan's dailies has ever really bothered to try.

Newsroom Nashua. Last summer, when Times Managing Editor Turner Catledge invited Rosenthal to do just that, there were those on the paper who felt that the boss had lost his mind. In 15 years Rosenthal proved to be one of the paper's liveliest and most perceptive foreign correspondents, but he had little administrative experience. Says Catledge: "I was asked, 'Why plant a crack foreign correspondent like Abe in the newsroom?' My answer is: 'Why did they put Nashua out to stud when he was winning races?'"

Challenged and excited by a city that to him was as strange and fascinating as any foreign capital, Rosenthal got off to a fast start by putting an end to the endless round of staff conferences that had kept his predecessor deskbound. Instead he began to prowling his new exotic beat—and he found stories just about everywhere he went. One of the strangest local stories in recent years came to him in just this casual fashion. Lunching one day with New York City Police Commissioner Michael Murphy, Rosenthal asked about the public image of New York's Finest. Not good, admitted Murphy, and he gave an example. From the public's fear of involvement with the police came the Times's Page One story last month of a woman in Queens who had been murdered within sight or sound of



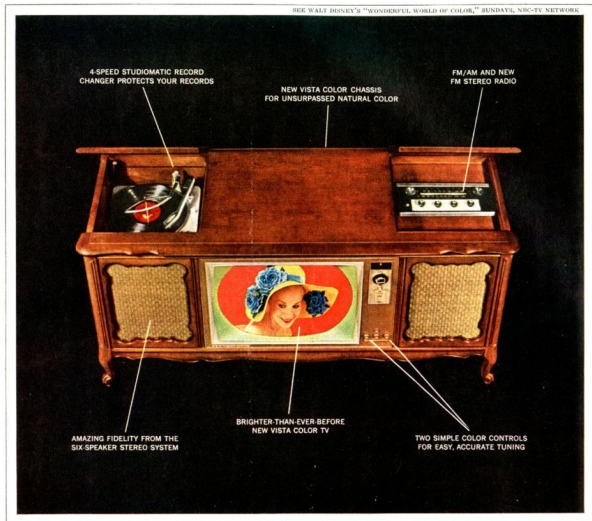
TIMES'S ROSENTHAL IN NEWSROOM
The last place a reporter should be.

38 neighbors—not one of whom called the police during the 35 minutes in which the screaming victim was stalked and repeatedly stabbed by the killer. From Hearst's evening New York Journal-American, the Times's story evoked one of journalism's highest compliments. Together with an admiring note of its own ("The New York Times did an important job for New Yorkers today"), the Journal-American reprinted the Times story verbatim on the front page of its second section.

Setting the Standards. Rosenthal's imaginativeness and enthusiasm infected his staff. All New York City papers naturally carried the story when a group of young civil rights demonstrators stalled rush-hour traffic on New York's Triborough Bridge. But the Times went beyond the event to delve into the motives of the demonstrators, came up with some memorable insights into a youth movement militantly eager to protest not just for civil rights but against practically all of society's ills. Rosenthal's casual observation while apartment hunting, that there seemed to be a lot of unmanly men on Third Avenue in the 50s, sparked a thoughtful and—for the Times—daring study of homosexuality in the city.

The Times may not yet have fully earned its merit badge as a local paper, but Abe Rosenthal has at least got everybody working for one. "It's sometimes forgotten," he said last week, "that the New York Times is a paper for New Yorkers. This is a hell of a sophisticated city, and the paper should reflect it. I want to make the standards for local writing and reporting at least as high as anything else in the paper. And maybe higher."

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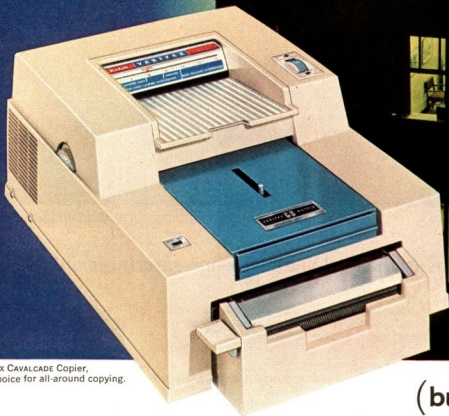
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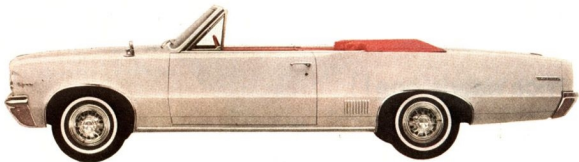
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GOLF

Take That, You People's Choice

What's wrong with Arnold Palmer? Nothing, that's what.

But to see Palmer, fidgety and tense, at the start of last week's Masters, nobody could have guessed it. By his own admission, Arnie was in an awful slump. True, he won a record \$128,230 last year. But that was only money; and with \$400,000 a year rolling in from assorted outside businesses, who needs it? Prestige was what Palmer was after, and he was not getting any.

The closest he came to winning a major championship last year was a play-off loss to aging Julius Boros in the U.S. Open, and he had not won a tournament of any sort in six months. "I've been playing like a Yo-Yo," he complained. "It's my concentration; I can't seem to keep my mind on the game." Or maybe it was nerves: on doctor's orders, Palmer had quit smoking, gained 8 lbs., and felt like climbing the walls. Whatever it was, it was downright embarrassing. Here he was at the Masters, a tournament he had already won three times before, and everyone's choice was Jack Nicklaus. Worse yet, some people rudely suggested that Arnie, at 34, was over the hill. "Palmer?" sneered a fellow pro. "He can be had."

Over & Around. Not last week. Two days of rain washed out most of the practice rounds, but on opening day, the Georgia dogwood glistened in a warm spring sun, and the pros responded by giving the tough old Augusta course the worst first-day flogging in its history. In all, 15 players broke par (72), and at day's end five were dead-locked for the lead with 69s. One of them, of course, was Palmer. "Uninteresting," he called his round. Another was South Africa's Gary Player, despite an attack of tonsillitis that left him croaking like a bullfrog. And what of Nicklaus, the defending champ, the people's choice? He settled for a one-under-

SPORT

par 71—not bad, considering that the longest putt he sank all day was a seven-footer. "The ball went over the hole and around the hole," he muttered, "but never into the hole."

That, as it turned out, was the closest anybody came to beating Palmer. More than any other top golfer, Palmer is a captive of his own emotions: when he feels good, he plays good—even if he does not look good doing it. He twists himself into a pretzel on the putting green. He almost falls down on the tee. He follows through—ah, but no matter! On the second day, Arnie showed up relaxed and smiling, and shot a 68 that gave him a four-stroke lead on the field and seven strokes on Nicklaus. "It's beginning to look like we're playing for second place," grunted one straggler.

Straight Up & Out. Now it was the third day, and for a few fleeting moments everyone's spirits brightened. Twice, Palmer got himself into trouble. Twice, boldly, sensationally, he escaped. On the 445-yd. par-four eleventh hole, Arnie dumped his second shot into the pond that guards the green. He dropped out of the water and took a penalty stroke. Then, almost diffidently, he ran a 100-ft. chip shot to within 18 in. of the hole, and tapped in for a relatively harmless bogey. On the par-five 13th, a lone (475 yds.) dog-leg flanked by a tall pine forest, Palmer "duckhooked" his drive deep into the woods. Arnie had two choices—neither of them enviable. "I could go backwards through a clear opening," he said, "but that way I couldn't have reached the green on the next shot. Or I could try to go up-course, through the trees. It didn't look like it could be done, but I decided it was worth a chance. I just laid a wedge wide open, and the ball went almost straight up in the air." Miraculously, it sailed onto the fairway without touch-

ing a thing. An iron and two putts later, Palmer had salvaged his par. Score for the day: 69, and a five-stroke lead.

At last, on the final round, Nicklaus started playing the kind of golf expected of him. He eagled the 13th when his second shot hit the pin and dropped 23 ft. from the hole, birdied the 15th with an incredible 360-yd. drive. A 67 gave him a 72-hole total of 282—six under par and four strokes better than his winning score last year. But he still had to settle for a second-place tie (worth \$10,000) when unheralded Dave Marr dropped a 30-ft. birdie putt on the very last hole.

Beaming broadly, waving to the crowd, Arnie Palmer coasted in with a 70 that gave him a 276—just two strokes off Ben Hogan's Masters record, set in 1953 when the course played at least one stroke easier per round. "The most exciting tournament victory of my career," said Arnie, who took home \$20,000 and the distinction of being the only four-time Masters champion in history.

HORSE RACING

A Scent of Roses

Even by tack-room standards, stony-faced Willie Shoemaker, 32, seems a little smaller than life. Standing on tiptoe, he is barely 5 ft. tall and weighs only 98 lbs. But Willie casts a considerable shadow. In 15 years of hooting thoroughbreds around the nation's racetracks, he has won more than 4,850 races, and his mounts have earned almost \$31 million.

Millionaires beg like mendicants for Shoemaker's services. Trainers claim that a race horse improves by two or three lengths simply by having Willie on its back. Bettors lucky enough to back him on one of his hot days (eight times in his career he has won six races on a single card) have been known to buy Rolls-Royces and retire in splendor to places like Palm Beach and Aca-

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pulco. And whenever a big race rolls around, the notation "Jockey: W. Shoemaker" opposite a horse's name is often enough to send it off the favorite. That is just what happened this month when Willie announced that he would ride the California champion, Hill Rise, in next week's Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs. Oddsmakers shifted the odds from 2-1 to 8-5, and installed Hill Rise as the early-line favorite to win the 90th Run for the Roses.

View from the Back. A strapping (66 in. tall at the withers) three-year-old bay owned by San Francisco Real Estate Tycoon George Pope Jr., whose Decidedly won the 1962 Derby, Hill Rise has won six races in a row, including February's \$132,400 Santa Anita Derby. Jockey Shoemaker was in that race—aboard Rex Ellsworth's highly touted The Scoundrel, a powerful, stretch-running colt that tied the Santa Anita track record for a mile in an afternoon workout. The Scoundrel finished fifth, seven lengths behind Hill Rise. And it was that view from the back that persuaded Shoemaker to pick Hill Rise as his Kentucky Derby mount. "He just ran off—whoosh—and left me," said Willie. "Anybody who saw him run that day couldn't help being impressed."

But until Shoemaker switched horses Hill Rise was only a co-favorite to win the Derby, with Northern Dancer, owned by Canadian Beer Baron E. P. Taylor, and ridden by—guess who?—Willie Shoemaker. The richest Canadian-bred race horse in history, with \$261,365 already in the till, Northern Dancer won this month's 14-mile Florida Derby handily enough to wow the chart callers. But if Shoemaker never said it in so many words, he hinted that the 11-mile Kentucky Derby might be more than Northern Dancer could handle. "I like Northern Dancer's gameness, and I think he had a little bit left at the end in Florida," said Willie. "But my instincts tell me that Hill Rise is a better horse."

Offered a choice of Derby mounts (Shoemaker also had an option on The Scoundrel), more than one top jockey has made the mistake of picking a loser. In 1942, Eddie Arcaro chose Devil Diver over Shut Out: Shut Out won at Churchill Downs and Devil Diver finished way up the track. Like every other jockey, Shoemaker has heard that story at least a dozen times, and to test his own judgment, he flew into Lexington last week to ride Hill Rise for the first time in the Forerunner Purse, a Derby tune-up. It was not much of a race: awed by Hill Rise's credentials, so many rival owners scratched their horses that the thoughtful Keeneland Downs management canceled all betting. Otherwise the odds on Hill Rise might have been something like 1-100. At post time, only two colts contested Hill Rise's claim to the \$6,500 purse, and Shoemaker rode him, reported one onlooker, "as if he were the only horse in the race." Hill

Rise spotted the runnerup 15 lbs., still romped to a 4-length victory, and came within 1 1/2 sec. of tying the track record.

Not by a Long Shot. Looking for the third Derby victory of his career, Shoemaker insists: "Hill Rise is the best Derby horse in the country." Northern Dancer's backers like the lengthened odds on their horse. He might be smaller than Hill Rise, and there might be some doubt about his ability to go the 14-mile Derby distance—but he has still won ten out of 13 races, and his new rider, Bill Hartack, is an old hand at winning the Kentucky Derby (three times in the last seven years). Panamanian Jockey Manuel Ycaza, who won the



SHOEMAKER & HILL RISE
There are bound to be ways to lose.

mount on The Scoundrel when Shoemaker begged off, was not about to concede either. And before the week was out, Eastern horsemen were singing the praises of Paul Mellon's Quadrangle, who ran off with the \$75,000 Wood Memorial at Aqueduct.

Besides, as any horseman knows, the best horse does not necessarily win the Kentucky Derby—not by a long shot. The start is a cavalry charge, the tight turns at Churchill Downs are treacherous, and the big field always includes a handful of no-account horses, whose owners can forever brag, "My horse ran in the Derby." They never win, but they clutter up the course. Then, the Derby being the Derby, there are bound to be ways of losing that nobody has thought up yet. Jockey Shoemaker should know. Seven years ago he hit on a dandy himself. Aboard Gallant Man, he had the race all but won in the stretch when he misjudged the finish line, stood up too soon in the stirrups and lost by a nose to Iron Liege.



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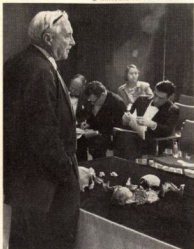
SCIENCE

ANTHROPOLOGY

Pygmy Progenitor?

Among fellow anthropologists, Britain's L.S.B. Leakey is revered—with reservations. Since 1931 he has been excavating the Olduvai Gorge in Tanganyika, which is perhaps the richest known deposit of human and prehuman fossils. The site of Leakey's excavations was once a small lake that gradu-

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Gorgeous gorge.

ally filled and dried up, preserving in stone the bones of many creatures, some of them primates, that lived on its shores. Much later, a river cut a canyon through the lake bed, bringing the bones to light.

Out of this treasure chest came bones of a low-browed creature that Dr. Leakey named *Zinjanthropus* and assigned in 1959 to an honored position in man's direct ancestry. He was sure that *Zinjanthropus* was a toolmaker because crude stone tools were found near his remains. Many anthropologists disagreed with both these conclusions, and now Dr. Leakey has changed his mind. He now believes that *Zinjanthropus* was an Australopithecine, a nonhuman vegetarian of low intelligence and not a toolmaker.

But out of the same and nearby strata came bones of a creature that is much more manlike. His well-formed foot shows that he walked erect. Despite his small brain size, he had a fairly high forehead, not a flat one like that of *Zinjanthropus*. He was probably about 4 ft. tall, but Dr. Leakey thinks that he used tools and weapons. Sometimes he may have killed and eaten his stupid cousin *Zinjanthropus*.

Dr. Leakey wants to call this up-and-coming pygmy *Homo habilis*, or skillful man, and recognize him as a direct ancestor of modern man. He thinks that a prehuman creature called *Kenya-*

pithecus lived in East Africa 12 million years ago and evolved into *Homo habilis* and at least two other different types, notably *Australopithecus erectus*, a near man that includes both Java and Peking man. From *Homo habilis*, Leakey believes, are descended both Neanderthal man (*Homo sapiens neanderthalensis*) and modern man (*Homo sapiens sapiens*). His theory, if correct, would trace man's ancestry back to the Pliocene Age, roughly 1,850,000 years ago and more than 1,000,000 years before Java man, commonly considered modern man's earliest known forebear.

Not many anthropologists accept this genealogy in its entirety. Some of them argue that Dr. Leakey's newfound fossils are examples of prehuman creatures that happen to look fairly manlike. Others agree that they are extremely interesting but maintain that they are too fragmentary to assign a definite place in the primate family tree. Leakey's *Homo habilis* may well become established as an ancestral man—if he is not first demoted to an apeman, as was *Zinjanthropus*.

GEOPHYSICS

The Volcano Doctor

Over the pleasant city of Cartago in Costa Rica towers 11,260-ft. Irazú, the only mountain in the world that has its own cabinet minister and a private retinue of physicians. Irazú has rated such attentions since March 13, 1963, when it started spouting enormous clouds of hot ash and became the country's top menace and tourist attraction (TIME, Jan. 17). Sightseers can park near the lip of the crater and actually stare down into the billowing pit. Usually the prevailing wind blows the ash away from the spectators, but last week Irazú took antitourist action. With a sudden, violent explosion it lashed out at its admirers with a hail of ash and a shower of red-hot rocks that killed two and seriously injured ten.

No one was less surprised by this than Irazú's chief physician, Volcanologist Haroun Tazieff, who was hired by the Costa Rican government to study Irazú and try to predict its tantrums. Fearing exactly the kind of explosion that occurred last week, he urged that tourists be barred from the crater. Now the authorities have closed the tempting road to the summit.

Into the Crater. Dr. Tazieff was born in Warsaw of Russian parents, lives in Paris and is a Belgian citizen. A geologist by training, he got hooked on volcanology in 1948 when he was working in Katanga and got a telegram telling him to investigate an eruption near Lake Kivu. He found Mount Kituro blasting furiously, but descended alone into the crater with only a handkerchief tied over his face. The vol-

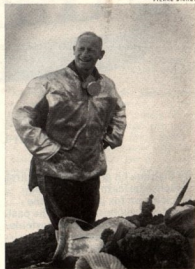
cano stepped up its action, attacking him with poisonous fumes and great gobs of molten lava. He barely managed to struggle out of the crater alive. "I found the phenomenon extremely spectacular," he says, "and also interesting. It attracted me very much."

Tazieff lectures on his esoteric specialty at the University of Brussels, but drops his regular work whenever he gets a chance to confront an active volcano. Protected by fiber-glass armor that can deflect a molten bomb weighing 100 lbs., he carefully stalks into the craters, sometimes close to the roaring throats, and plants seismographs to measure the heartbeat of lava rising deep under the mountain. He samples gases with little glass tubes poked into hot ash, studies the unstable build-up of fresh cinders. So far, Tazieff has escaped without serious injury.

Last month, along with five other Belgian and French volcanologists, Dr. Tazieff made an intimate study of Irazú, which staged several fine explosions for their benefit. There was nothing they could do to cure the eruption, of course, but on their recommendation Minister of the Volcano Jorge Manuel Dengo built an armored observatory on the edge of the crater and equipped it with instruments to report earth tremors that might precede an unusually violent outburst.

Mud Floods. Rain is an even greater threat than an eruption, Tazieff has warned. Only last December the flooded Reventado River pushed thousands of tons of volcanic mud onto the outskirts of Cartago, killing 13 people and wrecking hundreds of homes. Now the danger is worse. A thick layer of unstable ash has accumulated in the area between Cartago and the smoking mountain. With the rainy season approaching, it may turn into a slithering morass and, faster than a man can run,

PIERRE BUCHET



DR. TAZIEFF & PATIENT
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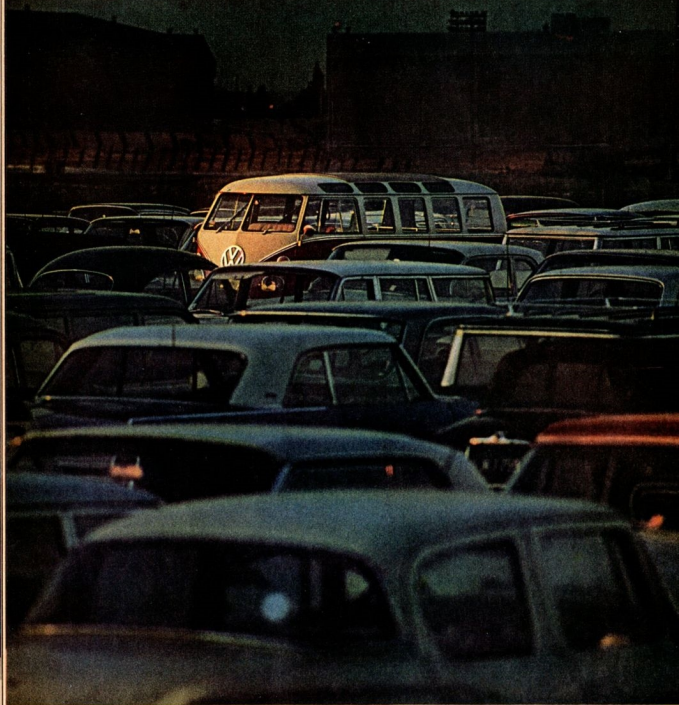
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slide down the valleys, picking up rocks and trees. The first heavy rain to soak Irazú, Tazieff fears, may well start a giant mudslide capable of destroying Cartago.

Last week the threatened city was a scene of worried preparation. At a cost of \$10 million, Volcano Minister Dengo is diverting the course of the Reventado River as it nears Cartago. The upper bed of the river is being cleaned out to reduce the amount of ash that a flood can pick up. Sentries watch for rain on the mountain and report by radio. Plans have been drawn up for the quick evacuation of the city, and the entire population is being immunized against diseases that follow a disaster.

Tazieff has returned to Paris. There is nothing more he can do except wait for news of his patient, the volcano.

ALFRED EISENSTEADT—LIFE



RACHEL CARSON
Spokeswoman for nature.

ECOLOGY

For Many a Spring

To an admiring friend, Rachel Carson, 56, was "a nun of nature, a votary of all outdoors." She also had a rare gift for transmuting scientific fact into lucid, lyrical language. Yet it was only in 1951, after 15 years with the Fish and Wildlife Service—much of the time as editor in chief of its publications—that she published her famous book *The Sea Around Us*. It was written in hypnotic, susurrant prose; it brimmed with intriguing knowledge; and for a book aimed at a popular audience, it was hard to fault scientifically. *The Sea* stayed on the bestseller lists for 86 weeks and won for its author a worldwide reputation as a gentle spokeswoman for nature.

The Sea Around Us brought Rachel Carson fame and fortune but not much happiness. A marine biologist by training, she never married ("because I didn't have time"), lived with her ailing mother and an orphaned grandnephew whom she adopted. After resigning from

her Washington job, she wrote another successful book, *The Edge of the Sea*, and though painfully shy lectured widely. Then, about six years ago, her old friends Stuart and Olga Huckins complained that anti-mosquito spraying had damaged birds in the two-acre nature sanctuary that they maintain near Duxbury, Mass. Thus was born *Silent Spring*.

Who Knows? It was Rachel Carson's last and most controversial book. Published in 1962, it took 4½ years to research and write. Early in this period she knew that she had cancer. During that time she also became passionately convinced that chemicals, in her words, "are the sinister and little-recognized partners of radiation in changing the very nature of the world—the very nature of life." Dramatically, she pictured a time when the sprays, dusts and aerosols used to control insects, fungi and other foes of plant life would "still the song of birds and the leaping of fish in the streams," finally bringing on the silent spring of her title.

To its author, it was more than a book; it became a crusade. And, despite her scientific training, she rejected facts that weakened her case, while using almost any material, regardless of authenticity, that seemed to support her thesis. Her critics, who included many eminent scientists, objected that the book's exaggerations and emotional tone played on the vague fears of city dwellers, the bulk of the U.S. population, who have little contact with uncontrolled nature and do not know how unpleasantly hostile it generally is. Many passages mentioned cancer, whose cause is still mysterious. Who knows? suggested the book. Could one cause of the disease be pesticides?

Cool Consideration. Nonetheless, *Silent Spring* was a runaway bestseller and an extremely effective polemic that stirred fierce argument, from village councils to the halls of Congress. Laws were proposed on local, state and federal levels to put rigid restrictions on the use of pesticides. Some of them were so sweeping that if they had been passed and enforced, they might very well have caused serious harm. In advanced modern societies, agriculture and public health can no longer manage without chemical pesticides.

In spite of clamorous pressure, Congress has not acted so far. Rachel Carson's poignant death last week at her home in Silver Spring, Md., after years of suffering, came at a time when the whole problem was under cool consideration. It seems likely now that any law which may finally be passed to regulate pesticides—some of which are really dangerous—will be reasonable and constructive. For her luminous life of *The Sea*, and for her part in wakening her countrymen to the possible perils from pesticides and other chemicals, Rachel Carson may be remembered for many a spring after the passions she aroused have subsided.

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MODERN LIVING

SOCIETY

The Late Late Show

"Some Harvard gymnasts had been doing stunts," said Sophomore Eaton Brooks of the University of North Carolina, nervously fingering his smartly striped tie. "The gentleman from Harvard who was on the other gentleman's shoulders was swinging the chandelier back and forth. I was up on the mantelpiece, watching people crawl on the rafters. One of the other boys up there swung to the floor on the chandelier, and about ten minutes later I guess I wanted to be a gymnast, too." That was when the chandelier collapsed and dumped Tarzan Brooks on the floor.

Suffolk County Court House at Riverhead, Long Island, was hearing a repeat of one of society's best late late shows: the house-wrecking escapade of some 65 young bloods after the Southampton coming-out party of Philadelphia Debutante Fernanda Wanamaker Wetherill (TIME, Sept. 13). Seven combat veterans of the after-party brawl were hailed to court on charges of "malicious mischief" in causing \$6,000 worth of damage to a beach house Fernanda's stepfather Donald Leas had rented to put up a bunch of the boys for the weekend.

All seven were released because of legal technicalities and insufficient evidence—such as lack of proof that the chandelier had been damaged "consciously and deliberately with a wrongful intent." In the process of clearing themselves the natty young witnesses added some filigrees and footnotes.

► Stepfather Donald Leas Jr., a "reluctant" prosecution witness, quoted Defendant Granville Toogood, 21, of Philadelphia, as explaining: "I was dancing on a table when someone body-checked me and I went through the French doors. That's all the damage I did."



DONALD LEAS & FERNANDA
Crawling on the rafters, anyone?

► Stepdaughter Fernanda remembered seeing about five boys on the mantelpiece. Some were dancing, and some were playing "yacht" with a ship's steering wheel on the wall. Everybody thought this was "very funny."

► Witness James Curtis III of Glen Head, L.I., explained why he had not slept at the house: "I passed out."

► When Curtis came to a couple of hours later, he said he saw Defendant Samuel Shipley III, of Philadelphia, on the beach "taking his date home." The prosecutor asked what Shipley was doing. "Sam was crawling across the sand," said Curtis, "and he was being called Lawrence of Arabia."

Debutante Fernanda, in a fresh Nassau tan, a blue dress and a double strand of pearls, told reporters afterward that she had something more important to think about: the offer of a four-year

movie contract from Producer Kevin McClory, beginning with the next James Bond thriller. "Frankly," confessed Fernanda, "I'm still toying with the idea. I guess a lot of girls would be excited. But at this point, I'm really not." She hadn't been very excited about her old job, either. "I never really had any enthusiasm for deb parties. I really didn't get any pleasure out of them at all."

Chandelier-swinging Eaton Brooks said that he was "not ashamed of what I did," went on to explain. "We had been drinking for two straight days, with no sleep and a liquid diet. We weren't the same people we are today. I agree that someone has a moral obligation about this damage, but I don't know who is responsible for the atmosphere that caused what happened at the party."

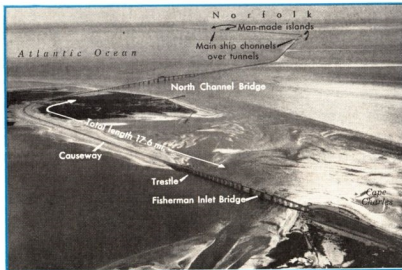
TRAVEL

Bridge of Size

Paul Bunyan, who used a pine tree for a comb and once hitched his blue ox, Babe, to the foot of a river and hauled it into an adjoining prairie, would have been proud to claim credit for the Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel.

Chesapeake Bay is one of the world's great waterways. In effect, it is one huge harbor. Within its sheltered waters, Baltimore grew into a major port, and the U.S. Navy as early as 1917 picked Norfolk as its chief East Coast base. But its mouth, from Cape Charles on the north to Cape Henry on the south, is 13 miles across, and until a few years ago it did not occur to anyone that it could be bridged. Getting from one side to the other meant a 14-hour ferry ride or a roundabout inland route of some 100 miles.

This did not seem to matter so much until 1953, when the Pennsylvania Railroad decided to abandon its freight and commuter ferry across the bay as too expensive and too slow. The whole Delmarva Peninsula took fright. So did the



Virginia legislature, which appointed a committee to study the problem. Norfolk, which was in the midst of an effort to transform itself into something better than a sleazy shore-leave resort for 70,000 sailors, gave the project enthusiastic support. It took time. But by 1960, the bridge commission, headed by Eastern Shore Businessman Lucius Kellam, had floated a \$200 million bond issue, and construction began.

A Safe Boost. Where the water is shallow, the engineers built some twelve miles of trestle. Over two minor channels they flung bridges. But the Navy would not accept bridges over the major ship channels, on the reasonable military grounds that they might be bombed in case of war and block the channels. To meet this objection the authority came up with a unique solution. They would build tunnels instead. But tunnels have to start from dry land. So the authority built four islands on either side of the major channels.

When the bridge-tunnel opened last week, its creators could safely boast that it was a wonder of the world. Its 17.6 miles made it the longest bridge-tunnel in the world, and, considering the time it saved, the \$4 charge for car and driver seemed reasonable.

Residents of Virginia's Eastern Shore had mixed feelings. For Kellam and the development-minded, it promised new vitality and customers. But many mourned the loss of the Peninsula's relative isolation, which has made it a cherished corner of quiet. One gloomily predicted that the whole center of the peninsula was doomed to turn into a "one-street city, 70 miles long, a filling station, restaurant, antique shop and real estate office on every block."

New Hub. For Norfolk, the bridge-tunnel is only a spectacular addition to its redevelopment program, which will be complete in another five years. Already the results are impressive. More than 181 acres of slums, amounting to roughly 85% of Norfolk's whole downtown area, have been knocked down and replaced with some \$42 million worth of new buildings. Last week plans for a \$100 million medical center were announced. A grassed and tree-lined pedestrian mall has replaced Main Street. The world's largest coal-loading dock has been built by the Norfolk and Western Railroad, and savings and loan assets have quadrupled in the past ten years. Population has doubled since the war. And with the bridge, the city will finally be converted from a port stuck out at the far end of nowhere (few driving the New York-Miami trail attempted the extra 79 miles for Norfolk) into a communications hub.

With 2,500,000 vehicles using the new bridge-tunnel every year, booming Norfolk sees only progress ahead. "The sheer beauty," crooned the local Virginian-Pilot, "is a shining demonstration of the theme that form follows function, undulating up and down as with the waves of the bay it traverses."

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DEDICATION OF THE MET'S NEW COURTYARD
A marble bestiary of basilisks and griffins.

ART

Peripatetic Patio

At the dawn of the Spanish Renaissance, an elaborately carved and colonnaded patio was the pet and pride of Don Pedro Fajardo, first Marquis of Vélez and fifth governor of the Kingdom of Murcia. At the turn of the 20th century, the patio became the proud possession of Financial Baron George Blumenthal, onetime president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. When his Park Avenue mansion was razed in 1945, the 2,000 numbered marble blocks of the patio were tucked away in the Met's attic. Last week its pearly façades were dedicated as part of the museum's vast expansion.

When such finishing touches as a red marble floor are installed, the two-story interior patio will open to the public this fall, serving as a skylit forecourt to the new Thomas J. Watson art library and a gateway to the Renaissance galleries. To enhance the outdoorsy effect, Met Director James Rorimer promises that the thermostats will be set a few degrees below the rest of the museum's.

When the Marquis of Vélez, a man of magnificence, brought in a handful of Italian stonemasons to work on his patio, he was bringing the Renaissance to the feudal, long-Moorish plains of Andalusia. He was only 28 when he ordered the work begun in 1506, but the marquis was a Latin scholar and an eager follower of Columbus' early voyages to the "Western antipodes." His patronage made the patio a triumph of transition from darkness to light.

Though the patio has Gothic gargoyles and segmented arches typically Spanish, there is an overall order and

clarity that reaches back to Greco-Roman architecture. Even the marble ornamentation bespeaks the Renaissance virtues of knowledge and diversity. Military trophies, helmets and maces share the stone with musical instruments; there is a sculptural bestiary of basilisks and griffins, scrolled foliage and fruits. Proudly, the young grandee could not resist a final fillip: carved in the marble is a continuous frieze in Latin which proclaims that he "erected this castle as the castle of his title."

Making Cheerful Symmetry

George Ortman spent five years making a chess set. He took time because he wanted the playing pieces to be symbols of themselves. The bishop was simple to design—a cross. The rook was square for solidity; the king was a diamond for a regal quality; the queen was a circle for femininity; the pawns were arrows for their singleness of direction. Ortman gave the knight the shape of a heart, for "it is impulsive and moves erratically."

Chess is an orderly, symbolic game, as Ortman, 37, is a man who makes orderly, symbolic art. "I grew up amid action painters," he explains, "and my reaction to all that is symmetry—order in a very strange world." Now teaching a course at New York University and co-director of the School of Visual Arts, he has a chance to preach what he practices. "People are no longer interested in what Mr. Green says to Mr. Red," says he of abstract expressionism, so he began making constructions that, at their onset, look like Playskool peg toys (see *opposite page*). Like Matisse, his favorite artist of the past 50 years,

Ortman cares for the brilliance of color set like flowers in a formal garden.

Breaking Down Gauguin. With jigsaw-puzzle patience, he paints, stretches, and inserts separate canvases within larger paintings, such as his *Dyce Head*, which goes on view next week in Manhattan's Howard Wise Gallery. Slight variations in the insert's edges lend solidity and weight to the overall emblematic energy of his image. Ortman intends the circles, squares and triangles as external symbols; the results are bright shields of canvas, heraldry for a modern machine age.

Though his constructions have had the brittle, balanced look of a Buck Rogers chessboard, recently Ortman has been going backward. He builds painting around a detailed formal analysis of past masters. He has broken down Gauguin's triptych *Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?*, Matisse's *Piano Lesson*, Botticelli's *Allegory of Spring*. Says he: "I try to find the actual construction of the painting with geometrical symbols. My subject matter is paint. Someone told me that art comes from art; I took it literally."

Avoiding Pedagogy. Botticelli, like a good Old Master, built his works up painstakingly from "cartoons," or planned-out sketches, of his subjects. Often the structure is artfully veiled. In what is graceful enough to avoid pedagogy, Ortman pierces Botticelli's elegant illusion. He analyzes the exacting geometry which the Renaissance artist imposed on his curvy allegory of the feverish season of love, spotlighting by colored panels the gestures that narrate the painting. As on the chessboard, where the rational, 64-square battlefield ground can scarcely contain the emotional knight, Ortman does not let the truth of his analysis overwhelm beauty.



ORTMAN & CHESSBOARD
Heraldry for the machine age.

GEORGE ORTMAN'S ANALYTICAL ART



"DYCE HEAD" is pure abstraction—but it might be a diagram

of composition for representational painting, such as that below.

HOWARD WISE GALLERY



"SEASON" applies constructivist analysis to Botticelli's *Allegory of Spring*. Windows open onto greenery and flesh

tones, giving glimpses of colorful illusion upon which rests a plane geometrical reality of pyramids and right angles.

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CLOWN IN "PARABLE"
Good Friday, but no Easter morn.

PROTESTANTS

Christ in Grease Paint

The problem of making an impression on the message-saturated egos of World's Fair visitors has turned Flushing Meadow into an outpost of Madison Avenue. Like many other exhibitors, the Protestant Council of the City of New York wanted something that would really attract attention to its \$3,000,000 pavilion with its theme: "Jesus Christ, the Light of the World." Its choice, a 22-minute film called *Parable*, may get the council more attention than it bargained for.

Parable is basically an art film that got religion. All in pantomime, it opens with a gaudy circus parade moving through a wooded countryside. "Into this great Circus of Life," intones a narrator, "came a man who dared to be different." Bringing up the rear is a figure, all white-on-white from flowing robes to chalky Marcel Marceau make-up. He is riding on a donkey.

Harness for Three. Symbolism soon begins to snowball: the mime helps a weary roustabout water his elephants, sits in for a Negro in an "African Dip" show while a wicked white man throws baseballs at him, rescues a pretty girl from an evil magician. He and his followers (the elephant man, the Negro, the girl) break up the act of Magnus and his Living Marionettes by entering the tent to brush the shoes of all the children in the audience. The Living Marionettes are hauled down from their harnesses; Magnus is furious.

Then the white-garbed clown gets into a harness himself, and, as he is hoisted aloft, the magician stabs him, the racist throws baseballs at him, and he is beaten by an irate sideshow barker. The cries of his death agony shatter the sound track. In a silence that follows, three empty harnesses dangle

from their ropes, and the remorseful Magnus goes to put white makeup on his face. In the final scene an all-white figure is riding the donkey as the circus moves on. Is it the clown—or the puppeteer—or Everyman—or Christ?

The Rev. Dan M. Potter, executive director of the sponsoring Protestant Council, says: "It is not Christ who is being depicted at all. Everyone must make up his own mind about it after he has seen it." Disagreeing with Potter's denial is the Rev. Charles H. Graf, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. "It is the betrayal in the garden, the awful death on the scaffold, Good Friday all the way, but no Easter morn. It is adult but not entertainment; it is a circus but not for children."

Question of Taste. Discontent has dogged the project ever since the film—scripted by Rolf Forsberg, who is, of



PADRE PIO



PIRGIMS IN THE PIAZZA
Stigmata, but was it grace?

all things, a practicing Buddhist—was started. Two members of the pavilion's steering committee resigned in protest over the "sacrilegious and improper" portrayal. Last week Fair President Robert Moses, whose eye seems to be on every sparrow of impropriety, asked that the film be withdrawn, saying that he and his staff have grave doubts about the "good taste and validity of the film presenting Jesus as a clown."

Shrugs Potter: "If there is a strong negative response to it at the fair, we will cancel it and show something else."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

A Padre's Patience

In Italy, as in other Mediterranean countries, the sacred and the profane exist side by side. There is nothing like a good shrine, for example, to attract a raggle-taggle of sausage vendors, postcard hawkers, fortune tellers, pickpockets, shooting-gallery barkers and common gyp artists—all waiting to peel the pilgrims of their lire. And if the shrine honors a particularly popular saint, the traffic in counterfeit relics is brisk.

Such was the situation in the mountain town of San Giovanni Rotondo, not far from Foggia in southeastern Italy. Here was a shrine to a saint who was not only popular but who provided the extra added attraction of being alive as well. Padre Pio was not officially a saint; to qualify for sainthood, one must be dead and have been responsible for at least four unchallenged miracles. But one day in 1918, the Capuchin friar looked at his hands and what he saw terrified him so that he fainted; the frightened monks who came to help crossed themselves and called a doctor. The credulous who saw the blood flowing from Padre Pio's hands, feet and side cried, "It is the stigmata!" And the monk's fame began to spread.

Shrewish Daughters. The church was officially skeptical. Not until 1933 was the Vatican satisfied that the wounds

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were not self-inflicted and were truly of mysterious origin.

Pilgrims arrived every day by the hundreds. Hotels sprang up. A hospital, Casa Sollievo della Sofferenza, was built with the help of \$400,000 raised by New York's Mayor Fiorello La Guardia. In the piazza outside the church where Padre Pio said Mass and heard confessions, hand-painted tiles bearing the padre's bearded face and other tasteless souvenirs were on sale.

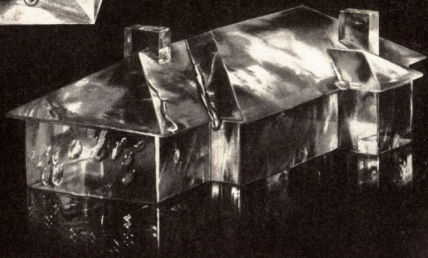
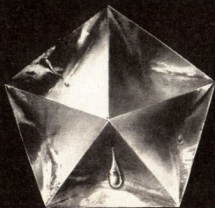
At the church, the goings on were even more tasteless. When the doors were opened at 4:45 a.m., there was a stampede of pilgrims—three-fourths of them women—for the choice pews. These, however, had been chained and locked off by a group known as the Spiritual Daughters of Padre Pio—a shrewish ladies' auxiliary made up of the wives and relatives of local big shots who defended their squatters' rights.

Bubbling Scandal. Donations continued to pour in from all over the world. The monastery prospered astonishingly, to the envy of other Capuchins. Padre Pio, who had been relieved of his vow of poverty in 1957 by Pope Pius XII in order to supervise the donations and administer their good works, became known as "the richest monk in the world." In fact, he declared truthfully, "the money does not belong to me; it belongs to the charities for which it was intended." But jealousy—and, by this time, scandal—began to bubble.

It is said that when money talks even the angels listen. In Rome rumors of thefts, mismanagement and waste began to filter into the Vatican. In 1960, Girolamo Bortignon, Capuchin Bishop of Padua, began to complain to powerful friends in the Holy See that the activities in San Giovanni Rotondo would bear an investigation. Pope John sent an emissary, Msgr. Carlo Maccheri, to the busy shrine with directions to set things in order. Maccari saw plenty that needed to be set in order. He saw the dread Spiritual Daughters squabbling over a cushion on which the padre had knelt, finally tearing it to bits. He saw other women following the padre about, armed with scissors to snip off pieces of his cassock. When he discovered that bandages dipped in chicken blood were being sold as having come from Padre Pio's wounds, he declared, "This is superstition, not faith," and returned to Rome.

For a Cleanup. A few days later, on the 50th anniversary of Padre Pio's ordination, congratulations came from all over the world, including a warm message from the Archbishop of Milan, Giovanni Battista Montini, a longtime friend. But from the Vatican came not a word. Instead, Maccari returned for a cleanup. Result: the trinket vendors drifted away, and the Spiritual Daughters were shorn of their powers. There were cries of "inquisitor," but Maccari had his way. Padre Pio was put under guard, and he soon found himself virtual prisoner in his own convent; his

Who was picked to air condition the World's Fair House?



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Rockwell Report



by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

TODAY PRACTICALLY everyone in business is "Research Minded"; the whole subject has become very fashionable and has surrounded itself with a great deal of glamour.

There is much good in this, of course, because it is through research that individual companies, and our entire standard of living, can keep progressing. But there is also danger in it, if Research—with a capital R—is in and of itself regarded as a kind of magical insurance policy for the future.

It is not enough for management to believe in research, allocate funds for it, and then wait hopefully for results. Management must also actively manage research or it can become a very unproductive business tool.

For there can be too much research, as well as too little, for a company's own good. And there can be research in the wrong direction, or in too many directions, without a realistic chance of achieving desired goals. There can be research ill-balanced as between short term, medium term, and long term projects so the pay-off is too small, or too long delayed, for practical benefits.

There can be research in a bad research "climate," with creative thinking either stymied by too many restrictions or dissipated by lack of realistic objectives. There can be unduly impatient research, so that when only one project out of twenty is commercially successful (a not uncommon ratio) there is destructive discouragement.

Keeping the right kind and amount of research going in the right direction at the right pace is not a simple job. It is one of difficult, delicate balances and complicated questions to which there are no easy answers. It requires a great deal of work and study, and probably always will.

But it is, we believe, one of management's most important responsibilities to its shareholders, its employees—and its customers.

Maintaining the pace of new product development, our Power Tool Division announced a number of new Rockwell power tools this month: two new Delta wood lathes for precision service in wood turning, metal spinning, sanding, grinding, buffing and polishing; two new Porter-Cable electric hammer drills that combine rotary drilling and impact action to speed up masonry work; a Porter-Cable orbital finishing sander for woodworking shops; a new Delta ten-inch portable radial saw for contractor use that includes a number of new safety features.

One of the fundamentals of successful salesmanship is belief in one's product. Take the case of a Rockwell valve salesman we heard about recently. Calling upon a food processor, the salesman was earnestly relating the advantages of the Rockwell-Nordstrom lubricated plug valve, mentioning that a new sealant (about the color and texture of shortening) was safe for use in food processing. "Prove it," said the customer, whereupon the salesman, true to his calling, bit off a chunk and ate it. He got the order.

Since the adequate metering of water still has a long way to go in the U. S., there is some little irony in a recent order for 90,000 of our Rockwell SR water meters from the city of Lima, Peru. It is believed to be the largest single order for water meters ever placed with an American company, yet they will be installed outside this country. The city's expressed reasons for selecting these SR meters merely prove once again that the language of the buyer is truly international: they liked the meters for their simplified design and low maintenance.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

mail was opened and read; he was forbidden to celebrate Easter Mass in 1961 and to perform weddings or baptisms.

Stoically, Padre Pio went about his work, saying "I am patient, I will wait." He did not have much longer: on June 3, 1963, Pope John died. When a new Pope was elected, he was Padre Pio's old friend, Montini—Paul VI.

Life changed swiftly for the padre. Many of the men who had made things so difficult for him were consigned to the ecclesiastical boondocks; MacCarthy himself has been sent to an obscure parish in the Piemonte. Padre Pio once more hears confession without fear, is available to everyone. Once again, the tide of pilgrims has begun to swell. Would the crooks also resume their sordid trade? Padre Pio could not say.

At 76, he looks happier than he has in years, restoring the faith of his followers in the legend that he will live to be 99. Last week, looking back on the years of his disfavor, the frail friar, whose still-bleeding hands are hidden in red knit mittens, said: "The wretchedness of men equals the mercy of God."

ECUMENISM

The Glimmering Dream

At San Francisco's Grace Cathedral four years ago, the Rev. Eugene Carson Blake formally proposed that his United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. join the Episcopalians, Methodists and the United Church of Christ to form one great new Protestant denomination of more than 20 million members. Last week Dr. Blake's ecumenical dream proved to be just as far away as ever. At the third annual Consultation on Church Union at Princeton, delegates from the six participating churches* discovered that there was enough agreement on such theological issues as the nature of baptism and Holy Communion for the talks to proceed. Then they stumbled over another crucial theological point—and over a matter of personal piety.

The obstacles were raised by the Methodists, who are the largest of the six groups involved and have been most wary of merger. They voiced misgivings that other churches did not share their views on total alcoholic abstinence. And on the crucial question of the ministry, the Methodists declared themselves strongly opposed to the Episcopal doctrine of the apostolic succession of bishops, as well as to the United Church's and the Disciples' belief in the autonomy of local congregations. Because such differences remain, the Methodist delegates decided not to ask their church's quadrennial General Conference this month for authority to help draft a formal plan of union. With that, the Episcopalians also decided that they would like to think things over too.

* See Blake's historic speech, the Disciples of Christ and the Evangelical United Brethren have joined the merger talks.

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Threshold of What?

Woodrow Wilson Sayre, 45, a ruggedly handsome fellow with boyish charm, is President Wilson's grandson as well as a mountain climber, best-selling author (*Four Against Everest*), playwright, pianist, amateur architect, and onetime Democratic congressional candidate from California. He is also a hero to his philosophy students at Tufts University in Medford, Mass. Sayre, in fact, is just about everything except a scholar who can measure his monographs by the pound, and for that reason he was fighting for his job last week.

Sayre, an assistant professor, has been at Tufts since 1957. Last October, in a letter from a dean, he got word that his contract would not be renewed

more than five times—is in the race for top scholars who can attract millions in federal or foundation research grants, thus increasing the fund of knowledge while managing to keep themselves and the campus affluent, happy and famous. Wessel insists that he will not sacrifice good teaching to good research but will keep on seeking that rare academic bird known as the "teacher-scholar." But the uproar over Sayre recalls a stern warning from the American Council on Education to schools of all sizes: "Pious statements about the importance of teaching will be viewed increasingly with a cynical and jaundiced eye by faculty members who know the facts of life."

The Pressure. The facts of life at the great universities, says California's Clark Kerr, who runs one, are that



SAYRE



TUFTS STUDENTS PICKETING

Sacrificing students on the altar of research?



WESSEL

after it expires in June. "We are satisfied that you have been effective in the classroom," said the note, but "we are frankly disappointed that the promise of scholarly contribution has not materialized." Last week Tufts's trustees voted to give Sayre a hearing. But this seemed a formality; his chances of staying seemed slim.

The Thicket. Sayre's case, at first glance, appears to be clear proof of the academic injunction: "Publish or perish." Actually, it sharpens a whole batch of thorny issues that are becoming increasingly worrisome to students, professors and administrators trying to pick their way through the thickets of academe. The problem is especially acute at Tufts and other schools trying hard to make the academic big time, such as Emory, Western Reserve, Rochester and Tulane. Says the ambitious, respected president of Tufts, Nils Y. Wessel, "We are a threshold university."

To cross the threshold, Tufts—where in a decade endowment has more than doubled and plant value multiplied

"undergraduate students are restless, and parents think their children are being sacrificed on the altar of research." To some extent, they are. Private and Government research grants have speeded the output of badly needed Ph.D.s, but in the process, undergraduate teaching has been sadly neglected.

Since prestige, especially in the sciences, is most easily measured by the rate of a professor's publication, the number of Government panels he has served on, and the number of trips abroad he has made as a consultant to a struggling new nation, the topnotch professor whose reputation lured the student to the university campus in the first place is rarely there to teach him. Says a Stanford scholar in the sciences, who considers himself lucky to be teaching only three hours a week: "It's not only how many papers you publish, but how many dollars in contracts you can bring in."

There is a more relaxed atmosphere in the liberal arts college, but even

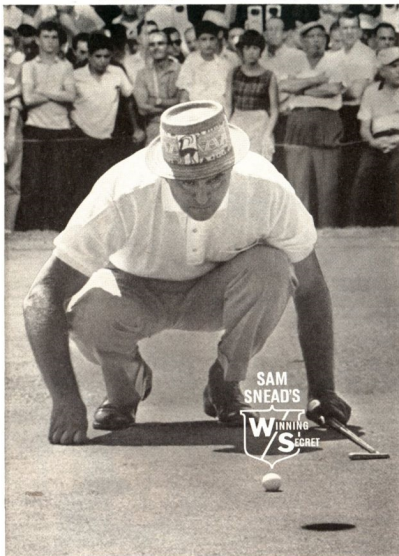


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there danger threatens. "The lure of dollars for scholarly research is a strong enticement, to say the least," Dean David Truman of Columbia College said last week. "Only the best-established liberal arts college can withstand such pressures, and it remains to be seen whether they can do so much longer."

Hope at Harvard. Perhaps the most promising experiment in trying to lower the pressure is currently under way at Harvard, where it is quite possible to both publish and perish. Of 180 assistant professors and instructors in the faculty of arts and sciences only about 20% will get tenure. Hoping to breed more of those uncommon Siamese twins who join eminent scholarship with inspiring teaching, Harvard's history, government and economic departments are offering fellowships that balance teaching duties with research opportunities.

Given today's bigger teaching loads and finely honed specialization of knowledge, it will be quite a feat to preserve the balance when the fellowship expires. For embattled teachers like Woody Sayre and for his faithful students, Stanford Historian David Potter probably has the best answer: "Take a look at the available small colleges."

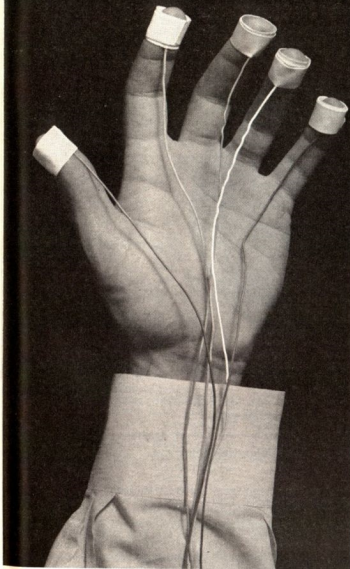
How to Get into Princeton

Out of a record number of 4,908 applications, Princeton University last week accepted only 1,165. Among the outstanding students who got in was Joseph David Oznot, son of a wealthy private detective from East Lansing, Mich. Oznot had been first in his class, a concert pianist, on the varsity lacrosse team. Even though he worked summers as a clerk, he found time to study calculus and Virgil. Director of Admissions E. Alden Dunham was looking forward to meeting the unusually gifted student, but last week he got word that he couldn't. Reason: Oznot (rhymes with was not) is not.

Oznot was invented last October by four Princeton sophomores just for fun. They got a Princeton application form, sent it to a confederate at Michigan State University who forwarded a bogus transcript of Oznot's high school record, along with glowing recommendations from teachers. When it came time to take the college entrance boards, two members of the Princeton quartet signed in as Oznot, scored in the high 700s (top: 800). When Oznot had to appear for a personal interview, the Princetonians induced a friend from Columbia University to pose. He showed up with a copy of Virgil under one arm, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED under the other, and made a great impression.

"From then on," said one of the conspirators, "we were pretty sure we had it made." "A magnificent hoax," laughed Admissions Director Dunham. Flushed with success, the four are looking forward to next year. "We'd like to get Joe's girl friend into Vassar," a spokesman said.

FROM LOCKHEED RESEARCH



A new way to talk, a new way to see

Is it possible to communicate — instantly, accurately, unfailingly — with a man who is distracted or deafened by noise and unlikely or unable to see? Two Lockheed-Georgia scientists, in a company-sponsored "research for a purpose" project, recently found a way. *Cutaneous communication* is its scientific name, but they've nicknamed it "tickle-talk." By taping electrodes to the fingertips of one hand, they can transmit a simple code based on tingling sensations of three intensities and different finger combinations. Amazingly, volunteers learn in just 12 hours to receive this code at a rate 60

percent faster than the Morse code "expert" attains in six months! This new system should, for example, be useful for "talking" to men at work near jet engines or drop hammers.

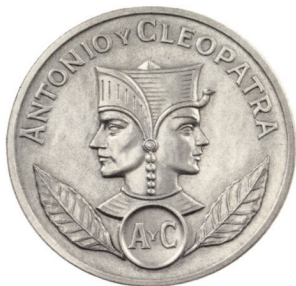
How can the ear be made a substitute for the eye? The blindfolded scientist in the photo above is demonstrating the technique developed in acoustics research at Lockheed-California Company. He is using the radar-type "dish" behind him to sweep high-frequency sound sig-

nals back and forth across this echo-free chamber, whose walls absorb all sound except the signals that strike the target and bounce back to him. He can detect cylinders the diameter of water pipe (foreground) or fence wire — and tell them apart. Lockheed's new technique may lead to advanced submarine-detection sonar, and eventually to a flashlight-size magic wand for the blind.

Typical examples of the research afoot throughout Lockheed. Both demonstrate the unique ability of America's great aerospace companies to find practical uses for new discoveries in basic research.

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ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA

THE CIGAR THAT NEVER LASTS LONG ENOUGH

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

STATE OF BUSINESS

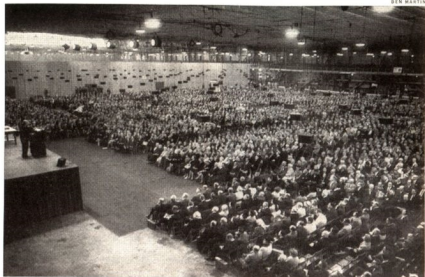
Hail to the Chiefs

Every chief executive takes pleasure in delivering good news to his stockholders—and the opportunity has rarely been better. Last week, in the largest concentration of the year, more than 100 U.S. companies held their annual meetings. The reports were overwhelmingly bullish, and many corporate chiefs echoed the forecast of Du Pont Chairman Lamont du Pont Copeland: "Our sales for 1964 will reach a record."

"Strong Markets." In Washington, another chief executive watched all this and happily brought forth some statistics of his own. Looking like a prosperous chairman of the board, Lyndon Johnson began his first formal TV press conference by announcing that the gross national product had scored its highest year-to-year gain in two years, rising \$8.5 billion during the first quarter to an annual rate of \$608.5 billion. Progress was being made in cutting back unemployment, and labor had gained more than 4,000,000 jobs since early 1961. Johnson did not mention it, but the Federal Reserve just the day before had reported that industrial production in March set a record for the fifth straight month, rose from 127.7 to 128.2 for the sharpest gain since October.

The President tempered his good news with a warning to businessmen not to begin a new round of inflation. "With strong markets, with steady costs, with lower taxes, American business does not need higher price levels to assure continued growth and profits." Later in the week, he suggested that businessmen might even cut prices in some fields, "to give us," as he put it, "the best mousetrap at the lowest price." Chief Economic Adviser Walter Heller repeated the President's warning against price rises, urged labor leaders to avoid asking for excessive wage demands if they "do not want the blame for restarting a wage-price spiral." He also repeated his prediction that G.N.P. will hit \$623 billion for all 1964, adding that most economists are "at least this optimistic."

Quickened Demand. So are the businessmen, even though a couple of other economic indicators—housing starts and orders for durable goods—have been declining. At the week's biggest annual meeting, where 4,411 of American Telephone and Telegraph's 2,350,000 shareholders met in a chilly Bronx armory, Chairman Frederick R. Kappel announced that A.T. & T. had installed 750,000 telephones in the first quarter and is experiencing a "quickened" demand. Kappel had better reason than most to be enjoying the business climate. To raise \$1.2 billion of the \$3.3 billion that it will spend this year



KAPPEL ADDRESSING A.T. & T. ANNUAL MEETING
Also, good news from the top man in Washington.

to grow and modernize—an alltime high for any company—A.T. & T. recently gave its investors a chance to buy an additional 12,241,000 shares, at the same time increasing the yearly dividend on the present shares from \$3.60 to \$4 and declaring a two-for-one split effective in June. Stockholders responded with a remarkable show of faith in a company that speaks for so much of the U.S. economy. Three out of five of them bought the extra shares that they were entitled to, Kappel said, and the greatest offering in U.S. business history was almost fully sold out.

EXPORTS

The Yankee Salesmen

While the economy is forging ahead at home, businessmen are again proving that the U.S. is a vigorous nation of Yankee traders. Exports are selling so well that Administration experts expect them to increase by \$2 billion to a record \$24 billion this year.

U.S. office accounting machines and computers are selling well in most of the world, particularly in Japan. A worldwide building boom is pushing up sales of earth-moving equipment; Caterpillar Tractor's first-quarter exports are up 17%. Because of increased mining activity, mainly in Canada, South America and Africa, export sales of the Denver Equipment Co., one of the leading U.S. makers of mining equipment, rose 45% in the first quarter above their year-ago level. The recent sale of 29 Boeing 727 medium-range jetliners to foreign airlines has reversed a three-year decline in U.S. aircraft exports, and the efficient U.S. coal industry still

undersells European coal right in Europe. Though most of the U.S. exports are sought because they are clearly superior in performance, an increasing amount is sold because much of the rest of the world can now afford U.S. luxuries; Iowa's Amana Refrigeration Co. reported a 50% first-quarter export gain, chiefly on the sales abroad of its air conditioners.

The Government has helped U.S. businessmen win more sales abroad by setting up exhibition centers for U.S. products, ordering its commercial attachés to help U.S. firms find customers, and offering export insurance that takes much of the risk out of doing business with foreign customers. The expansion of U.S. banks abroad has also aided American companies overseas. Widespread inflation—which raises the price of foreign goods and makes U.S. products relatively less expensive—is helping sell more U.S. goods abroad. Because of Europe's inflation and labor shortage, many U.S. companies with European subsidiaries are hiking their exports of goods from stateside plants.

Since foreign imports to the U.S. remained steady while U.S. exports rose, the U.S. piled up a trade surplus in the three months that ended in February at an annual rate of \$7 billion. This lopsided situation is unlikely to last indefinitely. A rise in prices in the U.S. could counteract any advantage U.S. goods now have abroad, and continued American prosperity is certain to attract more imports. But the trade pattern of the early months of 1964 arouses hope that the U.S. is on the way to solving its balance-of-payments problem.



NORTON SIMON
Too safe is not safe at all.

CORPORATIONS

Hunt for the Best

Los Angeles Entrepreneur Norton Simon, a self-made millionaire, has few rivals among U.S. businessmen in the variety of his financial interests. They spread from his \$400 million-a-year Hunt Foods & Industries through steel, salad oil, matches, paint and publishing. Yet Simon seldom stops in his search for new horizons, and last week he moved deftly in two widely different directions.

Wall Street learned that Simon has picked up 20% of the stock in Manhattan-based Canada Dry Corp., the biggest U.S. maker of ginger ale and soda water and the third largest maker of soft drinks (after Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola). At the same time, Simon bought 95,000 more shares of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theaters, raising his total to 205,000 of the company's 4,600,000 widely owned shares. Most or all of these 205,000 shares are owned by the Simon-controlled McCall Corp., publisher of McCall's, Redbook and other magazines.

Great Name. The \$16 million purchase of Canada Dry stock followed Simon's typical pattern for takeover of a company (TIME, Aug. 23). He bought the stock through his Hunt Foods, which, in addition to controlling McCall Corp., owns Wesson Oil, Ohio Match, Fuller Paint and a 7% share of Wheeling Steel. Canada Dry is just the kind of company that Simon thinks can benefit from his brand of management, which is devoted to a constant search for change and improvement. "Canada Dry has a great name and a strong brand position," he says, "but earnings are modest."

A small shareholder in Canada Dry since 1960, Simon became interested in getting Hunt into the company when he noticed that Canada Dry's growth

had failed to match Coke's or Pepsi's: on sales of \$103 million in the last nine months of 1963, it earned only \$3,600,000—less than half the percentage of profits from sales that its bigger rivals have become accustomed to. Last year, and early this year, Simon had Hunt Foods quietly buy up 8% of Canada Dry's stock, then asked the company's managers—who collectively own 2% of the shares—for a voice on the board. In an unusual step, he proposed that the directors nominate five university presidents and that he choose one of them as a Canada Dry director. They refused to accept Hunt's plan.

Even though Hunt has greatly increased its investment lately, Canada Dry President Roy W. Moore Jr. still says flatly that he does not want Simon as a director or merger partner. Over at A.B.-Paramount, which this week will announce a 20% rise in first-quarter earnings, President Leonard Goldenson also readied for possible battle with Simon by increasing his own holdings in the company from 56,443 to 70,000 shares. Simon may try to win at least one directorship at next month's annual meeting, says ominously that "we have friends with still more stock in the company" beyond his own holdings.

Grand Plan? Simon maintains that he is willing to fight if necessary for what he wants. What does he want? A notable collector of paintings and sculpture, he has a passion for artistic order. But he dismisses speculation that he hopes to build an integrated empire that would produce a big basketful of food and drink, pack it in his own tin cans, and advertise it through his own magazines and broadcasting network. He insists that he is simply using Hunt's money to make sound investments, and wants to breathe some of his own fire into stagnant companies. Says he: "There is always a tendency by long-time in-management to play it safe, and thus too safe, and thus not safe at

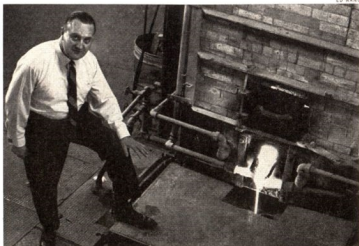
all." Simon plays it shrewd. Over the years he has led Hunt's to invest \$46 million in various other companies, and those investments have grown to a worth of \$76 million.

All Frit, No Fret

The Ferro Corp. of Cleveland is the world's largest maker of frit. Frit? Yes, frit. Ferro's main product is a powdery flaked glass that melts at 1,500° heat into the chief ingredient of porcelain enamel, the familiar coating on bathtubs, basins and ceramic tile. Since many appliances are also sprayed with or submerged in frit, Ferro is profiting not only from the U.S. appliance boom but from the rapidly expanding appliance market abroad. This week Ferro announced an 8% gain in first-quarter sales to \$21 million; with 1963 sales that hit a record \$80.7 million, the company expects to reach \$115 million within five years.

Frit is made from paper-thin sheets of glass that are broken up by vibration, then placed in spinning drums filled with balls, where the glass is pulverized into powder. The use of frit—the name is unaccountably derived from the French *frit*, or *fried*—is an ancient art. The Egyptians excelled in making jewelry ornamented with frit, and the British Museum owns a fritted warrior's shield more than 1,000 years old. Now that the art has become a thriving modern industry, there are plenty of frit makers. Ferro has managed to outsell all of them and corner 12,500 international customers by setting up frit plants wherever customers can be found. Besides its three main U.S. plants it has built twelve overseas, has also engineered 400 enameling factories for customers to whom it then sells raw frit. Last week President Harry T. Marks was in India negotiating to build a Ferro-owned frit plant in Calcutta.

The company has diversified into chemicals, fiber glass and heating units,



FERRO'S MARKS AT KILN
An ancient art is still modern.

but frit still accounts for 45% of its sales. Though enamel has largely disappeared from pots and pans, and stoves are often made of stainless steel nowadays, Ferro has made up for such losses by aggressively seeking out new uses for frit. The material is now used on classroom chalkboards, automobile mufflers and jet-engine afterburners. Ferro also turns out frit-based golf-hole markers and road markers, is developing a fertilizer business in which it mixes frit with zinc, boron and molybdenum. Porcelain enamel "skin" sections are hanging on many a U.S. skyscraper's shiny exterior, and frit-coated luminescent walls and lightweight doors are being turned out for houses. Not too far distant, at least in President Marks' dreams, is a house with outside panels of frit as insulation, luminescent inside walls of frit that will do away with conventional lighting, and an interior plentifully stocked with frit-coated appliances.

ANTITRUST

The Mississippi Tide

"It's a mistake to think that antitrust prosecution swings from quiescence to vigor under different Attorney Generals," says William Horsley Orrick Jr., the Justice Department's chief trustbuster under Attorney General Robert Kennedy. "Antitrust is more like the Mississippi—it just keeps rolling along."

At any rate, Orrick's Mississippi was in full spring flood last week. Capping a recent flurry of antitrust suits, Orrick and his trustbusters sued to break up three big proposed mergers in the chemical and oil industries—including a deal that involved giant Standard Oil (N.J.), a prime target for trustbusters since the days of Founder John D. Rockefeller.

The trustbusters moved to dismember a joint chemical subsidiary set up in Pittsburgh by Monsanto Co. and West Germany's Farbenfabriken Bayer, also filed a suit to prevent Manhattan-based Allied Chemical from absorbing General Foam Corp. But their choice target was Humble Oil, Jersey Standard's U.S. operating and marketing subsidiary. Humble planned to spend \$329 million to acquire the Western operations of Tidewater Oil Co., which is owned by Jean Paul Getty, the richest living American (approximate wealth: \$1 billion), and run by his son, George Getty II. The takeover would bring Humble one refinery, five supertankers and 3,900 gas stations in seven Western states. In one of the largest suits ever filed under the Clayton Antitrust Act's Section 7, which bars mergers that might substantially lessen competition, the trustbusters contended that Humble's great size could squeeze out other companies in the Western market—even though the merged company would have only 9% of that market.

Ban on the Big. Trustbuster Orrick contends that last week's suits were routine and signified no tougher policy on

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his part. But businessmen complain generally that U.S. antitrust policy is a vague and antiquated crazy quilt that has been haphazardly stitched together over the last 75 years. They fear that Orrick will be emboldened by the U.S. Supreme Court's decision fortnight ago to break up two big mergers—one between a pair of banks in Lexington, Ky., and the other between two pipeline companies—even though the deals already had the approval of other federal agencies. And they considered even more ominous Orrick's declaration last week to the American Bar Association that he is willing, like some of his predecessors, to attack "previously accomplished mergers or acquisitions."

Moreover, businessmen are concerned about evidence that Orrick equates bigness with badness. He recently pledged to prevent any "dominant company from engaging in any merger, consolidation or acquisition of stock or assets." What kind of company is considered to be dominant? In the opinion of Orrick and his trustbusters, it is any firm that has assets or annual sales of \$1 billion or that controls more than one-third of a nationwide line of business.

GOVERNMENT

Paper Tiger

The U.S. Government requires the business community to file no fewer than 5,455 different reports during the year on a variety of subjects, ranging from employment to industrial inventories. Small businessmen complain that they sometimes have to pay the accountants who handle their forms more than they make themselves, and some big businessmen spend as much as \$300,000 a year just answering Defense Department questionnaires. In a single year, one Midwestern farm-products company handled 173 different federal forms, ranging in frequency of filing from daily to annually, and finally turned in a total of 37,683 reports that involved 48,285 man-hours of work.

When they looked out from under this mountain of paperwork and saw the President of the U.S. turning off unnecessary lights in the White House, a lot of businessmen decided that he was the kind of man who would understand their problem. So they began deluging him with letters asking that the Government also try to economize on the forms and questionnaires that they must deal with (sometimes under pain of stiff penalties). They read their man right. President Johnson has declared war on excessive paperwork for businessmen, promising to simplify reports and eliminate them when possible. The first progress report is expected to reach the White House shortly after June 1, and by year's end Johnson hopes to announce sweeping changes. Last week, in fact, Government agencies were busy turning out reams of reports on how to eliminate unnecessary paperwork.

PERSONALITIES

WHEN R. Lee Waterman joined the Corning Glass Works nine years ago as general manager of the consumer-products division, it hardly seemed a promising post. Consumer products were only a small sideline in a company that concentrated on industrial and scientific products, and the top managerial posts were usually occupied by members of the Houghton family, which founded and still controls the company. But Waterman made Corning Ware a household word by developing kitchen products and selling them aggressively. Last week, at 57, he was rewarded for the transformation: he was elected Corning's president, replacing Amory Houghton Jr., 37, who became chairman and chief executive officer. Taciturn, Massachusetts-born Lee Waterman fits easily into the company-town atmosphere of Corning, N.Y., where he lives with his wife and two children. An accomplished musician, he played the French horn in the Corning Philharmonic until recently, still continues on Sunday afternoons to toot with four neighbors in a Dixieland jazz combo called "the Fifth Street Five."

R. LEE WATERMAN



JOE CLARK



WALTER F. CAREY

THE U.S. Chamber of Commerce, which recently has been speaking with a strong, anti-big-government voice, last week began talking in the well-modulated tones of its newly elected president, Detroit Trucking Tycoon Walter F. Carey, 58. Unlike his predecessor, Delaware Banker Edwin P. Neilan, who cried out against federal spending and call Congressmen "bagmen," Carey aims "to make the idea of a great business-government partnership less a cliché and more a productive reality" during his one-year term. Carey, who built a \$20 million business fiefdom by pioneering the trucking of new cars from plants to dealers and now has interests in a maze of trucking companies, is a political conservative. He spoke in friendly terms of the Johnson Administration, immediately announced plans to set up a task force to study the problems of automation and unemployment. He also indicated that under his rule the Chamber will try to come up with some answers of its own instead of only criticizing the Government programs.



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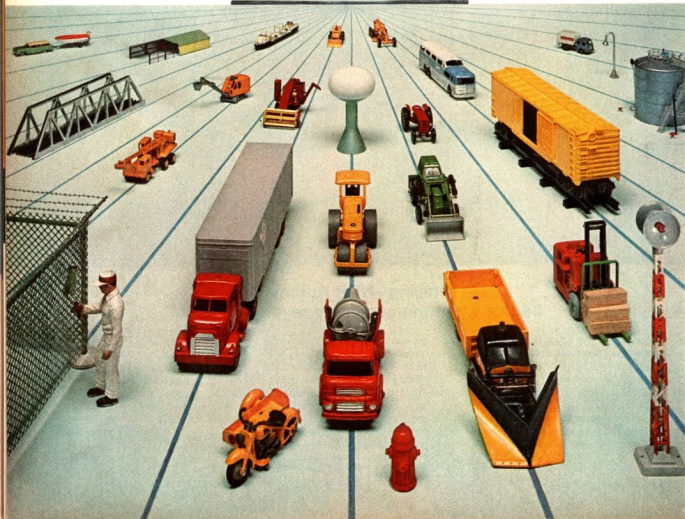
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WORLD BUSINESS

METALS

Red-Hot Copper

Copper has generally been a contentious metal, existing side by side with violent political upheavals, bitter labor strife and speculative price binges. It is the modern metal of communications, a major ingredient of the wires that serve the vast electrical-equipment industry, the huge utilities, and the radio and TV networks. Yet it has seldom caused more excitement than it did last week. A U.S. company, Texas Gulf Sulphur, announced the discovery of one of the biggest and richest copper lodes in history near Timmins, Ont., 350 miles north of Toronto.

Test borings so far indicate a find at Timmins of 25 million tons of ore, rich not only in very high-grade copper but in sizable quantities of silver and zinc as well. At the first rumor of the discovery, Texas Gulf stock on the New York Stock Exchange began rising, rocketed 14 points in ten days of trading to 41½ by week's end. Mining stocks on the Toronto exchange joined in with their biggest speculative orgy since the uranium boom of the '50s.

Even Curtis Publishing Co. had a timely bit of luck in the find. After the publishing house announced that it owns 40,000 acres of timberland next to the Timmins strike—and that it has an agreement with Texas Gulf to share in the profits of ore under its timber holdings—Curtis stock rose 2½ points to 11, before trading was halted by the Big Board.

Strikes & Shortage. The latest copper find just added more excitement to the world copper situation, which is already cluttered and chaotic. Strikers last week slowed production in the rich copper mine area of the Congo, around which Moïse Tshombe's shooting war revolved only last year. In Chile, where it often seems that copper labor would rather walk out than work, two crucial wage contracts run out this year; beyond that, Leftist Salvador Allende, who has made nationalization of U.S. copper mines his key plank, is making a strong bid for President in Chile's Sept. 4 election. The U.S., the world's largest producer, is also threatened with labor tie-ups as 50 major-industry wage contracts expire beginning June 30. Thus the areas where 50% of the free world's copper is mined face one kind of crisis or another. The specter of shortages of the essential metal has pushed copper dealers' prices up as much as 25% since January and driven many users to hasty stockpiling.

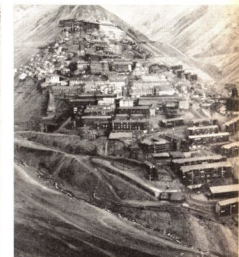
In any other industry except copper, the prospect of rising prices and sharpening demand would cause only happy visions of fatter profits. When copper prices spiraled once before in the mid-1950s, however, many users turned to

such substitutes as aluminum and plastics. "At that point," says Dr. Charles H. Moore, executive vice president of the International Copper Research Association, "copper became a defensive industry." Companies had to fight to protect the markets they had left.

Not Enough to Pile. Coppermen claim that free world production, expected to hit 4,100,000 tons this year if all goes well, is adequate to meet consumption. But with so many copper crises threatening to erupt around the world, big copper users are convinced



DISCOVERY SITE IN CANADA



KENNECOTT MINE IN CHILE

While some were striking, others struck it rich.

that the only prudent course is to lay in stocks in advance—and production cannot keep up with heavy stockpiling. Texas Gulf's find at Timmins should help in the long run, but it can provide no quick relief. It will be well over a year before the heavy mining equipment can be set up and put to work scooping through the earth's crust to remove the rich, brown ore.

COMMON MARKET

The Ten Commandments

As spring came last week to the parks and plazas of Brussels, the Common Market's Council of Ministers greeted it by breaking new ground—then retreating into a springlike languor that seemed to rule out any further progress. The new ground was the adoption of an unprecedented common policy under which the Six will coordinate their national economic policies in an effort to halt Europe's dangerous inflation. "This is the first time," said Council President Henri Fayat of Belgium, "that the Six have ever discussed so frankly and so profoundly their common financial problems." But when it came to giving profound thought to the problems facing

the Common Market in the trade negotiations with the U.S. that begin in Geneva next fortnight, the ministers were neither decisive nor very frank.

The U.S. had hoped that the ministers, meeting in Brussels for the most important gathering since the December crisis that threatened to cripple the Market (TIME, Dec. 27), might respond warmly to the U.S. concession in February to cut tariffs more than the Europeans on some items. The ministers barely discussed the matter at all, took no action. Any hope of reach-

ing a common European grain price—which the U.S. wants established so that grain can be part of the Geneva bargaining—was once more dashed by the West Germans, who insist on higher prices than the other five in order to protect their inefficient farmers. With this lack of progress, the Geneva negotiations are sure to get off to a slow start, and will probably drag on wearily for many, many months. Some Europeans feel, in fact, that Charles de Gaulle does not want the Geneva parley at all, and would be happy to see it collapse because of German intransigence over grain.

Slow as they were to make any progress in dealings with their friends, the Marketeers managed to agree on action against their common enemy: inflation. Almost everyone had a crack at watering down the decisive anti-inflation plan drawn up by Economics Vice President Robert Marjolin, but the final program is still amazingly strong. It morally binds each of the Six to take such rigorous steps as levying new taxes to restrain consumer spending if it rises too fast, strengthening credit restrictions, holding wage rises to productivity gains, curtailing luxury housing, and maintain-



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ing liberal import policies to keep local prices down. The ministers even agreed to present their national budgets to each other for examination and discussion, and to limit yearly budget increases to 5%. The words "economic plan" never came up, but with the new program, the first joint economic policy ever voted by the Six, the Common Market clearly took a long step toward a centralized planning system.

Moved by the significance of the new program, and doubtless by the arrival of spring, French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing composed a poem to mark the occasion. Giscard, who once donned a V-necked sweater to give his own anti-inflation program a soft, living-room sell over French TV, outlined the battle against inflation in the form of the Ten Commandments:

- 1) Thou shalt not worship inflation.
Its thought or its creation;
- 2) Thou shalt inflation fight
With all thy strength and might;
- 3) Thou shalt open frontiers maintain
Whatever thy import drain;
- 4) Thou shalt each budget rise
At five percent revise;
- 5) Thou shalt new taxes generate
Thy deficits to eliminate;
- 6) Thou shalt when deep in debit
Ask only long-term credit;
- 7) Thou shalt credit control
As a durable goodly goal;
- 8) Thou shalt allow incomes to grow
At rates both equal and low;
- 9) Thou shalt new housing constrain.
Particularly the penthouse vein;
- 10) Thou shalt consult thy partners
quickly

If thy payments balance grows
sickly;

Finally thou shalt honor thy father
and mother

If these ten leave time for the
other!

AUSTRALIA

A Striking Country

Australia is the world's most striking nation—in a way that vastly irritates most Australians. In the last three months more than 100,000 workers have walked out in 379 strikes, and there are more than six new work stoppages in Australia every day. No industry is exempt from the strikers' whim. Since March 5, 800 Brisbane butchers have been on strike, and fortnight ago a strike of 2,700 mail sorters piled up 16 million letters and packages in the Sydney post office. Strikes have not only cost workers almost \$2,000,000 in wages since 1964 began but have drained union treasuries of other millions in legal fees, strike penalties and member benefits.

A paradoxical reason for the strike orgy is the thriving Australian economy, which produces more than 2,000 new jobs a month but not the 2,000 workers to fill them. The result, says Sydney's Sunday Telegraph, "is the feeling among certain trade unions that full employment provides the excuse for

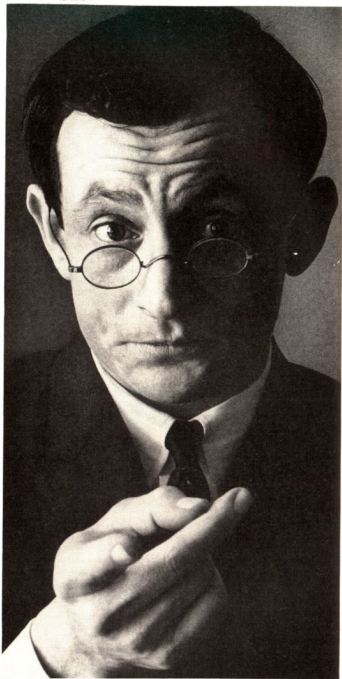
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tactics of disruption." In February, 40 boilermakers struck one company because they could not get fish and chips for their Friday lunch, and last month 300 iron workers walked off a job at the Sydney engineering works of Tullach, Ltd. because management would not unlock a door to save them a 200-yd. walk in the rain.

The strikes put a high price on prosperity for Australian businessmen. A three-day strike by 328 pilots in February cost the Qantas airline \$675,000 in revenue, and recent strikes at New South Wales steel plants meant a pro-

duction loss of 36,000 tons of steel worth \$2,250,000. What may repair some of the damage is a new awareness among labor leaders that the situation has got out of hand. Last week moderates in the Australian Council of Trade Unions vetoed a suggestion that the 1,000,000-member Transport Workers Union call a massive transport strike, and Council President Albert E. Monk seems determined to curb as many strikes as he can. But he is just as determined to win a 35-hour work week for the council's 1,200,000 members, who now work 40 hours.

MILESTONES

Born. To Anthony Quinn, 49, swarthy cinemactor last seen as the swaggering Arab chieftain in *Lawrence of Arabia*, and Jolanda Addolori, 29, blonde, blue-blooded Venetian fashion designer; their second child, second son; in Rome. Quinn remains officially married to the former Katherine de Mille (adopted daughter of the late Cecil B.), mother of his first four children.

Married. Chubby Checker, 22, Negro rock 'n' roller who started the ball writhing a couple of years ago when he made the twist the dance of the hour; and Catherine Lodders, 21, devastating (37-23-37) Dutch model, Miss World of 1962; in a ceremony performed by the white pastor of the Temple Lutheran Church of Merchantville, N.J. The surprise guest turned out to be Chubby's mother, Mrs. Earlie Evans, who had opposed the interracial marriage at first but finally came round, deciding "if I couldn't beat them, I'd join them."

Divorced. Sammy Cahn, 50, kingpin Hollywood lyricist, author of more than a thousand songs (*Three Coins in the Fountain*, *Love and Marriage*), who last week picked up his fourth Academy Award for *Call Me Irresponsible*, sung by Jackie Gleason in *Papa's Delicate Condition*; by Gloria Delson Cahn, 37, onetime Goldwyn girl; on grounds of mental cruelty (she said he left her alone at parties); after 18 years of marriage, two children; in Los Angeles.

Died. Wallace ("Bud") Werner, 28, ace U.S. skier; in an Alpine spring avalanche near St. Moritz, Switzerland, that also took the life of German Olympian Barbara Henneberger, 23 (see *THE WORLD*).

Died. Rachel Carson, 56, biologist and author; of cancer of the bone; in Silver Spring, Md. (see *SCIENCE*).

Died. Ben Hecht, 70, playwright and screenwriter, a onetime Chicago newsman who, with the late Charles MacArthur, immortalized the seedy Galahads of Cook County pressrooms with

his rowdy 1928 valentine, *The Front Page*, thereafter indulged his bent for vinegary sentiment in maudlin novels and Zionist pamphleteering, but plied a true trade as one of Hollywood's most highly paid (\$5,000 a week, even in the 1930s) and accomplished script doctors, turning out dozens of literate originals, such as *The Scoundrel* (also with MacArthur) and *Crime Without Passion*, adaptations ranging from *Wuthering Heights* to *A Farewell to Arms*; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

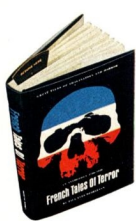
Died. Nathaniel Peffer, 74, longtime (1938-58) Columbia University professor and author of many books on the Far East (*China: The Collapse of a Civilization*), a onetime Shanghai correspondent who by early 1948 concluded that the Chinese Communists were genuine Marxists and not merely "agrarian reformers," warned that only active U.S. intervention could save the Kuomintang, but still held out hope that the Chinese Reds would in the long run refuse to be merely "a tail to the Russian kite"; of a heart attack; in White Plains, N.Y.

Died. Robert Hosmer Morse, 85, longtime (1931-57) president and chairman of Chicago's Fairbanks, Morse & Co., son of a founder, who took over the wheezing industrial pump and scale maker when it was facing a \$5,000,000 deficit in the Depression, within two years balanced the books and expanded profitably into locomotives and marine diesel engines, but failed to keep pace after the war until in 1958, faced with a proxy fight, he sold control of the firm to Corporate Raider Alfons Landa for \$9,600,000; of a heart attack; in Palm Beach, Fla.

Died. Thomas Joseph O'Brien, 85, oldest U.S. Congressman, senior member of Illinois' Democratic delegation, who went to Washington in 1933, remained silent on the floor, unknown to the public and press, but was nevertheless breathlessly catered to by every top Democrat on Capitol Hill for his command of the nine-man Chicago bloc; of a stroke; in Bethesda, Md.

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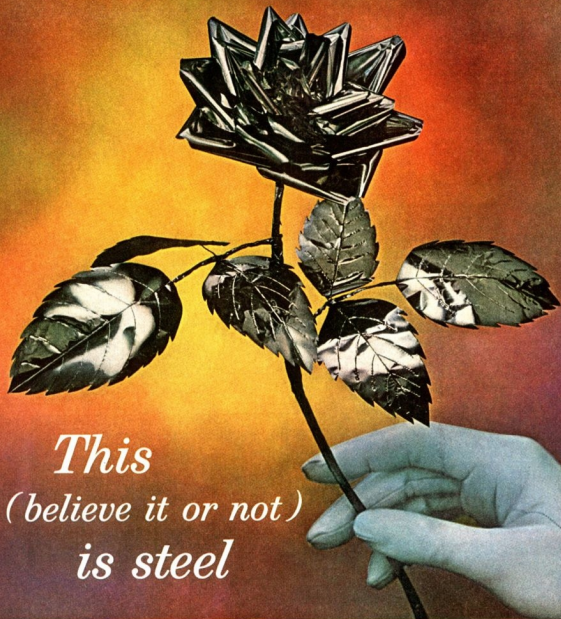
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This is what we call "foil." It is about one-sixth the thickness of this page. And, surprising as it may seem, it's a lot thicker than some of the *really* thin steel our research people have made.

So far, ultra-thin steel is strictly experimental. But the day is not far off when it will be as familiar as today's extra-thin "tinplate," the steel used in cans for soft drinks, beer, and fruit juices.

Bethlehem research is constantly probing the wonders of steel's versatility . . . versatility that makes steel as bold as a bulldozer or as fanciful as a flower.



BETHLEHEM STEEL



CINEMA

A Shepherd's Tale

Bandits of Orgosolo. The shepherds of Sardinia are elemental men. Short, square, silent, they look like the rocks of their rocky land, like faintly sentient boulders. The big island's landowners and the rural police consider them scarcely human and treat them accordingly. The shepherds bear their lot with lithic indifference. All day long they drive their tiny flocks from pasture to sere pasture, working literally like dogs. In the evening they eat curd and flatbread. At night they sleep sometimes in rude stone huts, sometimes on the mountainsides among their sheep. They live for their sheep—they would die without them. They are poor, so poor they cannot afford to make even one mistake.

In this spare and somber pastoral tragedy, his first film, director Vittorio De Seta tells what happens to a herdsman who makes just one mistake.

Michele is his name. For 20 years he has saved up his pennies, and now at last has accumulated a small flock of mortgaged sheep in the hills behind Orgosolo. One day, home from the grazing grounds, he finds three armed men in his hut and a huddle of stolen hogs in his sheepfold.

"Go away," he mutters angrily. "I

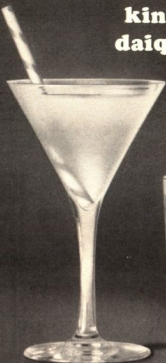


FUGITIVE IN "ORGOSOLO"
The first mistake.

don't want trouble." The rustlers refuse: "We can't move until dark."

They move fast when the *carabinieri* arrive. Shots fly, a policeman falls. The shepherd, sure he will be implicated and afraid his sheep will die if he is sent to jail, heads for the hills and runs his flock far back among the granite desolations. The police come after him with Tommy guns, and after a forced march the sheep collapse and die. Ruined, the shepherd bitterly determines to ruin others. In the movie's savage final scene he comes down like

There are
really
two
kinds of
daiquiris:



hers



his

MYERS RUM MAKES THE MAN'S DRINK! A "dainty" daiquiri is fine for the distaff side . . . but Myers does things in a masculine way. It's a Jamaica rum, spirited, golden and robust. Adds great character and flavor—a man's kind of flavor—to almost any drink. This Golden Daiquiri on-the-rocks is a superb example: 2 oz. lime juice, 1 oz. Myers Rum, tsp. sugar, dash of bitters. Shake with ice or use blender. Strain into glass . . . enjoy! You'll relish Myers' full-bodied flavor.

97 PROOF.



P.S. FOR THE HOSTESS. Myers adds flavor magic to foods, too. For a gala dessert, try Rum Cherries Jubilee: drain 1 lb. can of Bing Cherries. Save $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup; combine with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Myers Rum, 1 tsp. Leroux Curaçao. Marinate cherries 3 hrs. Make 1 tsp. cornstarch paste using syrup; add to fruit. Boil, simmer 1 min. Lower rum-filled ladle into hot syrup, ignite. Let flame die: serve over vanilla ice cream. What a treat!

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM • 97 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C.



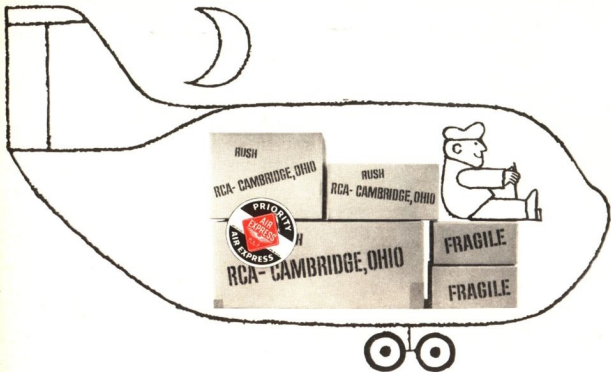


A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

you know what you can do with Woman's Day

You can worry the High Assay Media Model Electronic Computer into a complete metal collapse. The wives and daughters and mothers and sisters who add up to Woman's Day just don't add up electronically. Could a computer for instance, put its digits on the unconfessed candy bar in an unsuccessful 900-calorie diet?

Of course not. Dolly and Daphne and Daisy are too devious for any old machine. But they're not fooling Woman's Day. Woman's Day is the one service magazine woman enough to have a woman editor. And it takes one to decipher one. Men and machines break down under the strain, **Woman's Day works.**



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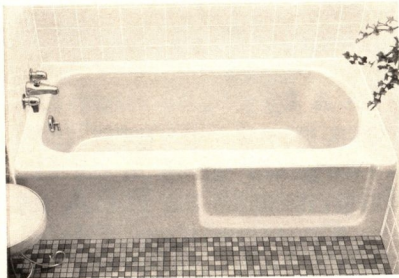
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ELJER
SINCE 1904 FINE PLUMBING FIXTURES

NY17

a hungry wolf on a fold and steals an entire flock from a man as poor as he. "Now it's your problem!" he snarls cruelly as he runs away.

Is the human condition really so desperate in Sardinia? The film does not quite convince the spectator that it is. More apparent penury and less obtrusive plot might more firmly have supported the director's social protest. But the story is told swiftly and clearly; the players, most of them peasants the director discovered in Orgosolo, bring to their roles a pithecanthrop power that few actors could suggest; and the landscape of Sardinia is astonishing, a scene of Pre-Cambrian catastrophe. On every side great ridges of bare rock burst out of the earth, leap up to the sky, fall back in fragments. Seen from a summit, the whole island resembles a titanic skeleton over which man wanders like an ant.

Honor Among Thieves

The Night Watch. "I feel fine for the first time in my life," says the baby-faced young jailbird, Gaspard. "It is wonderful to be with men like you." The men it is wonderful to be with are four fellow inmates at Paris' sprawling La Santé prison. They eye Gaspard with suspicion. He seems too soft, too ready to please. He is accused of attempting to kill the wife who supported him while he dallied with her teenage sister. Can this fancy boy be trusted? His cell mates decide to risk it, and cut Gaspard in on their plan to dig their way to freedom.

Ingenuously improvising, the prisoners of La Santé rig up dummies with movable limbs to fill their places at lights-out. One man stands watch at the cell door with a periscope fashioned from a toothbrush and a shard of mirror. A piece of a metal bunk serves as a digging tool. Two stolen medicine bottles filled with sand make an hourglass to time the long, seemingly hopeless task of chipping through concrete sewer walls and treacherous rock. On the afternoon of the last day before the escape, Gaspard is suddenly called to the warden's office. Two hours later he returns to the cells, insisting he has said nothing to betray his comrades, and the drama hurtles toward a shock climax that suddenly becomes less a saga of physical endurance than a test of one man's moral strength.

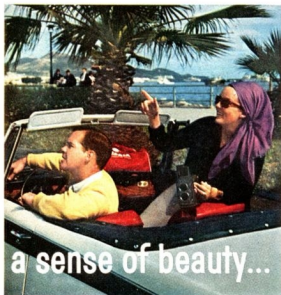
The last film of French Director Jacques Becker, who died shortly after completing it in 1960, *Night Watch* engages interest on several levels. As a straight thriller, it is taut, bone-bare, agonizingly suspenseful, and flawlessly acted by its leading players, all non-professionals (except Mark Michel as Gaspard). As a movie about prison life, it is authentic; La Santé's guards are not brutes, they are merely inhumanly efficient machines, trained to perform surgery on the contents of a food parcel, to count skulls in the numbered cubicles where prisoners contemplate their

TIME, APRIL 24, 1964

Things to take to Spain:



very little money...



a sense of beauty...



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THAN YOU

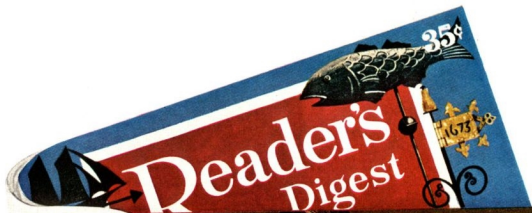
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How did Bankers Life & Casualty find prospects for insurance at a 26% savings?

"Today, White Cross means protection *plus* to more than six million Americans from coast to coast," reports Joe L. Parkin, Director of Marketing Services for Bankers Life & Casualty Company, Chicago.

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anonymity. As a meaningful human drama, it has a point of view. *Night Watch* deepens the adventure of an underground escape route by saying that a man can scrape, scratch, hammer and claw his way to freedom from everything but himself.

A Woman of Parts

Adorable Julia is a smooth and zesty little romantic comedy built on what seem like blueprints for a flop. To make a film of Somerset Maugham's 1937 novel *Theatre* was to risk anachronism, and to make it in French ought to

WALTER DORAN



PALMER & SOREL IN "JULIA"
A last fling.

have guaranteed disaster. What could be done to enhance the hackneyed backstage tale of a London actress who gambles her good name and marriage in an affair with a Casanova not much older than her teen-age son?

What could be done is what the producers did: they hired Lilli Palmer to play the actress, Jean Sorel to play her callow paramour, and Charles Boyer—that great screen lover of yore—to play the cuckolded husband. In a secondary role, Boyer deftly blends temperament and tolerance to contrast against the beautiful worthlessness of Sorel. But *Julia* becomes most adorable when Actress Palmer wriggles into character to show all the charm, vanity, insight, ego, witchery and wit of a woman who would rather have top billing than top cooing. Enjoying a last fling at youth, Julia tucks away her qualms, reaches for her checkbook and asks her swain: "How can I thank you?" He knows. So does she. "I haven't cried since *The Stricken Heart*," she soliloquizes unhappily. When she realizes she has been made a fool of, however, Julia refuses to play the castoff older woman. She plots a worldly vengeance that firmly establishes the triumph of age over youth, then goes off to indulge in a high-caloric orgy of forbidden foods. It is a precisely shaded performance. Aspiring starlets would do well to note how the Palmer method turns a somewhat faded lesson in love into a vivid lesson in acting.

TIME, APRIL 24, 1964

John Begg



was here!

Can a Scotch actually *taste* good? Ask the born-and-bred Scotch drinkers. They've been smacking their lips over John Begg for years. Suddenly this grand old name is on the tip of everybody's tongue. "A wee bit better than the best," say the poetic Scots of their treasured John **\$577** Begg, whose taste is gentle, and whose price is light. 4.5 qt.

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NY18



Portrait or frame-up?

"... television's image of the American woman, 1964, is a stupid, unattractive, insecure little household drudge who spends her martyred, mindless, boring days dreaming of love—and plotting nasty revenge on her husband."

So said best-selling author Betty Friedan in her recent TV Guide magazine article, Television and the Feminine Mystique. It was sharply critical of TV network programming.

Right or wrong, the quotation doesn't fit TV Guide's feminine readers, as their reading habits prove. These are active, interested women, a good percentage of them under 35.

They read the Friedan article with deep attention. They regularly read the fashion articles and recipes. And, not confining themselves to purely domestic subjects, they read the general interest articles about TV... which cover almost everything under the sun. And they read with a Starch-measured readership we're sure few other mass magazines can match.

We keep our huge feminine audience loyal with entertaining, informative articles, profiles, news and commentaries by such staff writers as Edith Efron and Dwight Whitney, reviewer Cleveland Amory and outstanding free-lancers such as Richard Gehman and S. J. Perelman.

Similarly, TV Guide's advertising scores with unparalleled ratings. As Bissell, Nabisco, General Mills and Max Factor know, Starch adorns, in almost any space unit, are two to three times higher per dollar in TV Guide than in Look, Life or Post—a tremendous cost efficiency advantage.

There's a portrait—of the ideal medium for your advertising.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT OUR MAGAZINE

TV Guide is a family magazine with a total adult audience of nearly 21 million. 11,703,000 of these are women. And there's a valuable bias toward the heavy buying under-35 female age group—over 4,945,000. For dual-audience advertisers, 4,488,000 of our adult male audience are also under 35. TV Guide reaches 26% of the total under-35 female population, 24% of the total under-35 male population and 25% of the total under-35 population.

In short, TV Guide reaches one out of every four young adults—male and female—under 35 and one out of every six adults in the nation.

Source: TV Guide-Simmons Study



America's Biggest Selling Weekly Magazine

BOOKS

The Art of Darkness

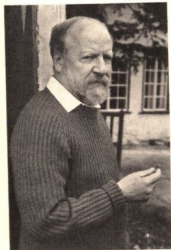
THE SPIRE by William Golding. 215 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$3.95.

In his celebrated *The Lord of the Flies*, British Novelist William Golding neatly reduced human society to the scale of a few small boys on a castaways' island and briskly demonstrated that men are innately depraved and all social systems therefore doomed. Now, in *The Spire*, he symbolically sums up the works of civilization as a stone spire and all human consciousness as the exaltation, confusion and final despair of one lightheaded old churchman

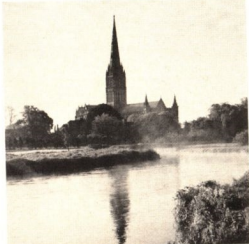
Jocelin, the dean of the cathedral, at first seems a perfect incipient saint. Unworldly, passionate, sure of God's love, he is imbued with a vision of the spire as a living prayer of praise. His master mason and architect threatens to quit, the cathedral has no real foundation so that the spire, even if built, is likely to fall, his fellows in the cathedral chapter all oppose the plan, but Jocelin will brook no interference. Consumed by his dream he goes into debt, disrupts the services of the cathedral, fills the choir with the blaspheming of dirty workmen.

He finishes his prayer in stone. But is it a blessed victory? Naturally not.

BERNARD G. SILBERSTEIN—MORRISSEY



WILLIAM GOLDING



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

"There is no innocent work. God knows where God may be."

struggling to have the spire added to the body of a Gothic cathedral.

Faith or Folly? Offered with much advance fanfare after three intervening novels (widely praised but not very widely read), *The Spire* is clearly intended as a crowning work. Like Golding's other books, it is less a novel than a kind of fable in which a thin skin of realism is stretched to meet a rigid allegorical frame. Sometimes brilliant, sometimes tedious, it does not fully confirm the remarkably high reputation Golding now enjoys. But it proves that he has made himself the relentless modern master of two ancient and provocative themes—the loss of paradise and the sinfulness of man. At a time when fictional pessimism often drifts off into murky private manderings about the alienation of isolated individuals, Golding's resounding and rigorous fable is bound to provoke admiration and outcry. "I used to believe that all you had to do to perfect man was to perfect a social system," Golding has said, adding that he saw much during the war "that can't be accounted for except on the basis of original evil."

Slowly, and then in a landslide rush, Golding undermines the reader's faith in the saintly fool. Soon Jocelin himself is wrestling with the high cost of inspiration, strung taut between the tent-hooks of divine and earthly means. He condones adultery and acquiesces in an accomplished murder to keep the master mason on the job.

Epitaph for Everyman. Before he is done, Golding has stripped Jocelin of every last shred of self-delusion. Jocelin thought he had, at least, been chosen by God for his post in the cathedral. He finds that the choosers in fact were the king and his paramour (Jocelin's aunt) who pleased the king and asked a favor for her nephew. He thinks his vision of the spire is divinely inspired—but Golding insistently suggests that it may just as well be a phallic sublimation of Jocelin's repressed yearnings for the red-haired wife of a cathedral worker. Even the warming presence of an angel who, Jocelin believes, comes to watch over him as he prays is explained away as the effect on his spine of some unspeakable organic disease.

Debunking religious inspiration in

this secular age is like shooting ducks in a barrel. If this were all, Golding's book would be little more than a puerile anticlerical shocker. This time out, however, Golding has moved up from pessimism to relativism. Stripped of everything, calling for help and for forgiveness, Jocelin becomes Golding's prototype for the true status of all men—creatures unable to know if God exists, but redeemable, if at all, only through his mysterious grace; pitiful, bare forked animals whose highest aspirations may be engendered by their own glands, or by God, or by nothing. Like many contemporary crisis theologians, Golding suggests that what little hope of heaven mankind may have depends on admitting helplessness, and forcing the mind to face this fate. His dying epitaph for everyman: "How proud their hope of hell is. There is no innocent work. God knows where God may be."

Enigmatically, perhaps encouragingly, the spire stands and with it the possibility that God works in bloody-minded ways his wonders to perform.

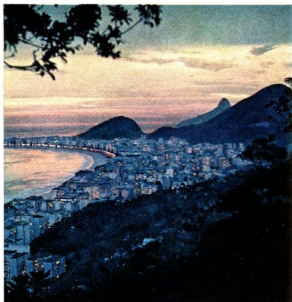
Numbed Awareness. As in Golding's other books, the story does not live, but the metaphysical message comes through loud, sometimes too loud, and clear. Golding has been deeply disappointed that of all his four previous books, only *Lord of the Flies* is popular. The fact is that *Lord of the Flies* is the only book Golding has written that would excite general interest apart from its message. Deprived of his parcel of small boys (drawn from real-life experience during the author's 17 years as a junior master in the Bishop Wordsworth School in the cathedral town of Salisbury), Golding's later books tend to focus grimly on one individual and become a kind of fictional equivalent of closet drama.

The Inheritors, told mainly through the bewildered impressions of a primitive man named Lok, cleverly and chillingly chronicled the unequal confrontation between some gentle and not very bright Neanderthal men and a group of hateful, new, bloodthirsty creatures that only at the end are revealed as the first true ancestors of modern man. *Pincher Martin* seemed to recount the desperate struggle of a naval officer to survive on an outcropping of rock in the Atlantic. But when, on the last page, the reader learns that the sea boots Martin had shucked off to keep from drowning on page 10 never got shucked off, and that Martin in fact died on page 8, he is forced to see the book as a fantastic metaphysical presentation of a greedy human ego in a kind of purgatory.

What Is Greatness? By all the standards of current fiction, Golding, with all his faults admitted, is a provocative and imposing figure. But whatever greatness is, he plainly has not yet demonstrated that he possesses it. He does not bear comparison, for instance, with



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Harp is too good to waste on a thirst. Too full of flavor. Too full of taste and overtones of taste that linger deep in the throat long after Harp's first golden bubbles burst. Drink it slowly. Enjoy it.

joy the beer with a twinkle in its taste, the beer that only Ireland could have brewed. Drink Harp to please the palate, to savor the flavor, sipping, not gulping. Let lesser beverages slake the thirst.

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Why the trend to Teacher's Scotch?

Joseph Conrad, the man to whom his admirers constantly compare him. Conrad knew as much as Golding about the heart of darkness. But Golding has never really moved past a complex statement of the helpless and iniquitous nature of man. "We are neither the innocent nor the wicked. We are the guilty," he has written. "We fall down. We crawl on hands and knees. We weep and tear each other."

At the highest level, art and wisdom seem to demand something more. Perhaps it is an awareness that man, in all his cruelty and confusion, must nevertheless go on acting, as cheerfully and with as good grace as possible, as if the universe were not spectacular and indifferent but full of meaning. To do this requires encouragement rather than continual, debilitating consent to weakness. "Woe to the man," Conrad wrote in *Victory*, "whose heart has not learned while young to hope, to love—and put its trust in life."

From an Aeolian Cave

FLOOD by Robert Penn Warren. 440 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

Those who have admired Robert Penn Warren for his criticism, poetry or fiction cannot fail to be puzzled and dismayed by *Flood*. The inflated emotion, imprecise language and theatricality of a situation that bubble up in *Flood* all but submerge Warren's virtues, which are considerable: a great talent for narrative and a sense of place as keen as an animal's.

Warren moves as sure-footed as ever through an intricate plot. Fiddlersburg, a town in Tennessee, is about to disappear under the waters of a federal dam; its citizens are thus caught at a time when they are most inclined to be articulate about themselves. Preachers, philosophers and local grotesques abound. But although Fiddlersburg has been condemned to death, the sentence does not (Samuel Johnson to the contrary) result in wonderfully concentrating its collective mind. On the contrary, an aeolian cavern of Southern garrulity is opened up and the air is thick with all the Confederate clichés about honor, guilt, familial dooms and expiations, the Civil War and slavery. There is much speculation on the quintessential nature of Southernness. "Lonesomeness" is one explanation. "The lie that is the truth of the self" is another more portentous reflection. Whatever it is, those who feel it most are inclined to go off and hole up with muskrat skimmers in the swamp, drink a jug of likker and just weep into the warm mud.

Slow Motion. The action of the novel centers on the town's preparations for a farewell chicken-fry and the efforts of a film producer and scenarist to make a great film of the life and death of a Southern town. The characters involved in all this might seem a shade unsubtle even to the simple eye of a Central Casting Office file clerk, and

Steve



stalks...

his quarry with knowledge and experience. The game he goes after? Depressed stocks that he feels show signs of turning around, that show potential for improved earnings. A. G. Becker & Co.'s Registered Representative Stephen Grosberg knows them when he sees them. He tries to make it his business to know and understand his customers' objectives when he recommends securities for them.

Steve came to A. G. Becker & Co. seven years ago, after earning a B.S. degree in business from the University of Rochester. When not deep in investments, Steve is deep in rare coins and good books, and sometimes deep in the rough on the golf course.

Is your investment program due for a check-up? (It needs attention if you've had a recent change in financial objectives.) Contact Stephen Grosberg. By the way, he has a report on Mesta Machine Co. that's yours for the asking.

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their names are something that S. J. Perelman would love to give a droll roll on his tongue. They include Bradwell Tolliver, Lettice Poindexter, Gomp ("Frog-eye") Drumm and Mortimer ("Jingle Bells") Spurlin. Everybody seems to go by a nickname in Fiddlersburg; even the electric chair in the local pen is called "Sukie."

All these characters and many more are duly set in motion as Bradwell Tolliver, a native son who is now a successful Hollywood writer, cases Fiddlersburg for material for the film, and simultaneously seeks the springs of his own perjured promise. A snob, a bully and a coarser man than his creator seems to believe, Brad has a Southernness as sensitive as an aching eyetooth.

ALFRED STAYLES



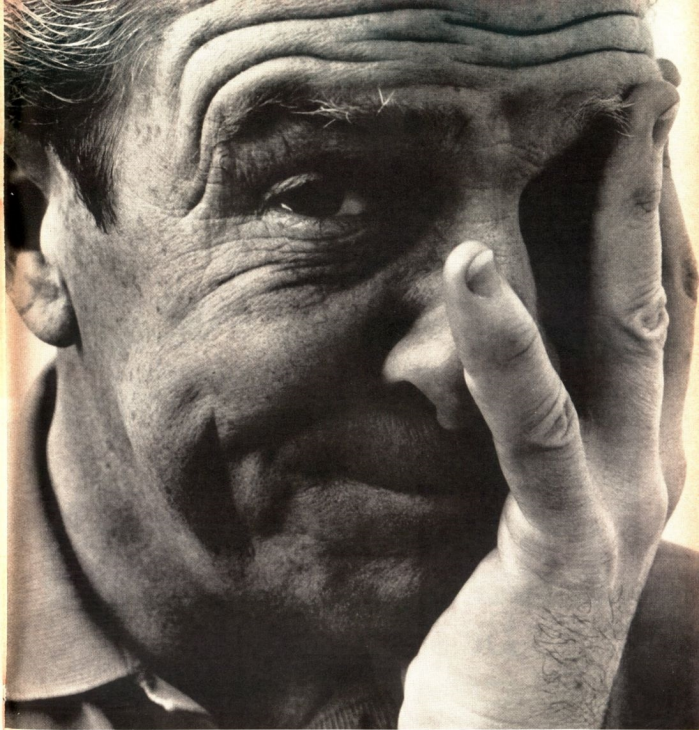
ROBERT PENN WARREN

Melodrama that is not tragedy.

A mistress called Prudence Brandowitz once confided to his hairy armpit a distaste for "Southern vulgarity." The effects upon him were startling. "My heart knobbed up and started a wild swing," Brad reminisces. "It was as though all those hairy flea-bit, iron-rumped and narrow-assed, whooping and caterwauling, doom-bit bastards on hammer-headed nags, gaunt as starvation, who rode with Gin! Forrest had broke loose and there was fire, rape and unmitigated disaster all the way to the Canadian border." In short, fastidious Prudence had had it.

Heart Count y. *Flood* will win a large audience unlikely to be daunted by this tendency to lapse into an emotionally besotted verbal debauch just when a clear eye and unblurred speech are called for. Nor will *Flood* be damaged on the bestseller lists by its old-fashioned bawdiness.

The pity of it is that for all its melodramatic hurly-burly and all the idiomatic rhetoric, a serious and moving novel has not been created. At the



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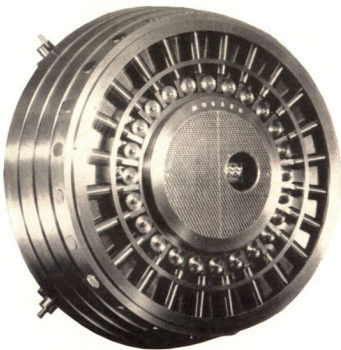
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some hard work for us. But we're used to it. **Maine wouldn't be industrious if its people weren't industrious.**

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Standish K. Bachman, Commissioner
Maine Dept. of Economic Development
Room 211T, State House, Augusta, Maine

Industrious Maine, New England's big stake in the future

book's end, Brad Tolliver is left in a convulsion of romantic agony, thinking, in the usual important italics, "*There is no country but the heart.*" This seems to be a mere cliché until examination proves it something less than that—an untruth. Surely if *Flood* has any solid theme, it is that the physical shape of a loved object—in this case, Fiddlersburg—is important, that its loss is irrevocable, and that the spirit cannot make do without the flesh. In an understanding of this lies one of the differences between tragedy and sentimental melodrama.

The Man of Many Mirrors

DREAMTIGERS by Jorge Luis Borges.
95 pages. Texas. \$4.

For eight years, Argentina's greatest writer, Jorge Luis Borges, has been blind. Yet Borges' latest book of poems and parables shows that blindness has not blurred his poetic vision. In his parable of blind Homer, Borges describes himself as well: "He descended into his memory, which seemed to him endless, and up from the vertigo he succeeded in bringing forth a forgotten recollection that shone like a coin under the rain."

Relief in an Image. No other writer of this era has so movingly championed what a man sees against what he knows. All the delights of this world, Borges implies, are to be found in the concrete: all the disasters, in crude abstractions that crush men's senses and make them cruel. Such a theme wound its way through Borges' earlier, labyrinthine short stories. His present pieces are simpler and gloomier. They are filled with a sense of death, of inexorably passing time. But there is always relief in an image, as in a visit to an old coach house where everything is in decay:

*I know every single object of this old
Building: the flakes of mica
On the gray stone that doubles itself
Endlessly in the snudgy mirror
And the lion's head that bites
A ring and the stained-glass windows
That reveal to a child wonders
Of a crimson world and another
greener world.*

To Borges, human life is pathetically ephemeral and yet immortal, because each individual bears witness to a precise set of perceptions that cannot be duplicated. When the last unknown Saxon died, writes Borges, there died with him the "face of Woden, the old dread and exultation, the rude wooden idol weighed down with Roman coins and heavy vestments, the sacrifice of horses, dogs, and prisoners."

A Touch of the Dog. "What will die with me when I die, what pitiful or perishable form will the world lose?" Borges wonders, recalling childhood borders and memories. "The voice of Macedonio Fernández? The image of a roan horse on the vacant lot at Serrano and Charcas? A bar of sulphur in the drawer of a mahogany desk?"

Borges delights in the multiplicity of



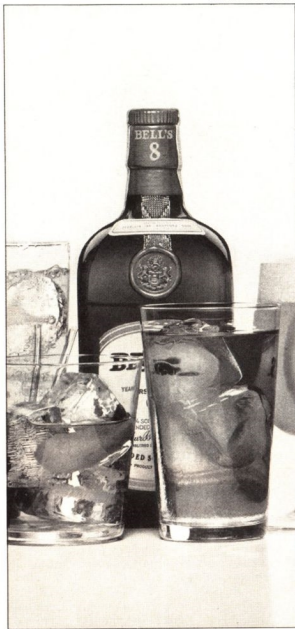
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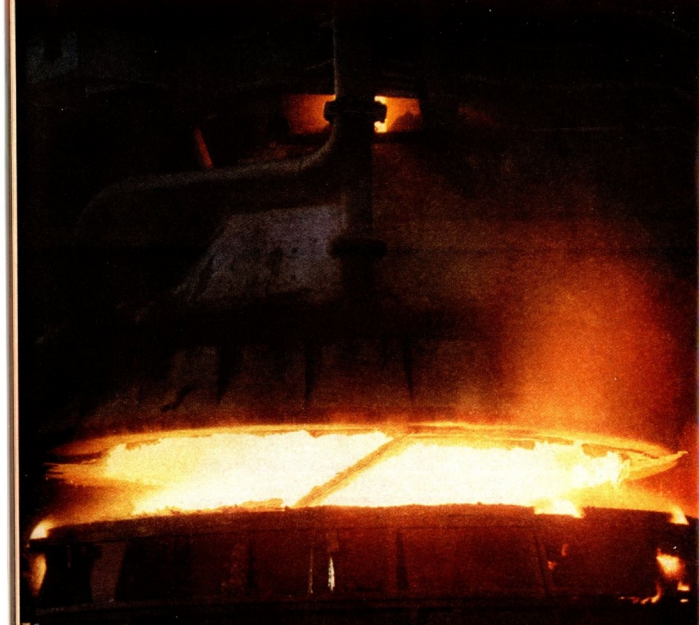
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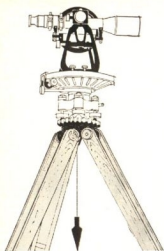


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TIME, APRIL 24, 1964

things; he is fascinated with mirrors because they multiply. A poet cannot pin a thing down for eternity in a single phrase, nor a philosopher force it into a rigid system. Variety must be respected: "Never can my dreams engender the wild beast I long for. The tiger indeed appears, but stuffed or flimsy, or with impure variations of shape, or of an implausible size, or all too fleeting, or with a touch of the dog or the bird."

Shakespeare, in the opinion of Borges, was the greatest artificer of all time, the man with most numbers of mirrors. He had less character than other men, writes Borges. He felt that he was a "nobody" and, in desperation, took to acting out many different roles on the stage. But that did not satisfy: "When the last line was applauded and the

FRANCISCO VERA



JORGE LUIS BORGES
Memories that shine like coin.

last corpse removed from the stage, the hated sense of unreality came over him again."

So he began composing his own plays, each one brimful of parts. "Twenty years he persisted in that controlled hallucination, but one morning he was overcome by the surfeit and the horror of being so many kings who die by the sword and so many unhappy lovers who converge, diverge, and melodiously agonize. The story goes that, before or after he died, he found himself before God and he said: 'I, who have been so many men in vain, want to be one man: myself.' The voice of God replied: 'Neither am I one self; I dreamed the world as you dreamed your work, my Shakespeare, and among the shapes of my dream are you, who, like me, are many persons—and none.'"

Borges may baffle readers by being so many different persons in his stories and parables—an Irish revolutionary, a paralyzed Gaucho, a Nazi fanatic, the Minotaur. But all these characters relay a similar message: honor the moment, however fleeting; honor the human being, however humble.

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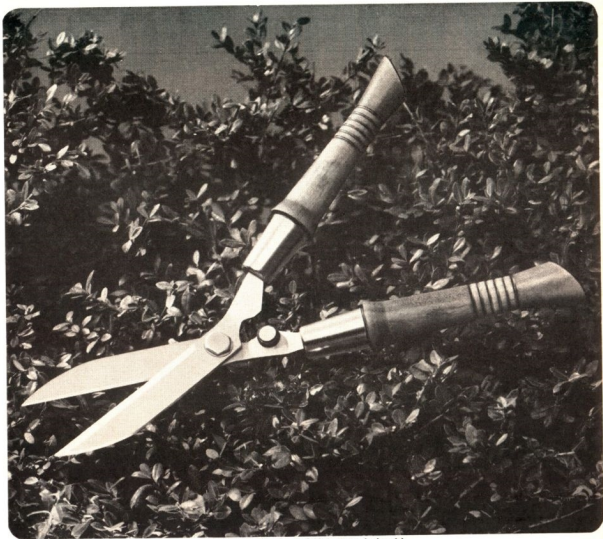
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TIME, APRIL 24, 1964

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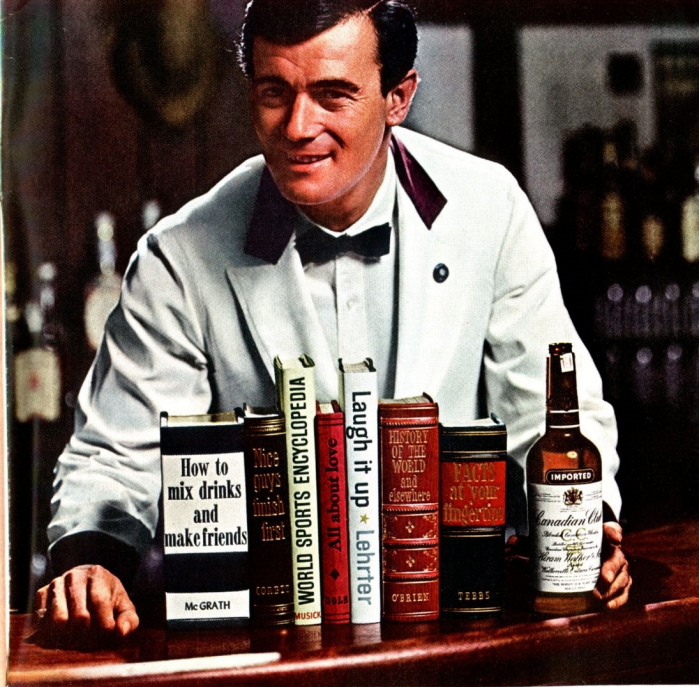
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